THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

For

Volume 197, Number 42

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Dimity Gay, Daddy's Good Girl

By BERTRAM ATKEY

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

NOW understand me clearly, you girls—I am not an automatic money fountain and I emphatically decline to be regarded as such," snapped Mr. Gainsborough Gay, gorgonly eying three-quarters of his family over his evening paper. "You have each a generous allowance—far, far too generous—and I insist that you continue to live within it. At your age your mother hadn't a bob; I mean to say, your mother's pocket money was not a tithe of what I allow you; no, not a tithe. And I, at your age, was working for a beggarly wage so low that I decline to mention it. The thing's becoming absurd—farcical. I will not feature in this household merely as The Thing That Pays the Bills."

Mrs. Gay was moved to protest.

"But, Gainsborough dear, that is quite the last thing you do; I mean, that you are ——" she began, when Torfrida, the stately brunette, eldest of the four sisters, arose, her glorious black eyes flashing.

"But, papa, it is quite impossible to make both ends——"

"Nonsense, my girl! Nonsense! You do not contrive; you fail to manage. You are not ingenious or economical. That's the trouble; that's the weak spot."

Maulfry, blond, plump and dazzling, took a whirl at it.

"Papa darling, it is not so simple, truly. Everything is so shockingly expensive ——"

"Tut, tut," reparteed Mr. Gay, like a terrier snapping, and turned to his paper.

"And our allowances are prewar allowances; you forget that, papa," suggested Bethoe, the almond-eyed third child, with her accustomed languid logic. "We are living in postwar times on a prewar allowance."

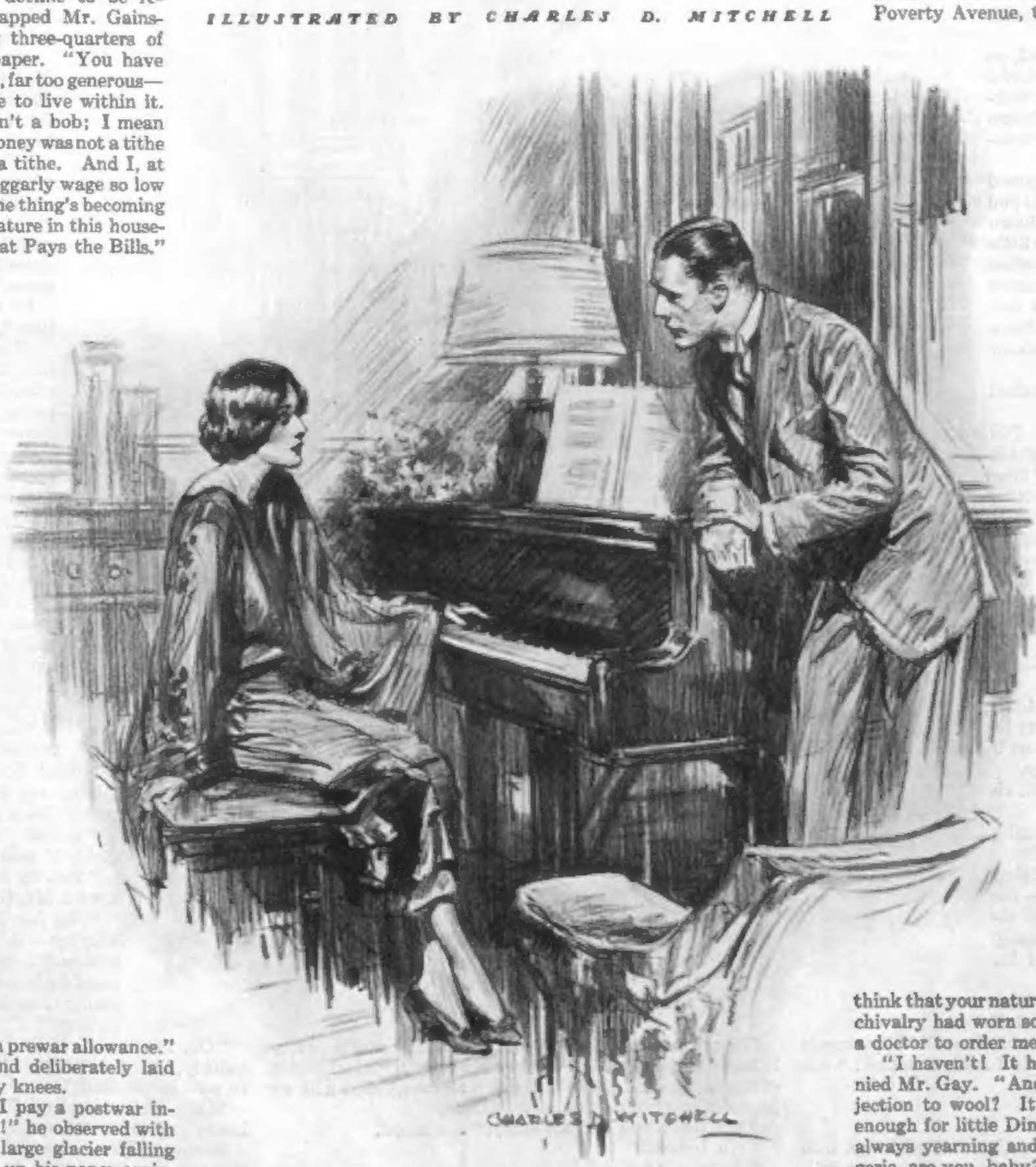
Mr. Gay very carefully and deliberately laid his paper down upon his bony knees.

"So am I, my child; and I pay a postwar income tax on a prewar income!" he observed with the icy, crushing effect of a large glacier falling upon a mosquito, and picked up his paper again.

"Oh-h, papa!"

Three sweet mouths went all kiss shaped as they uttered this feminine euphemism for "You colossal liar!" Mamma's eyes followed suit; but little Miss Dimity, the fourth and last of the family, sitting demure in a corner with her sewing, gave no sign whatever that she had heard the staggering untruth of which her parent had just been successfully delivered.

The jaded Mr. Gay observed this. He re-dashed down his paper.

"Oh, money, money, money!" he shouted. "Why can't you all be more like little Dimity! She never comes clawing at me for more money the instant I venture to show my face in the house after a hard day at the office. She takes her allowance with a smile and a kiss—yes, a smile and a kiss—and she manages on it; she contrives. Her husband will be a rich man in the end. Yours will finish in the poorhouse—three of them—ha-ha!—all sitting on the bench, in pauper's corduroys, discussing you three, or else peering through the gates wondering when happy rich little Dimity is going to drive up in her great, big, but economically run motor car, with their allowance of tobacco—poor devils!"

The Beautiful Bethoe Quite Obviously Winding In an Influential Friend of Mrs. Bonnington Bullivant

Mr. Gay was warming up. He was a book publisher by force of circumstance, but he ought to have been a writer of romantic fiction. "In Poverty Avenue, that's where your husbands—when you have them—are certain to finish!" He stared steadily at mamma. "Heaven protect me from an extravagant wife," he said.

"Heaven has, Gainsborough," stated Mrs. Gay, flushing slightly. "Name another lady in this road with the all-wool-no-silk habits which I have been forced to acquire."

Mr. Gay nodded testily.

"Oh, yes, yes; I know, I know. But you should complain to Doctor Belton about that. He put you on an all-wool régime, please remember."

"I don't deny that, Gainsborough," retorted the lady. "But—that was not until after you and he began regularly to play golf together!"

Her tone was significant, and the harassed Mr. Gay lowered his paper to glare fixedly at the official sharer of his sorrows.

"Just what do you suggest by that, Elaine?" he demanded. "Do you mean to imply that Belton and I have entered into a cunning conspiracy to condemn you to wear all wool only—because, forsooth, it's cheaper?"

"I imply nothing, Gainsborough," said mamma quite firmly. "I merely comment on a—very curious coincidence. I should be sorry, very sorry, to think that your natural and, at one time, even marked chivalry had worn so thin that you could influence a doctor to order me to wear all wool only."

"I haven't! It hasn't! I didn't!" violently denied Mr. Gay. "And even if he did, what is the objection to wool? It is good enough for me, good enough for little Dimity, isn't it, child? You aren't always yearning and pining for this flimsy silk lingerie, are you, baby?"

Dimity looked up from her sewing.

"Silk is very nice, but wool is very warm, of course, daddy," she said softly, rosebud lips wide.

Mr. Gay arose and occupied the hearthrug in a very dominant attitude indeed.

"You see? She likes silk, of course, but she doesn't yearn and pine and wail for it; doesn't incessantly worry me or herself for luxuries. She makes herself content with simple things in a simple contented way. Try to model yourself more on your little sister, you girls."

Nobody answered him. It was a practice to refrain from answering him as much as politeness permitted when he established himself thus on the hearthrug. He was prone to get thoroughly well started when in that position, after tea, and none of them desired a continuation of what they regarded as a truly saddening display of parsimony.

But the silence only endured until he ranged forth to his study in search of a fresh box of cigars. Apparently he had forgotten where he had put them, for almost immediately his wiry, slightly rasping voice was heard requesting mamma to come to his aid.

With the closing of the door behind that still attractive, well-preserved but long-suffering lady, conversation instantly began among the four girls.

"Why can't you manage—and contrive—like little Dimity?" mocked Torfrida, with bitter irony, her fine eyes darting fire at the lovely little needlewoman.

"She doesn't forever bother me for more money!" laughed Maulfry, a shade shrilly.

"And she's perfectly content to do without silk of any description!" sneered Bethoe.

They turned unanimously upon the eighteen-year-old Dimity with the very evident intention of verbally rending her into excessively small portions.

But she forestalled them. She threw aside her sewing, gazed at it for a second with the cold, haughty and aloof stare with which one favors a distasteful thing, and then smiled sweetly upon her sisters.

"You all handle dear daddy so dreadfully badly, you know, darlings," she cooed. "You worry him so. Daddy is dealing with business and real financial troubles all day long in town, and of course he wants a change when he comes home at night. Everybody likes a change. It is quite the wrong time to try for a better allowance, particularly today, when you all know he is having difficulty with his favorite author, Caraway Tintern. I am not very clever, but I am clever enough not to bother daddy at the wrong time. That is why he holds me up as an example."

She shook her charming head, so that the rich copper of her wonderful hair gleamed like the coat of a first-class Irish setter. "I would not dream of worrying daddy with money troubles," she declared.

"No, perhaps not—yet!" agreed Torfrida grimly. "But what will you do when you are exposed—shown up—as you will be, you reckless little wildcat? What will you do when Sadler, the livery-stable man, comes to daddy about his bill? You owe him nearly fifty pounds for horse hire; and daddy doesn't even know you can ride!"

Dimity's perfect eyebrows arched themselves.

"So much as that! Do I? Did Sadler tell you, Frida? I thought it was rather less," she laughed. "Poor Mr. Sadler. I expect he is getting quite nervous about his money."

"Well he might be! Aren't you?"

The big eyes were perfectly steady.

"I, Frida? Not in the least. Why should I worry my head about Mr. Sadler's bad debts? Why should I worry daddy because poor Mr. Sadler has a prospect of losing a little of his horrid money?"

"But, you little foo—you little idiot—don't you understand that he will put you into the county court if it isn't paid?" snapped Maulfry.

Dimity yawned a tiny yawn, ridiculously attractive.

"What county court?" she said, without much interest.

"Why, idiot, the county court that they have here every month—the disgusting place mother had to attend when that cook who finally married the dairyman sued her for defamation of character!"

"Shall I have to go there? How shocking!" sighed Dimity. "Well, if Mr. Sadler sends me there for sake of his sordid fifty pounds what will old Mr. Rackstraw do for his hundred?" she added pensively.

"Dimity!"

The sisters were appalled.

"Do you mean to say that you have dared to get into debt at Rackstraw's to the extent of a hun-dred pounds!" asked Maulfry, with something like sheer terror in her fine eyes.

"Well, it may be more," admitted Dimity. "I have some lovely things. You are so cliquy, you three—and hardly ever come to my room, and seem to think that I'm just a baby—that you don't know what lovely things you can get for nothing!"

"But they will have to be paid for, you wicked, stupid little thing!

"They will make daddy pay—and his heart will be broken and we shall none of us ever wear anything but wool next to our skin again."

Bethoe's horrified protest was almost tearful.

"Oh, I shan't let them worry daddy," said Dimity carelessly. "Besides, I shall certainly get a winner before long. Why, even today Charge Along was only beaten by a very short head—at sixty-six to one. I should have won a hundred and thirty-two pounds if dear Charge Along had—had charged along a little more furiously."

She laughed gayly at her little joke.

The clique eyed their baby sister with awed concern.

"You don't mean to say you bet, child!"

"Oh, no—not heavily. But it doesn't cost anything, you see. I don't suppose I owe Mr. Devenish more than ninety pounds. And he will wait patiently for it if I say so."

She Created an Effect of Big Admiring Eyes. "I Think Men are So—So Brilliantly Clever," She Cooed. "And So Audacious and Dashing"

She sat up, very straight and slim and absurdly pretty in her little, simple house frock, perched on the exact center of the broad couch, and studied her startled elders with an apparently quite unsimulated interest.

"But don't you owe anything?" she asked.

"No, indeed!"

Dimity nodded pensively.

"Oh, of course that explains it—why you bother poor daddy so much," she said. "But how do you make both ends meet? Why, you poor darlings, you must be as poor as church mice!"

Bethoe flushed.

"Possibly; but we are honest—and sensible, you see. And, little as you deserve it, we are loyal to you."

"Why, naturally, Beth! And if you will let me I will be loyal to you. I will make Rackstraw and Mr. Sadler and the others open accounts with you!"

But the sisters were of somewhat different caliber from Dimity, and her offer was hastily spurned.

"No, thank you. One debtor of your dimensions is enough in the family," declared Torfrida primly.

"Do you owe anything else?" asked Maulfry.

"Oh, I expect so; a few odds and ends—perhaps another hundred," said the student of papa's feelings.

"Father will go quite deliriously hysterical!" said Torfrida, aghast. "For altogether you owe to various people in the place something like four hundred pounds."

"Something like that, yes, I expect it would be," agreed Dimity, as the door opened and her mother came in—to halt, petrified, just inside.

"What did I hear?" she asked, and softly closed the door.

Torfrida spoke.

"You heard Dimity admit, mother dear, that she owes the sum of four hundred pounds to various people about here!" she said, with the tranquillity of sheer despair.

Mother staggered.

"What!"

"Four hundred pounds!" confirmed Maulfry stonily.

Little Miss Dimity smiled up at them.

"Well—what's four hundred pounds?" she said with complete serenity. "Why, mamma darling, it's much better for me to owe a trifle than for daddy to be worried incessantly for money!"

For a moment Mrs. Gay stared, speechless. Then, with an effort, she said hurriedly, "Keep this from your father, girls. It is awful! I must think. Sh-h-h! Here he comes."

His cigar burning satisfactorily, Mr. Gay entered and established himself again on the hearthrug with the evident intention of resuming his discourse.

"Yes, as I was saying, you girls must try to model youselves more on little Dimity. She has a sort of gift for management; and a very useful gift it is. But anyone can acquire it with a little effort of intelligence."

He was enjoying his cigar and his tone had moderated.

"I may claim that I, too, possess it. Dimity gets it from me," he stated. "And I have found, in the course of a not wholly unsuccessful career—which is still sorely handicapped by lack of capital," he interpolated hastily—"that a good manager usually gets better value for less money than the careless, thriftless manager."

His roving eye fell on the trim and shapely ankles of his youngest child.

"For example, Torfrida, Dimity seems to be wearing a better-looking pair of stockings than you—although her allowance is less than yours!" Torfrida bit her lips. "Now how do you account for that?"

"I am sure I do not know, papa," replied Torfrida coldly.

"Hah! Well, how do you account for it, Dimity my dear?" asked Mr. Gay indulgently, like a professor asking an easy one.

"Would it be management, please, daddy?" said Dimity shyly.

"Yes, my dear, that is it. Management!" agreed Mr. Gay.

"But just because Dimity happens to be wearing ——" began Torfrida urgently, but broke off as the door opened and the parlormaid looked in to observe: "A Mr. Henry Sadler has called—to see Miss Dimity, he says."

"Oh, thank you, Milly," said Dimity, perhaps a trifle quickly, though entirely without flurry. "Will you ask him to wait in the hall?"

Milly, who understood Dimity better than some in that house, lost no time in saying "Yes, miss" and disappearing.

Dimity and Milly had acted and reacted so swiftly that the door was shut before Mr. Gay had got his cigar away from his mouth.

"Sadler! Sadler! To see you, child! What's all this?"

Mrs. Gay merely gasped and looked frightened.

Dimity's lovely little head drooped for an instant, and her sharp-eyed, quick-witted papa caught the delicious pink flush which touched the child's fair cheek.

His eyes twinkled noncommittally.

"Hah!" he said. "Hah!" and shook a chiding, semi-playful finger at the baby. Certainly Mr. Gay should have been a writer of sentimental fiction.

"I see—I think I see," he said. "But—Sadler! Who is this Mr. Sadler? Nobody of that name we know, is there?"

"Oh, please, it is the Mr. Sadler who had thirty thousand pounds left him by his father last year," said little Dimity more shyly than ever.

"Oh! Thirty thousand pounds! That's capital." He ceased as a sudden light of comprehension broke over his face. "But that's the chap who runs the livery stable in the town, child! What does he want?"

"He owns the livery stables, but someone else does the work, daddy. He seems to go riding most of the time. I met him when I went for a walk on the downs yesterday. Don't you remember you said I ought to go—to get some color in my cheeks? His horse was troublesome and kicked and reared and came so close to me that I was a little frightened. I expect he has called to apologize and inquire if I am all right."

She had risen and was gliding to the door.

"He was most considerate, daddy, and he was very severe with his horse, although it was a splendid hunter, worth three hundred guineas, he said."

Mr. Gay turned to his wife, perplexed. He had social notions and ideas, and hitherto he had not taken much notice of Mr. Sadler. But most of his days were spent in London with his business, and he had not a fifth of the knowledge of the town in which they lived—Ernemouth, on the coast—that his family had. And in any case a man with thirty thousand pounds and a habit of riding three-hundred-guinea hunters, was somehow not the sort of person that Mr. Gainsborough Gay, papa of four fair maids, could lightly spurn from his door.

"Please, daddy, may I go down to see what he wants? I am sure that he has called to apologize to me for his horse and to pay his respects to mamma and you," said Dimity at the door—and went like a bird flitting through the crack before her parent had quite made up his mind.

He did not call her back. All he said was, "Is the fellow presentable, Elaine? He sounds very well, eh? Thirty thousand doesn't grow on every—um—bough in these days, by Jove!"

He waited thoughtfully for the return of his model daughter. Her mother and sisters waited—also thoughtfully.

They knew what Mr. Sadler had called for, if Mr. Gay did not. The proprietor of the fiery three-hundred-guinea hunter had called about a payment, as Dimity had truthfully said. But it was not a payment of respects to Mr. Gay nor of apologies to Dimity that he had come to discuss. It was a payment to him, not from him, that Mr. Sadler had called about.

Little Miss Dimity had ridden his horses fifty pounds' worth, and Mr. Sadler had strolled along to collect on her. For he was ever a sanguine and very hopeful man.

II

"WHY, it really is Mr. Sadler!" cooed Dimity, poising on the bottom step of the stairs, as a moonlight moth may poise for a moment on some dreaming flower.

The rather hard, clean-shaven features of the riding-hack proprietor softened a little as he looked at her. Mr. Sadler was slightly past the first bloom of youth, but he was still impressionable. He had never seen Dimity in one of her little house frocks before, and the sweet little apparition gave him rather furiously to blink for a second or so. But even so, he could not blink the hazy picture of that fifty pounds completely off his mental screen. True, he had not known that this little Miss Gay was quite so fetching; but fairylike though she was, she could only, as it were, superimpose herself transparently upon that vision of fifty sovereigns hovering like a little fountain of golden confetti before the jobmaster's eyes.

"Why, yes, Miss Dimity," he confessed; "it's me. I've called about that little overdue account of mine."

Dimity fluttered close.

"Oh, business!" Her voice fell, and it was as though an invisible somebody had switched her shining eyes on to dim. "I did not think you had called on business. I thought you had called to hear my sister sing!"

Mr. Sadler blinked yet more. Many ideas, of a kind, had passed through his mental apparatus that evening, but the idea of inviting himself to look in at the residence of Mr. Gainsborough Gay in order to hear pretty Miss Dimity's sister sing was far, very far, from being one of these ideas. He had called for money, not for melody. He did not know that any of the Gays could sing, anyway; he had never seriously noticed them doing so, and he did not particularly want to hear one of them sing. He wanted his bill, and that was not a mere song.

He perceived that Dimity was smiling again in a relieved sort of way.

"Someone told me how much you admired Torfrida's voice at the concert last month; and how much you admired Torfrida when she and I met you on the downs the other day. And I think you are right, dear Mr. Sadler—Torfrida is so beautiful, and when she is singing Let Us Forget in her lovely contralto it brings the tears to your eyes. And Torfrida thinks you ride so splendidly—so finely! She would be so disappointed if she knew you had only called about some silly old business or other, whatever it is. So you will come up and hear Torfrida sing Let Us Forget, won't you? Besides, I want you to meet mother."

She tripped to the utterly dazed Sadler and took away his hat and stick and caused them to disappear.

"What fun!" she cooed. "But daddy mustn't guess you have come to hear Torfrida sing. I said you had called to apologize because your horse frightened me on the downs yesterday. Come along, dear Mr. Sadler. Only, don't forget, will you, that daddy is so nervous about horses that you mustn't mention anything at all about my riding? Mamma and all of us are keeping it a little secret from him, as he is so high-strung. Daddy is a publisher, you know, and all publishers are high-strung on account of the authors, you see!"

She slipped a friendly, sisterly hand through the bestaggered man's arm and drew him toward the stairs.

But Mr. Sadler faintly demurred. He had always frankly regarded Mr. Gay as a considerable cut above him, more by reason of Mr. Gay's superior education and social circle than because he feared financial comparison. Moreover, he had never in his life heard sister Torfrida sing, had not known she could sing, and was not emphatically certain that he wanted to hear her sing in her lovely contralto the song called Let Us Forget. There was too much forgetting in this Gay family anyway.

But—it was a temptation.

"Oh, There's Plenty of Time. We Shall See. You Will Have to be Darlings Until I Can Do Something to Make Daddy Happy Too"

"I—think you are mixing me up with somebody else, Miss Dimity," he said dubiously as she drew him stairward.

But she only laughed sweetly.

"As if I could mix you up with anybody else," she said gayly—but softly—"considering how much I owe you! But don't forget—whatever you do, dear Mr. Sadler—don't mention our little friendly secret about my riding before daddy, will you? At least, not yet!"

Mr. Sadler—not bad looking, and, like most horsy people, very neatly if somewhat clamantly clad, and still on the right side of forty—gulped a little.

"Well, well, Miss Dimity, certainly not, if you say so. But I—I didn't expect—um—very nice of you to be so—friendly. But I ought to say this was not really intended as a friendly—er—look-in. To tell you the truth, two or three of us—Rackstraw, the draper; Devenish, the—er—bookmaker; and myself—were chatting about business at the club just now, and your name cropped up—and the little matter of your accounts ——"

"Oh, musty old business!" said Dimity, her dainty nose well in the air. "Never mind musty old business tonight. You would feel quite mercenary until Torfrida sings Let Us Forget and brings the hot tears to your eyes presently. Here we are!"

Her tone changed subtly as she opened the door and led the half-hypnotized Mr. Sadler into the bosom of her family.

"This is Mr. Sadler, mother and daddy, whose horse nearly frightened me yesterday. He is so sorry about it."

Mr. Sadler pulled himself together.

"Yes, very sorry," he said rather feebly, bowing before Mr. Gay. "The best of horses will get out of hand—um ——"

"Quite; oh, quite," agreed Mr. Gay breezily. "In the days when I used to ride to hounds I often found it so."

It was the first his devoted family had ever heard of Mr. Gay riding to hounds, but Sadler seized on the observation with a sort of passionate gratitude.

"Yes, Mr. Gay; yes, often, very often. Shouldn't have forgiven myself if the horse had frightened a young lady."

"Valuable horse, too, I understand!" pursued the publisher.

"A matter of three hundred guineas," said Mr. Sadler.

Shyly Dimity introduced the proprietor of thirty thousand pounds to her sisters, ending with Torfrida.

"Mr. Sadler heard you sing at the concert, Torfrida, and he adores your song, Let Us Forget!"

But the stately Torfrida seemed so curiously ungratified at the compliment that her papa, who had been eying Sadler with the shrewd and appraising eye so swiftly acquired by any man who is driven by harsh fate to deal daily with the literary fraternity, really felt called upon to make amends for his eldest daughter's chilliness.

"Aha, does he, though? Well, I think I may venture to describe him as an excellent judge," said Mr. Gay heartily. "Yes, indeed. Suppose you try to persuade your sister to sing it now, Dimity. Eh? An admirable idea—don't you think so, Sadler, what?"

Mr. Sadler agreed, and that being so, what was Torfrida to do about it?

She and Bethoe, the pianist of the family, moved gracefully to the piano, and in a moment the notes of Let Us Forget throbbed forth in Torfrida's glorious, velvety contralto to stir every fine emotion within them, and to anæsthetize—as with chloroform—every base and mercenary instinct.

Little Miss Dimity, perched on the arm of her daddy's chair, watched Mr. Sadler, who returned the glance steadily, until the second line of the song:

Let us forget all that you owe to me;
Let us forget the debt you need not pay.

It was Mr. Sadler's eyes that fell, Mr. Sadler who gulped slightly, Mr. Sadler's cheek that took a deeper hue; not little Dimity's; by no means little Dimity's.

They all enjoyed it very much, and confessed it. Daddy, indeed, roused from reflection upon the difference which a sudden influx of new capital—say ten thousand pounds—into his business affairs would make, said that Torfrida was improving at such a rate that he really would have to have her sing before Ekscruciaski, the great Polish song master—whose reminiscences he was publishing just as soon as Ekscrusiaski's secretary could get them written.

Which, said daddy, reminded him that he had to telephone to Mr. Caraway Tintern, "the celebrated author, you know, Sadler," and must hurry to his study if they would forgive him.

It was just as well he turned thither when he did, for a few seconds after he had accelerated himself toward the old leather chair before the study fire, Milly, the trim little parlormaid, again looked in, to announce that Mr. Rackstraw had called to see Miss Dimity on an urgent matter, and was waiting in the hall downstairs.

Milly's voice was as nervous as her eyes were anxious, for, alas! she, too, was wearing a pair of Mr. Rackstraw's stockings—at the very least—bestowed upon her by Dimity for services loyally rendered and support cordially given in the matter of deftly snicking out of the morning's mail all letters for Dimity that looked like bills.

III

THERE was a momentary dismayed silence at the news of Mr. Rackstraw's arrival, and Dimity's mother made several perfectly meaningless signs. Mr. Sadler, sitting near Torfrida, who had relaxed a little, blushed for Mr. Rackstraw. He was half ashamed of the chap—prowling right along, practically straight from their little conference, to put the screws on that little, flitting, birdy thing Dimity this way.

But a furtive glance at the child's smiling face corrected at once any false conception that she stood in need of either sympathy or assistance.

She went tripping across the room.

"Mother, darling, I know just exactly why Mr. Rackstraw has called," she cried. "He has come to hear Maulfry recite. Shall I go and get him?"

Mrs. Gay fluttered her hands with extreme feebleness, and Dimity in her innocent happy way mistook this for assent. She tripped away.

Torfrida began to make conversation almost desperately with Mr. Sadler, and Bethoe, rather pale, continued to extract soft but slightly absent-minded music from the piano.

Maulfry moved across to her mother, a curious expression on her fair pink-and-white face. Of the four sisters

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"I Expect You Will Think It Very Odd for Me to Come to See You in Such an Unexpected Way, Mrs. Bonnington Bullivant"

THE SOFA—By Brand Whitlock

"Charles," said Madame de Landelle Presently, "Young Georges de Peyriac is at Paris, Isn't He?"

THE ministerial crisis had lasted now for ten days, and Madame de Landelle could see that it was beginning to get on her husband's nerves. She had thought nothing of it at first; it was not, indeed, strictly speaking, a crisis at all; the government had not been put in a minority; a minister had resigned, merely, and all that Landelle had to do was to select his successor. But the thing had proved to be not so simple as it looked; he had encountered unexpected obstacles, vexatious factional differences developed in his party, and before he was done, he had been obliged to patch up his whole cabinet. That morning, when he came into her boudoir, where they always had their coffee and rolls, Madame de Landelle noticed a slight stoop in the tall, slender figure, and thought him a trifle pale, as though he had passed a white night. But of course he would not let on—never admit that there was anything the matter with him.

"And you, my dear?" he asked, sitting down at the small table and picking up the newspapers. "Had you a good night?"

"Excellent," replied Madame de Landelle.

Landelle glanced at the newspapers, one after another, holding them at arm's length, for he disliked to own that he needed glasses.

But when he came to the Liberal, he started, scowled and took out his eyeglasses and perched them on his high nose, and with his head thrown back, his brows knit, hastily ran his eye down the leading article.

And Madame de Landelle sat there and looked at him. She knew that he hadn't slept a wink. He hadn't been out of the house during those ten days, except on those few occasions when he had dashed across the park, in the rain, to the palace to see the king and talk over the crisis. He hadn't been once for a ride, or even for a walk. It was beginning to tell on him; the next thing, he would be coming down sick.

And just then, suddenly, with a petulant gesture, Landelle flung the Liberal newspaper to the floor and swore—not under his breath either. And this startled, almost alarmed, Madame de Landelle; it was so unlike him. He was always so calm and serene; he always had such perfect self-control, learned in those long years in the Chamber, in the tribune, and on the government benches. It was one of his distinctions; he was famous for it. "As cool and self-contained as the Marquis de Landelle," the newspapers would say when they wished to make a flattering comparison that everyone would see in a jiffy. No one had ever been able to badger him out of that mood.

Koch, leader of the Socialists, whom Madame de Landelle hated and Landelle despised, had never once, in all the long years, been able to perturb him. Madame de Landelle had often sat in the Prime Minister's gallery in the Chamber and looked down at Koch's dark, truculent face, its black mustache and Mephistophelean beard, bristling insolently and aggressively up toward the tribune, as he proffered insults which Landelle would have called any other man out for using. But Landelle would lean nonchalantly on the desk of the tribune and leaf over his papers with an indifference that was maddening to Koch. And Clermont, the leader of the Liberals, with all his irony and sarcasm, his facile eloquence, his mordant wit and skill in debate—he had never been able to ruffle the equanimity of the Conservative Prime Minister, either; scarcely even to score off him. Landelle's imperturbability never failed him; he was always master of himself, as he had been master of the Conservative Party for years, eight of them in power as Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs.

And so, as Madame de Landelle this morning looked at her husband, gray, distinguished, with his seigniorial air, as he sat sidewise to the table, one long thin leg thrown over the other under the silk dressing gown, it troubled her to note, not so much the signs of irritation and nervousness as the fact that he, for once, had failed to conceal them. He wasn't eating either; the white hand with the seal ring played with a roll, broke off a bit of crust and conveyed it to his mouth. The hand trembled slightly, and Landelle bit his lip and plucked at his white mustache.

"I beg your pardon," he said, rather self-consciously and formally. "I didn't mean to give way."

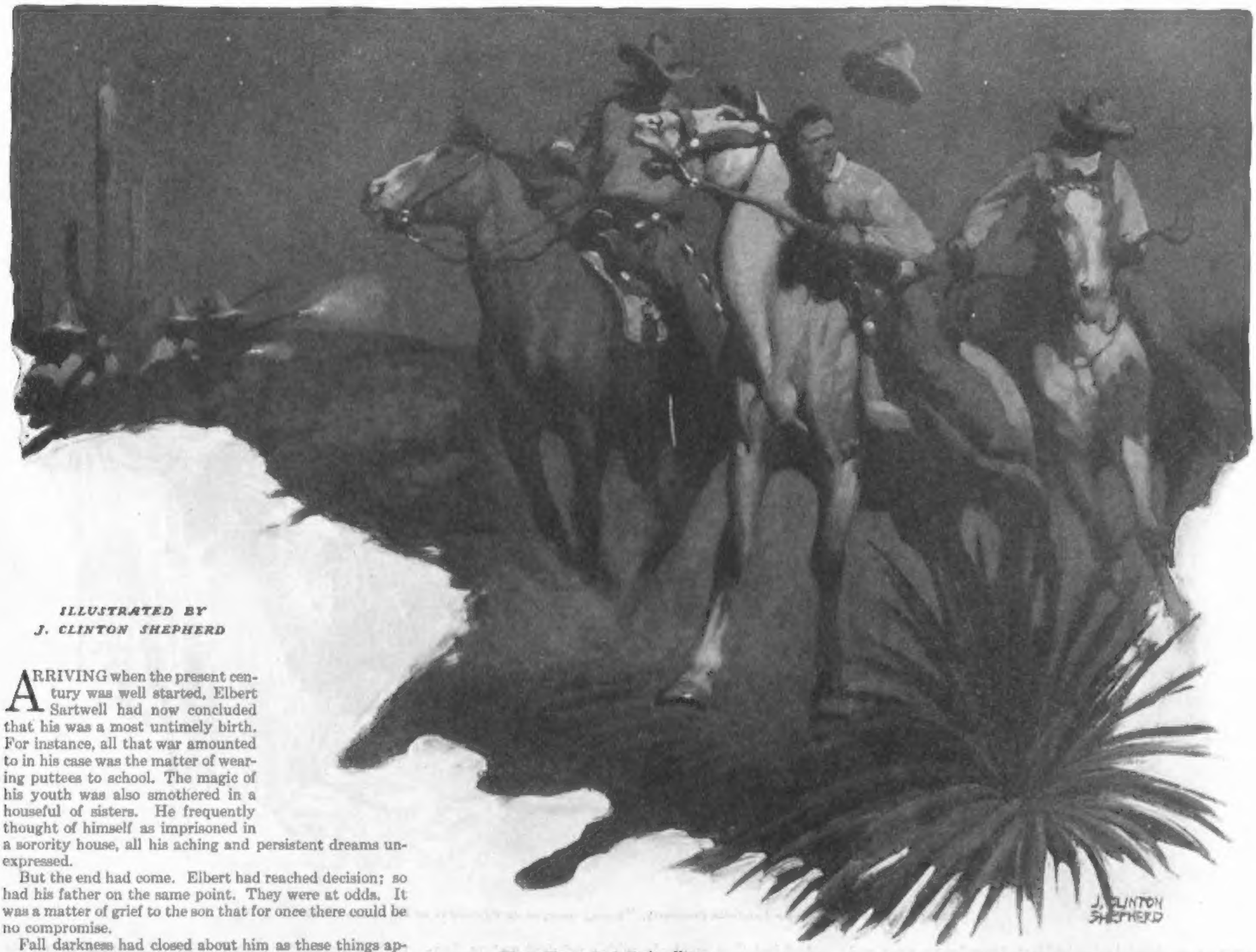
He stooped, picked up the Liberal newspaper and apologetically laid it with its contemporaries on the table. His face, red from stooping, recovered its smile.

"It's maddening," he explained. "It will end by making me ridiculous if it goes on. Sometimes I get so sick of all the petty envies and jealousies of these imbeciles that I'm tempted to throw up the job and advise the king to send for someone else to form a government." He paused a moment, contemplated this prospect, and then, smiling again, added, "And then we could retire to the country and have a rest."

Madame de Landelle, however, knew that mood. The country was all very well in the summer, during the parliamentary recess; but Landelle couldn't endure it for a week if it meant being out of things. Men in public life were forever talking about retiring, and sighing for the joys of country life; but they never really meant what they said; it was either a pose or an illusion—that is, a pose with the others, an illusion with Landelle. She glanced about the pretty little room where they sat. She had just had it done over in Louis XVI; it was charming, and they were so happy there. She thought of the great drawing-rooms downstairs, where she held her salons; of the long dining room and the stately diplomatic dinners; the park across the way, its tall trees gray in the fog as she looked out at it on this winter morning. Leave it all and retire to the country, just because a lot of horrid politicians were acting like spiteful children? It was out of the question.

(Continued on Page 141)

THIRTY YEARS LATE



There Was a Jerk Under Him as if Someone Had Given His Horse an Ugly Cut With a Whip; Then He Lost All Sense of the Road

By Will Levington Comfort

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

ARRIVING when the present century was well started, Elbert Sartwell had now concluded that his was a most untimely birth. For instance, all that war amounted to in his case was the matter of wearing puttees to school. The magic of his youth was also smothered in a houseful of sisters. He frequently thought of himself as imprisoned in a sorority house, all his aching and persistent dreams unexpressed.

But the end had come. Elbert had reached decision; so had his father on the same point. They were at odds. It was a matter of grief to the son that for once there could be no compromise.

Fall darkness had closed about him as these things appeared before Elbert's mind with finality. He left his room, followed the long wide hall to the door of his father's dressing room and knocked. It was the last quarter of an hour before dinner, and the tone of the "Come in" was not encouraging, but it didn't occur to Elbert to wait until dinner and tobacco had combed down his father's tag ends of the day.

Mr. Sartwell was standing before his mirrors and did not turn as the hall door opened. Elbert nodded at the reflection; also he observed in the glass a look of fresh vexation, which reminded him that his sister Nancy this very afternoon had smashed the fender and left front wheel of a new coupé. His father had probably just heard about it. The present moment couldn't be worse, but Elbert didn't see how he could back out now with his ultimatum unreported.

"I've been thinking it over," he said, "and I can't start to work in the office—at least not now. You see, I've always wanted ——"

"Always wanted!" broke in Mr. Sartwell. "Always wanted, against my better judgment! A houseful of always wanteds! How can a man be expected to stand in the midst of six people, always wanting in different directions?"

"I hate to be an added trouble to you, but there's no use of my trying to go into the business the way I feel."

"What is it now?"

Still addressing the mirror, the younger man outlined in painful embarrassment that he hadn't been able to get over his ardor to tackle life on a cattle range. The broad back before him suddenly jerked about. Elbert was held by the first direct look of one whose son has proved a definite disappointment. Many words followed; some heat:

"Pack a pair of pistols! Step along out over the real-estate ranges and prairie subdivisions! Why, I'm actually ashamed to have to tell you what any kid half your age knows—that there isn't a West any more, no cattle country—hasn't been for —— Why, you're only about thirty years late!" Also a final sentence as Elbert withdrew, to the effect that if he did go forth, he would have to pay his own car fare "out into the fenceless spaces."

There was present at dinner that evening one of sister Nancy's young men friends who had no dreams of the West whatsoever. The Sartwell family, diminished by recent marriages of two elder daughters, was pulling together socially in spite of internal trouble. Elbert's thoughts were mainly afar on his own problem, but after a time he couldn't help noticing the art with which the gentleman guest played up to his father. It could be done; the two sons-in-law already connected up had also gone about it this way. Elbert felt like a crossed stick; a spectator, merely, in the home dining room. His glance moved from face to face in the soft creamy light that flowed down through a thin bowl of alabaster.

He alone, an only son, lacked a sort of commonplace craft to smooth his ways.

Elbert retired to his room early. The Sartwell mansion faced the west, and sunsets had reddened his windows from as far back as he could remember. Long ago he had stared into a crimson foam of one certain day's end, thinking that it was the color of Wyoming. The lure of that crimson foam hadn't ceased, though it had moved farther south and farther west—Apache country, Navajo country—leading on over the border, of late, into Mexico itself.

He had been given an automobile at the end of high-school days, but he had wanted a pony. Hours at home he had spent in the garage, secretly wishing all the time it was a corral.

Elbert turned on the lights. Over the back of the chair he was sitting on was a blanket of Indian red. There were framed Western drawings on the wall, paintings of rodeo and round-up, lonely cattlemen, bison, longhorns, desert and mountain scenes; and in among his books, pasted in an old ledger, was his collection of Indian pictures—heads of all the tribes, famous braves and medicine men—from cigarette, gum, candy packages—no end to the lengths he had gone to get the lot together. He looked back upon the time when the bronzed head of Red Cloud, of the Nez Percés, was the noblest countenance he had ever gazed upon. . . . Up from the street came to his ears the tiresome sweep and swish of motor cars, and from the drawing-room Nancy's singing voice. Her young man would be standing beside the piano at this time, his waxen hair brushed back. Elbert smiled wistfully.

"Thirty years late!"

From Kansas City he sent his first letter back, regretting to leave home without talking it over further, but there didn't seem to be any use. He had to go out and see.

He hopped off the train at Tucson and heard of a stage that ran south toward the border. That sounded right, and he walked three blocks with his bags to perceive—no jehu with long flicking lash, but a chauffeur, the stage being a motorbus.

Elbert couldn't appreciate the scenery. Yes, there was a big ranch down yonder, the driver said. Yes, there was cattle. Irrigation and alfalfa had reclaimed this waste stuff. Some cows presently appeared wearing an HCO brand.

"What does that stand for?" Elbert asked.

"Heaslep & Company."

No Circle-X or Lazy-M—but irrigation, alfalfa fields, Heaslep & Company!

"The HCO runs everything down here—big land grant stretching almost to the border," the stage driver said.

Elbert was let down and made his way to a group of low buildings in the distance. At the farrier's shop he inquired for the foreman, and was told to look for a door ahead marked Office.

"You'll find Frost-Face in there or somewhere about," the blacksmith said.

Elbert's pulse picked up a little at the name of the foreman, but it was certainly a business office he entered.

"We're not short-handed," snapped the little gray man with worried face. "Things dull down in winter. Nothin' much to do right now but keep off the hoof-and-mouth disease."

Outside there was a succession of sick blasts from a truck—the sound of an engine not only decrepit but dirty and dry.

Elbert turned to the door.

"Wait a minute, young fellow. We might use a man on the chuckwagon. I wonder if you could drive Old Fortitude."

"A mule?" said Elbert. "I'm sure I could learn."

"Mule, hell! Motortruck—can't you hear her?"

"I'm afraid I can," Elbert said wearily. His father had been right.

One distinct value about Heaslep & Company, however—no women in the establishment. Even the cooking staff was Chinese. But the rest was hard to bear. Efficiency and trade had settled down as unromantically as upon a tannery. Heaslep's was a stock farm, a beef factory, anything but the cattle ranch of dreams. This part of Arizona was sunk in no foam of Indian red. The vast range lay on a squat mesa partly penciled over with irrigation ditches. Elbert's tardy soul, longing for the thunder of a stampede, sickened at the sight of thousands of domesticated moos, rack-fed in winter, market-fattened from fenced alfalfa fields, branded in chutes and railroaded as scientifically as tinned biscuit. The only longhorns hung over the mantelpiece in the dormitory of the cow hands. Even the imported bulls were businesslike.

Most of the ranges were deserted by this time, the cold weather settling down. More than a dozen of the hands were in for Elbert's first Sunday, the day they started him in filling up gopher holes in the environment of the main buildings. He was told that the best way was to soak old newspapers into a pulp and poke them down into the holes with a stick; necessary business every week or ten days during the gopher season. This was the height of it, Elbert was informed.

"You see, the paper hardens down," Cal Monroid said.

"And gets fireproof," added Slim Gannon, his side kick.

Elbert set about his work, a bit coltish and blank at the extent of the job before him. He had never read of this department of ranch work, and wondered if it meant he was to be relieved of the motortruck. Toward midday he looked up from his poking to find that at least ten of the tow hands had closed in, having stalked him like an Indian band. Their enthusiasm was high and prolonged. Elbert smiled and blushed, but said nothing.

For a day or two after that they tried to call him Poke, but the name didn't take hold. The men liked to say Elbert too well.

"Elber-r-rt," they would chirrup, and inquire if he had ever done any bulldogging.

He was not relieved from the truck. His work was to carry mails and bring in supplies from the town of Harrisburg, eleven miles to the north. He sometimes made two trips a day when the truck would permit, but the tantrums of Old Fortitude were subjects of conversation at Heaslep's only a little lower in the scale than the hoof-and-mouth disease.

On his third or fourth Sunday, Elbert spread newspapers on the ground and set about taking down Fortitude's strained and creaking mechanism part by part.

His activity and absorption began to attract a Sabbath crowd.

"He's gettin' her whole plumbin' out," Slim Gannon remarked. "I'm layin' four to three that we've heard her last belch."

Cal Monroid considered for half a minute, noting the orderly layout of tools, inwards, greases and oils, and how carefully Elbert had numbered the parts. Cal began to fancy a vague purpose underneath it all, and casually remarked, "I'll just take you on, Slim, for half a month's pay."

Elbert toiled through the hours. By sundown, when he took his place at the wheel, all Heaslep's was taut with strain. The works purred, the car moved.

"It's down grade; she's just rollin'!" breathed Slim.

But Elbert reversed; Old Fortitude backed and curved, did a figure eight to new music, without hitting post or wall.

"I win," said Cal.

"But she ain't belched yet," said Slim.

The two moved off to settle the technicality.

Elbert's insatiable interest in horsemanship was encouraged—on the bad ones first. It was Cal Monroid who helped him up from the ground the last time he was spurned, and Cal's slow, easy tones were very soothing.

"It's about time you were sitting a real horse, kid. Give me your left shoe."

And Elbert was lifted up on old Chester, who had his stuff down so fine you wouldn't believe he knew anything. Chester was the morning star of Cal's string, and right then Elbert began to know the difference between an outlaw and a real man horse. The warmth he had known for Cal Monroid from the very beginning became hot and gusty as he rode. That one brief word "kid" still sounded in his ears. It seemed to have let him into a new world, the world of Cal Monroid and Slim Gannon; the latter said to have taken the Tucson Bronc Cup two years straight; both men being held as cool and fast in a pinch. Too good to last.

Between truck trips, and often at night, Elbert took long rides over the mesa. There was one gray rat-tailed cow pony that seemed to enter into the spirit of these excursions. He wasn't out of a Morgan mare, like old Chester, and he wasn't a cat on his feet like Slim's pet trail pony, the Indian; but occasionally, when alone with Rat-Tail, Elbert felt the faintest possible answer to what he had come West for; something the same feeling he invariably knew when close to Cal. The rest was dreary months of trucking, things getting no better until the range grass began to grow.

One April night Elbert reached the farthest outpost of the Heaslep range in time to redeem a bleak supper with fresh provisions. Afterward he unrolled a package of Phoenix and Tucson newspapers, not more than a week old, managing to keep a big unopened Sunday paper for Cal and Slim, later drawing in toward their fire.

"Please excuse us, Elbert," said Cal, "while we cool down our passions for news."

A poring silence; then from Slim: "This fellow's crazy."

"How's that?"

"The fellow writin' this—either crazy or else there's going to be a war less than a hundred miles from here!"

"Who's fightin', Slim?"

"Mexican war over some oil wells—down San Pasquali way."

"Any white men?"

"Sure! That's why. This fellow Burton—Mexicali Burton—he's American. Struck it rich in oil, but looks to be unpopular with a revolutionist call Vallejo."

"Just a Sunday-newspaper yarn," said Cal.

"This fellow says Mr. Vallejo could use them oil wells of Burton's to pay off his soldiers and finally take over the government."

Elbert recalled how once he would have been thrilled at the magic word "revolution"—an American oil man standing pat with a few dozen white men and some Mexican laborers.

"Thirty years late," he sadly mused.

"But why couldn't it be?" asked Slim, sitting up

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"If I Were You I'd Ask Miss Burton to Turn Around and Go Back"

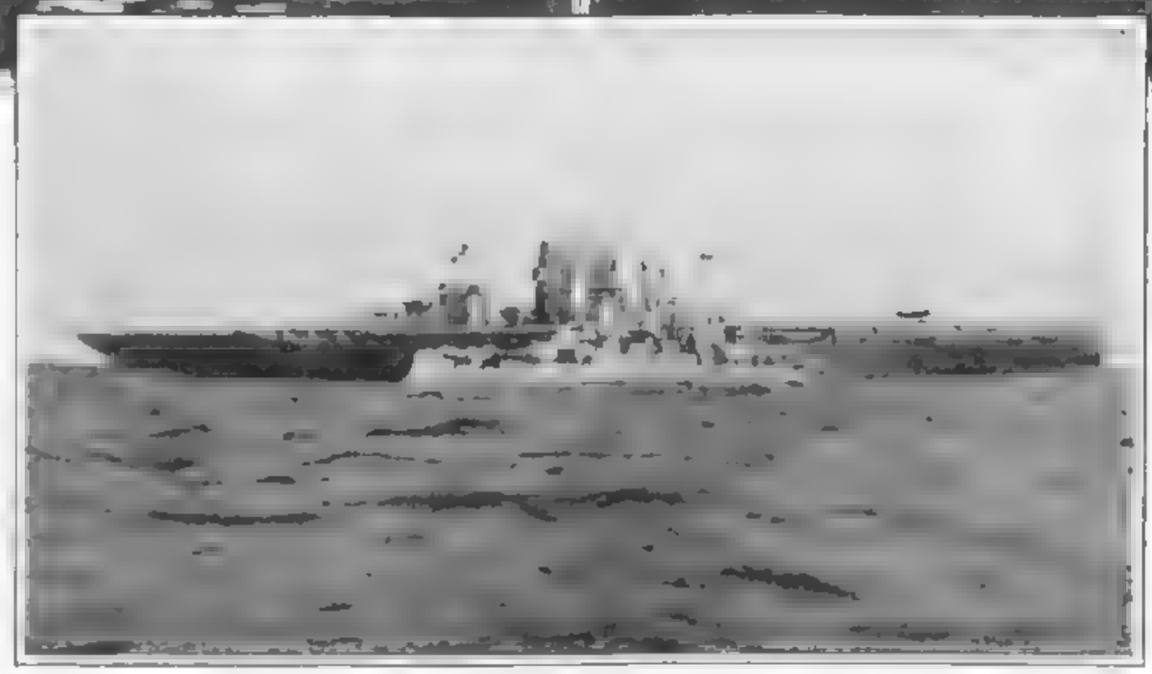
A BALANCED NAVY

A Torpedo Plane Releasing Its Weapon of Attack—an Automobile Torpedo

The Sinking of U. S. S. Iowa by Gunfire From a 14-inch Gun

"It ought to be a balanced force, intensely modern, capable of defense by sea and land, beneath the surface and in the air."

Excerpt from the inaugural address of President Coolidge on March 4 1925.



The Aircraft Carrier Saratoga, Which Is to be Launched in 1926, in Comparison With Battleship Oregon Completed in 1896

By Curtis D. Wilbur

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

THE securing of a balanced defensive naval force on the sea, beneath its surface and in the air has formed the basis of the policy of the Navy Department.

Few will disagree with the President. The general consensus of expert opinion of the world as to what constitutes a well-balanced navy is in substantial agreement, as was shown at the Conference for the Limitation of Naval Armament three years ago, where the relative values of the various elements of sea power were considered in arriving at a basis for such limitation. The building and maintenance programs of the navies of the world since that time have shown that all agree that aircraft, aircraft carriers, battleships, cruisers, destroyers and submarines, with their various auxiliaries and bases, are considered necessary elements of such power. There are a few who place great emphasis on aircraft, aircraft carriers and submarines. There have always been those who have overemphasized some weapon, or means of attack or defense, and every new method of attack and defense has usually had extreme advocates who contended that the new instrumentality would revolutionize warfare. Inventors are prone to make such claims. These claims must always be considered by well-balanced experts and tried in peacetime by such experiments as are permitted without unreasonably endangering human life, and coördinated with other means of defense if they prove valuable. The real test of such claims is in actual warfare, with its surprises and disappointments. The World War provided the greatest test for all such inventions. Aircraft and submarines for the first time were put to the supreme test of war. In the development of the means of national defense, we must always consider the means of offense possessed by other powers. Our weapons are intended to meet theirs if need be.

The Testimony of Experts

IN DEVELOPING its program, the Navy Department uses the knowledge and experience and research of those who have been placed in positions to study and to learn from experience, in the laboratory, at the proving ground, and in the fleet, in the air and in actual warfare.

In view of the stress which has recently been laid on air organization and armament, it is to be remembered that the Navy for years has been operating a growing air force as part of its fleets, and the conclusions reached concerning its utility and development as a part of our national defense are based on such operations and experience, as well as upon the research of aeronautical engineers showing the possible development of aircraft. The studies of naval strategy and tactics, always including the use of aeroplanes and airships as well as the surface and subsurface fleet, are carried on continuously at the Naval War College, at Newport, Rhode Island.

In the recent investigation made by the special board appointed at the instance of the President upon the Result of the Development of Aviation on the Future Development of the Navy, the President of the Naval War College sat as a member of the board and brought into its councils all that has been developed at the Naval War College along these lines of study. Officers directly from the fleet, including specialists in aviation, are assigned to the Naval War College to study there the new problems resulting from the use of aviation by the Army and by the Navy, and to study the relation of aviation to the other elements of naval power, including the latest developments in guns, submarines, torpedoes and ship construction. The maneuvers now being conducted in the Pacific are for the purpose of testing out and coördinating the various elements of our fleet on the sea and in the air.

The testimony given by naval, military and civilian authorities of experience in naval and aeronautical matters gave to the special board which considered the problem a basis for the sound conclusions they reported to the President.

An examination of the voluminous testimony of the many witnesses who appeared before this board discloses that, upon cross-examination by the members of the board, the apparent discrepancies of opinion due to generalizations almost completely vanished and that nearly all the witnesses agreed upon the fundamental requirements of a modern navy—namely, that air forces, surface vessels and submarines are essential in a modern navy; that the naval policy of the department as promulgated by the general board in 1922 is a sound and reasonable recognition of the growing importance of aircraft; and that capital ships are still essential elements of the Navy. In the main, the difference between the witnesses examined by this board concerned the manner of statement and degree of emphasis to be placed on various elements in the problem of naval warfare rather than a variance in conclusions as to the desirability of the various elements of the fleet. In considering the testimony of experts it should be remembered that no testimony is so discredited in our courts as expert testimony. Experts speak in a technical language of their own, and without intelligent cross-examination by those informed as to all the various elements entering into the problem, such testimony is utterly confusing and misleading; and where the expert becomes an advocate seeking to advance a cause and secure a favorable verdict, he may and frequently does resort to generalities and evasions, hoping without actual perjury to mislead a jury untrained in his specialty, although his evasions are manifest to an expert.

Any investigation of a technical or scientific matter should be conducted before a body trained in such science, just as all legal arguments in our courts are addressed to a judge learned in the law. In default of such knowledge, the cross-examination of experts by experts in the same subject is the best substitute, although a poor one, for expert knowledge by the judge. Obviously therefore a trial upon the question of national defense, and upon the proper place and position of aircraft in that defense, should be conducted by a board having knowledge of the science of defense as developed in centuries of experience. All this should be remembered in considering testimony given before committees of Congress at its recent session concerning national defense.

How Is the Nation to Win?

OUR Navy is not maintained for aggression, but upon the cold business proposition that it is better to maintain a good navy than to have war. Hence we want the naval establishment best designed for successful warfare, and not one based upon some alluring theory or catch phrase concerning control of the sea or control of the air.

It does not do to say that the nation which has control of the sea or control of the air will win the next war. The question is, How is the nation to win? And if it is by control of the sea or control of the air, how that control is to be obtained and maintained. In most wars, control of the sea, of the air or of the land varies from time to time and from day to day. Usually one power controls a part of the sea and a part of the land and a part of the air, and the part controlled varies during the war—and even during a battle. To say that you must control something to win a war is merely saying that you must win a war to be victorious.

England controlled the sea during our Revolution and during the War of 1812, in every reasonable interpretation

of that general phrase; but we controlled enough of the sea for long enough time to win and maintain our independence. Preponderance of ships will not necessarily give control of the sea, nor will a preponderance of aircraft necessarily give control of the air. Every modern army and every modern navy in every battle on land or sea will have aircraft contending in the air while the land or sea forces contend below them. The battle will be won or lost as a result of the entire contest, involving hours and perhaps days and months of struggle in which control of sea or land or air will shift from time to time and place to place.

The World War, from July 15 to November 11, 1918, was so continuous a struggle that it might almost be considered a single battle in which the Allies finally gained supremacy. The German Chancellor Hertling said, "The history of the world was played out in three days" of that battle—July 15 to 18, 1918—but millions of men struggled for months afterward before peace was attained. War is not won by catch phrases, by slogans or oratory, but by men who are willing to hazard life and limb to win with whatever weapons may be provided on land or sea or in the air. They win by killing and wounding other men. Ships and weapons are important, but do not win battles without men. The character of weapons changes from time to time; but fortitude, courage, patience and endurance of men are always essential to victory.

Our modern Navy, with its modern equipment, is the result of more than twenty centuries of evolution in sea craft and war craft. From the earliest seafaring days there has been warfare on the sea. Buccaneering and piracy, a lucrative form of adventure in early days, persisted until long after the advent of regular navies.

Three thousand years ago the Phoenicians were carrying on extensive commerce with their galleys in the Mediterranean. They traded with India and sailed the Atlantic as far north as the British Isles. Five hundred years later the Persians invaded Greece.

Naval Warfare of the Past

NOT until Themistocles had persuaded his countrymen to build a fleet which completely defeated the Persian fleet in the Bay of Salamis were the Persians forced to retire into their own dominions. The fighting ship of that day, the trireme, was manned by 200 rowers and thirty fighting men.

Oars gave place to sails. In the days of the crusades we read of the large Saracen ship which carried an armament of Greek fire. The Byzantines, by means of Greek fire, succeeded in keeping their enemies at bay for a long time. It was a mixture of chemicals which, upon being squirted at the enemy from tubes, set fire to the wooden ships and could be put out only by sand and vinegar. This may be called a forerunner of chemical warfare.

In one of the early sea battles between the English and the French in 1217, every English ship took on board a large quantity of quicklime. Coming down upon the French with the wind, the quicklime blowing before them, the English secured a complete victory over their tortured and blinded enemies. We might liken this to the modern gas attack.

About 1350 the galley began to disappear. It was essentially a rowboat armed with archers. The galleon, with sail as its main motive power, took its place as the capital ship. Stone-throwing catapults were used; but boarding or hand fighting on the water continued long after the introduction of cannon. There was no such thing in those days as a navy as we now understand it. Ships required for war purposes were hired merchant vessels which were armed and manned by fighting men. Henry VII of England first established a regular navy. The Great Harry, built in the 1480's, was the first regular man-of-war.

A Part of the Aircraft Squadron's Scouting Fleet Anchored in Caldera Bay, Santo Domingo, During the Winter Maneuvers of the U. S. Fleet, 1924

The Submarine of 1776

THE gun, at first, appears to have been only an accessory to the crossbow; but in the early years of the sixteenth century it became the main armament, and remained unchallenged until the coming of the long-range torpedo about 400 years later.

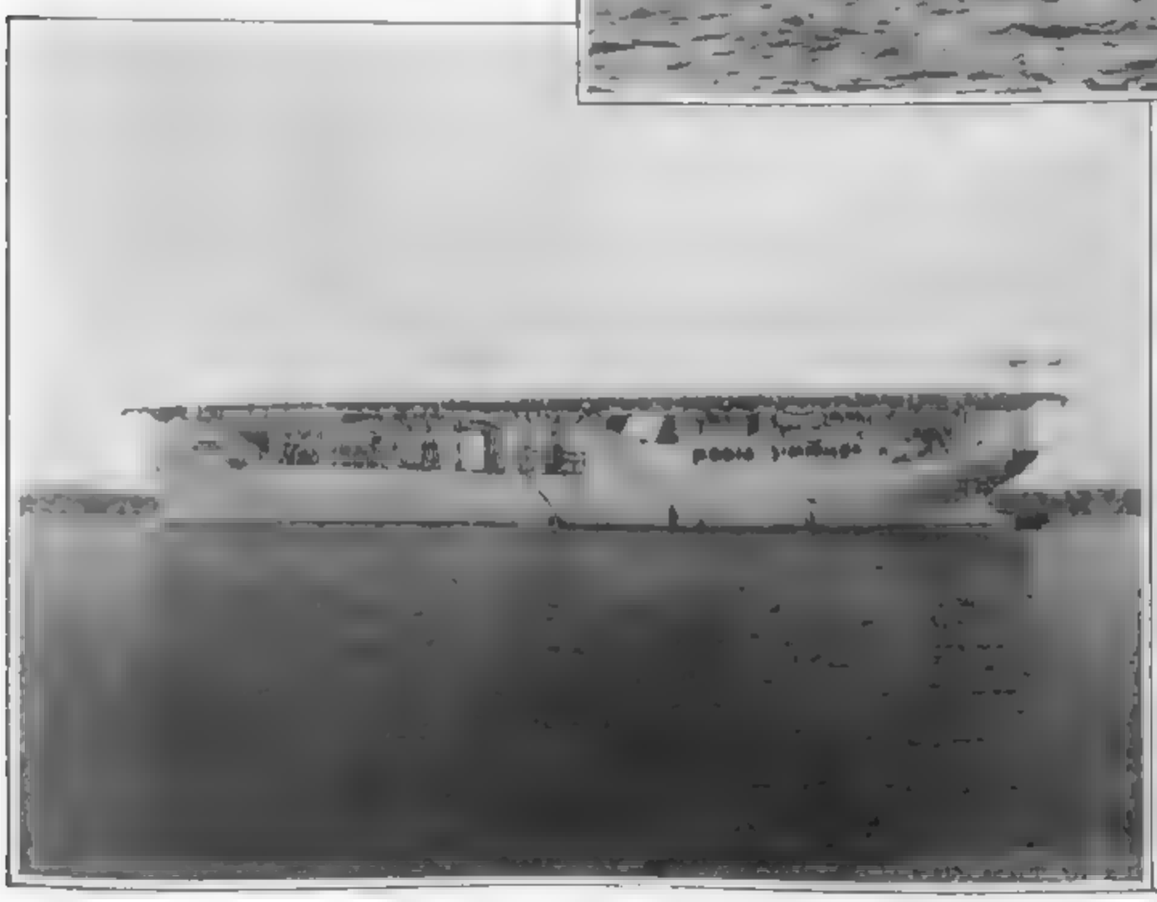
Ships grew in size. The Victory, Nelson's flagship at Trafalgar, carried 100 guns on three decks and was manned by 1000 men. Her 2460 tons gross weight was about the same as that of the President's yacht, Mayflower.

At the close of the French Wars in 1783, just before the Napoleonic Era, we see the beginnings of a balanced navy in England's fleet. She had 105 ships of the line, 13 fifty-gun ships, 63 large frigates, 69 small frigates, 217 sloops, 43 cutters, 24 armed ships, 7 bomb vessels and 9 fire ships.

Privateers, fast armed merchant vessels, preyed on trade. They sailed singly and in small squadrons. To protect themselves against these, merchant vessels also were armed and sailed in convoys for mutual support. For the suppression of privateering on coastal trade the large number of small war vessels proved very useful. There was much agitation in England for faster ships. These proved very valuable for scouting and for commerce destroying. The fast frigates were the forerunners of our scout cruisers.

It is interesting to note that in our war for independence in 1776, David Bushnell made the first submarine ever actually used in war, and attempted to torpedo the English flagship Eagle, a sixty-four-gun ship. The submarine was hand-propelled, and the difficulty of attaching his bomb against the ship's

(Continued on Page 197)



The Experimental Aircraft Carrier Langley With an Airplane About to Land on Her Deck

A Photograph of the U. S. S. West Virginia, the Latest Type of Battleship, Which Was Launched in 1921

Above—Fleet Submarine V-1, Completed 1925, of About 3500 Tons Displacement

THE CLEVER ACCOMPLICE

By Lois Seyster Montross

ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. McCARTHY

PEOPLE in Brill County still look up from their newspapers and say sometimes, "Do you recall the Pender case?" But you have not heard of the Pender case, for you don't live in Brill County. Too, it happened during the excitement of the Armistice and there was nothing unusual about it. Just a case of a young man shooting his best friend in a drunken quarrel about a car. He got twenty-five years, but escaped. They think in Brill County that he must have had a clever accomplice, but Barbara Cleve knows better.

You will say this is a dramatic way of beginning a tale told across a snapping grate fire on a winter's evening. I caution you, it is not a dramatic story. Yet perhaps it is if you can tune yourself to the crude delicacy of a young girl's imaginings.

Barbara Cleve is a lovely thing. I don't say that because I am her grandfather, for I don't say it about her stupid sisters. I repeat, she is a lovely thing; she is twenty-one years old and is going to marry young Horace Redding. He is a nice brown-faced boy, and he hesitates to marry her because he thinks she is tremendously rich. She has ten thousand dollars in the bank. I'll tell you about the ten thousand, about Barbara Cleve and Ralph Pender's escape. Ironically, I was the judge who sentenced him.

Now about Horace. I always liked Horace. I saw a good deal of him when Barbara would come over and visit me. Fifteen she was then, and already thinking about the boys. I don't know what girls of fifteen are like now—I hear they are impossible—but Barbara at that age was half a hoyden, half a coquette. She had barely left off dolls and taken up boys, and was wistfully perplexed by the difference between the two.

"It's Nothing at All," He Said in a Low, Taut Voice. "Nothing, Nothing!"

Her parents down at Leonard were strict with her. But when she came up to see me here at High Ridge I let her do what she liked. Why not? She had a good time; she went out with two boys, George and Horace, and pretty soon we were all betting on one or the other. I bet, myself—on Horace. I bet with old Lawyer Burke, who plays chess with me every Sunday, that Horace would bring her home from church that night, and I won a good cigar. Can you beat it, sir?

She showed me the entry in her diary—went something like this:

"June 18, 1918.

"George wouldn't speak to me this morning. He thawed out this afternoon though. Poor kid. They held him in the church Sun. night so he couldn't get to me. Some friends of Horace's held him by the leg. Horace got through the crowd in a jiffy and pulled me by the arm until I would go with him. It was almost exciting as old tramp or prisoners' base. Out on the street I felt Horace's hand trembling on my arm. I could have laughed. My, George was mad!"

The upshot of that affair was that her folks heard about it and sent for her to come home. I guess they thought old Andrew Cleve was too doddering to take proper care of her, letting her carry on that way in a church. I missed Barbara—her running through the house and playing a ukulele on the front steps with those silly boys. She was one of these little girls that look so painfully, trustingly young that it hurts you—wide, limpid gray eyes with no knowledge in them, a thin body just rounding out, and eager, tender, untried lips. She wasted a great deal of time washing her face with different kinds of soap—oatmeal, medicated, tar and almond, and finally plain Castile because Lillian Russell said it was the best. But all this care had never hurt the texture of her clear young skin.

I bribed her to come back that summer. Otherwise she would never have known Pender. I should say I bribed her folks, for Barbara never understood nor cared anything about money. I wrote and said, "Now look here, Barbara, I've got a nice check for a hundred dollars awaiting a young lady who will come to High Ridge at once," and her folks let her come, because they wanted her to have it.

Well, I didn't know how she felt about Pender. I didn't know Pender. But she has since shown me her diary and told me all about it, sitting on my knee and looking into the fire as if she were seeing that strange episode in the twisting flames. It seems that she would hang out on my garden gate every evening about 6:30 to watch a dusty gray racing car go by. The man who drove it wore a gray cap pulled low over his eyes, and a loose gray suit. He drove carelessly, lolling, as young men do, very far back from the wheel and occasionally knocking off cigar ashes with his ungloved hand. His chin jutted out so far that it made him rememberable, she has said. An Airedale sat importantly beside him. It is curious why these things fascinated her, but they did—especially the cigar. Poor Horace, being only sixteen, didn't smoke cigars and she began to think of him a little patronizingly.

Every night when this Pender passed her he exchanged glances with Barbara. It is doubtful if he really saw the slim little unknown girl swinging on the gate among the gallant tiger lilies and pale bouncing Bet and old-fashioned zinnias; but to the self-conscious child there was something dangerous and palpitating in his vagrant glance. Her heart would beat uncertainly as he disappeared around the corner. In her foolish little thoughts she named him the Gray Indian. It thrilled her to think he deserved the dread adjective "sporty."

She had heard some talk—my housekeeper gossiping over the fence with a neighbor:

"Who's that goes by here so often in a gray racing car?"

"Why, that's Ralph Pender. He runs around with Graham Means."

"They say that Means ——"

"Oh, dissipated! Both of them!"

An expressive shrug, you see, a lift of the eyebrows, and Barbara knew—only she didn't know anything, really. I see now how very young girls guess at life. They take in the harshest facts and soften them over with the weavings of romance.

She shivered at the word "dissipated," secretly adored it. With a lavish sweep she attributed to it gambling, roadsters, wine, cigars, evening clothes, Airedales, music and gray caps. She could imagine Ralph Pender and Graham Means courteously shaking dice, and singing For He's a Jolly Good Fellow as they parted at midnight.

Swinging on the gate, watching the racer disappear, she would have further dreams—of herself coming down long marble steps with Pender. . . . A man looks so aristocratic lighting a cigarette as he comes out of the door with you. . . . "Well, shall we run to the city this evening, Barbara, do a little show and dance afterward at a roof garden, eh?" It appears she was very hazy about roof gardens.

In the car with him, she fancied herself saying carelessly, "Aren't you smoking too much, old dear?" She had once heard a woman say "old dear" to an army officer.

Ralph laughed and dropped a little satin box into her lap.

"If you don't like pearls, we'll exchange 'em in town."

"You're awfully sweet to me, really."

Herself in a short fur coat with a narrow fringy gown clinging above her ankles. The quaint poke bonnet he had chosen because it suited her curls—Pender beside her, nonchalant, tirelessly smoking, speaking in an aristocratic tone to the head waiter.

"Oh, to be sure, Mr. Pender," says the head waiter, "not too near the orchestra. This way."

Everybody turning to look at them.

"Who is she with?"

"Oh, that dissipated Ralph Pender. They say he is mad about her. She winds him about her little finger."

One evening when she was dreaming these sweet vain dreams the gray car came down the road. The Gray Indian tossed the little girl in the straight dark-blue dress a casual glance. She shook her curls, smiled desperately and said "Hoo-ooh!" just as if he had not been a man about town, his name a catchword. "Hoo-ooh!" she said, and smiled the same silly little smile she would have used for some young brown-cheeked boy like Horace. In fact, it was the only smile she possessed.

Pender stopped the car and took off his cap. And now she began to tremble, comprehending a painful fact—you cannot talk to realities the way you talk to dreams; you cannot act the way you think you are going to.

The Airedale jumped out and began to bark confidently at her. Pender spoke. His nasal voice was languid:

"Don't you touch her, Whisky!"

Barbara squeezed through the half-open gate and stroked the dog's head. She had never been afraid of any dog. Everything was suddenly easier. Her words came in a little rush. "Do you know why I hollered at you? I wanted to ride in that car. I never rode in one where you sit right on the floor like that."

Gravely, Pender put out his hand and helped her in. The Airedale leaped in between them, his muddy feet sprawling sociably over her warm lap.

She went on talking very fast as the car shuddered, the gears grated and they were off, with the wind sweet and cool against their faces.

"We haven't any car. Papa thinks he may get one in the fall. My grandfather has one, but it is all closed in. I don't like it nearly so well as this where you can see something. It's fun, too, sitting on the floor, isn't it?"

Pender, with his chin thrust out arrestingly, did not loll back with quite so much listlessness now. He extinguished his cigar. Barbara was very pained.

"Oh, please don't! Please go on smoking!"

He gave a short laugh, but he did not light it again.

"You're a great little girl," he said.

"I'm not so young. It's my curls—people always think I am younger than I am. People have told me I look like Mary Pickford, with my curls and all. I don't know. Have you ever seen her?"

"What's your name?" he asked. He disregarded her remarks in a queer way as if he were thinking of something else, and that struck her as very sophisticated, for George and Horace minced and reminced her every word.

"Barbara Glenman Cleve. I don't live here; I live in Leonard. It's a much larger place than this, about fourteen miles away. I suppose you have been there."

Abruptly he turned and looked her full in the face for the first time, and I can fancy how she would give him back

She Would Hang Out on My Garden Gate Every Evening About 6 30 to Watch a Dusty Gray Racing Car Go By

such a wide-open, transparently admiring, ingenuous glance that he would bite his lip and flush a little, as she says he did.

She continued to talk in her high, fast way, not from boldness, but because she didn't know how to fall into an easy silence. She supposed you had to keep talking like that or be thought impolite.

With the impersonal observation of a child, she had noticed that his skin was grayishly coarse, like the cap he wore; his mouth with its blurred edges had a tired sag, but his teeth flashed very white when he smiled.

As the racer hurled itself with the roar of open cut-out along a country road they passed a boy in knickers on a saddle horse. He waved at Barbara, his ugly, charming face rather surprised.

"Why, that was Horace—Horace Redding!" she exclaimed, wanting Pender to feel the wideness of her acquaintance. "I've gone with him some, but I don't know that I like him any better than George Wallace. At least, not much better."

She was wondering all this time where they were going but she was confident it would be at least to a roof garden. She was a little worried about her dark-blue linen dress.

"If he'd only given me time to change!" she thought.

Her amazement then when he suddenly stopped the racer was great.

"I guess this is about far enough," he said. "I suppose it will be your bedtime soon."

His unconscious cruelty nearly brought tears to her eyes.

"The idea!" she pouted. "I guess you think I am a young girl! Why, I didn't get in till two the night of George's party, really!"

"You ought to get in earlier than that," he said severely. "What are your people thinking of?"

Her pretty *savoir-faire* all gone, she could scarcely speak at all on the way home.

Discreetly, he handed her out a block from my house and drove off very fast.

Her cheeks flushed, her eyes wounded, she scurried at once to her bedroom and stood in front of the mirror nervously powdering her nose. For she says girls nearly always do that as soon as they come in, even though they are going to bed in a moment.

"It was because I didn't have enough powder on," she thought unhappily. "It might have been my curls—maybe he doesn't like curls. He must have thought my dress was horrid. Oh, he will never ask me again, never!"

And it was hard for her to sleep that night, her immense failure was so bitter, and she lay there in the dark thinking of all the brave mature things she might have said.

II

THE next evening Horace came in. He always grasped my hand with overdone heartiness and spoke very loud, close to my ear. He always said the same thing: "How do you do, Judge Cleve? What do you think of this weather?" and then relapsed into shyness, standing awkwardly on one foot until I begged him to be seated.

That little beast of a Barbara would often keep him waiting half an hour in the torture of genial conversation with me. This time it was longer than that, and when I detected Horace looking at his new watch he pretended that it needed winding. I suspect that he broke the mainspring.

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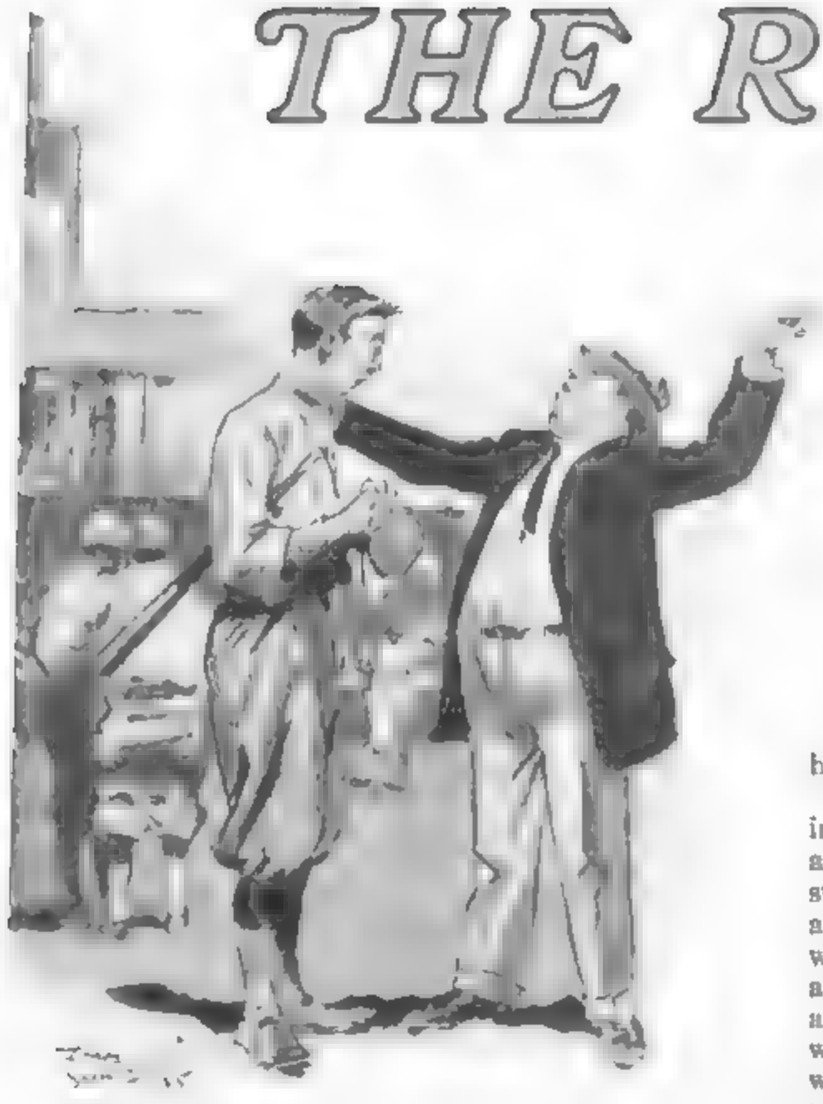
"Why, That Was Horace—Horace Redding!" She Exclaimed, Wanting Pender to Feel the Wideness of Her Acquaintance

THE ROARING RABBIT

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG



"Great Play, That Triple," I Remarks

WITHIN five minutes of my first peek at Milt Small he had speared a hot twister labeled F. O. B. Fence with his meat hand, turned a dizzy triple play unassisted and driven a home run over a string of freight cars a hundred feet beyond the right-field fence. That interested me and I stuck for the rest of the game.

Sitting through a row between a seventh and an eighth place team in the Bullrush League isn't exactly the kind of joy ride I'd pick for a fried Sunday afternoon in July; but I'd been crashing the brush too long for Bull Grogan and his Blue Sox to pass up any tips, especially those relayed by Fox Hennessy of the Three-Eye. Ivory is like poker chips—it has no home and you're just as likely to find it here today as there tomorrow.

As a matter of fact, Milt wasn't the lad I'd been wised to. According to Hennessy, a first baseman named Swanson was the kid that was supposed to have been born with a through ticket for a big-league berth in his pocket; but it didn't take more'n two innings and three boners to convince me that the boy's ticket was for a local that ran between the sand lots and Class C. I'm on the mark and ready to go when I catches a flash of Small and the circus stuff he's pulling out at short. I never saw a more perfect fielding and batting revue than Milt staged that day. He dragged 'em out of the air, plucked 'em off his shoe strings, swiped 'em from the outfield and snatched 'em out of the catcher's mitt. He was all over the lot like a big top, giving it what the insurance guys call full coverage. His heaves to first were darbs, the pill blinging across the diamond without the rise of more'n an inch. They could of stuck a pole with a basket at the bag and made just as many assists. That's the kind of Swiss sharpshooter Milt was. As for his willow work, add a couple of singles and a double to a home run and see what you get.

After the game I takes Small off to a side and introduces myself as a scout for the Blue Sox. If I'd 'a' told him I was the Prince of Wales and proved it by falling off of a horse, he couldn't have been more flustered. Off comes his cap and he starts to bowing and blushing like school gals used to.

"Great play, that triple," I remarks. Small looks at me sort of blank and I repeats it.

"Oh, that!" says he. "I never expected to stop the ball, even. I put up my hand to protect my face and it just stuck."

"Maybe," I admits, looking at him, puzzled; "but it took pretty good headwork to complete the play."

"Pure luck," returns Milt. "If Spelvin hadn't slipped on a wet spot he'd of easy got back to first."

"And the round trip over the fence?" I asks, sarcastic, figuring that I'm being kidded. "I suppose the ball hit your bat while you were backing away."

"No," comes back Small, solemn, "that wasn't it; but it was an accident just the same. You remember, I had two strikes on me at the time. The next pitch was way outside and I took a late swing with the ideas that the catcher'd miss the throw and I'd get to first."

"So," I remarks, "you were really trying to fan when it happened?"

"Yes," answers Milt, sincere; "but the ball took a hop in and struck the end of the bat." For a while I haven't a thing to say. In the ten years that I'd been stalking recruits around the country I'd run into about every variety of nut there is, but this filbert was a new one on me. Imagine a busher, with a big-league scout interested in him, trying to alibi himself out of good plays! The average kid would have told me that unassisted triple put-outs were regular fads of his and that the home run would of gone twice as far as it did if the wind hadn't blown it back. Modesty, the Lord knows, is rarer among tossers than gold fillings in a henhouse, and here's a bobo robbing himself of an earned hit! I can't make him.

"What's the idea?" I growls finally. "Don't you want to leave this hick town?"

"How do you mean?" he inquires.

"Well," I tells him, cautious, "I was thinking of sticking around here a week or so and giving you a deep look-over. If you work like you did today right along I might buy you for the Blue Sox."

"You're joking," stammers Milt. "Besides, I might not be here in a week."

"Why not?" I asks. "Got another offer?"

"No, no," says Small, hasty; "but I'm afraid that I'm not satisfying Mr. Woods and he might let me go. You know, I'm not always as lucky as I was this afternoon."

"We'll see," I returns, and leaves him.

That evening I hunts up Joe Woods, the manager of Milt's layout. He and I were in the American Association a lot of years back.

"What do you want?" he shoots right out. "Swanson?"

"No," says I. "We're satisfied with the bat boy we got now. What's Small hitting?"

"Small?" repeats Joe with a grin. "Saw him operate today, eh?"

"I did," I admits. "Was he playing out of his head?"

"That's his regular stride," answers Woods. "Milt Small's been smacking the old onion around .400 ever since the season opened, and I don't think he's made more'n two errors so far."

"Only two errors," I gasps, "with all the territory that lad covers? What's keeping him here?"

"Inferiority complex," says Joe.

"He's a little thin," I agrees, "but he seems healthy enough to me."

"Milt's strong enough in the body," comes back Woods, "but weak in the dome. Didn't you never meet up with an inferiority complex before?"

"Not socially," I tells him. "What is it in a couple of three-letter words?"

"Well," explains Joe, "Milt ain't got no confidence in himself and no more fight than an aged angleworm. He's always sure he's going be struck out and ——"

"I know," I cuts in. "I had a short talk with him and he told me what accidents that triple play and that home run were; but what of it as long as he delivers?"

"Lots of it," snaps Woods. "It'd get your nanny, too, if you had a wet blanket on your team that was always hanging crape around the place and glooming up the works. He's so certain that things is going wrong that he's got most of my other hired hands beginning to think the same way.

"There never was a bird like Milt for having a good time out of feeling bad."

"I don't give a hoop-la," says I, "how bad he feels as long as he fields good. Bull's got to have another shortstopper quick. Clancy's legs are gone and he needs a messenger boy to get a throw to first. I think I'll take a chance on him."

"Better not," suggests Joe. "Grogan got me this job and he knows I wouldn't hold out a live one on him, but Bull wouldn't stand for Small for a minute. The old boy still likes scrappers, don't he?"

"Yes," I tells him; "but don't worry. The kind of umpiring we're getting this season would make a rabbit spit in a tiger's eye."

"Not this rabbit," insists Woods. "If you punched Small in the chin, he'd apologize for not having his tongue between his teeth at the time. That's how meek he is."

"Can I have him?" I asks.

"With a mother's prayer thrown in," returns Joe.

I watches the game the next day, and that night I wires Grogan:

"Have snappy short fielder. Hits .410, eighteen home runs, but has inferiority complex."

Both of 'Em Give Small the Up and Down With Interest, But the Gal's to Compound

"Here we are," says I, jovial, when the train backs into the station, "safe and sound."

"I'm not so sure," comes back Milt. "I got a little cold last night and there's a beautiful chance of it turning into double pneumonia. If I'm lucky, I might get off with pleurisy. I had a chill this afternoon."

"That's nothing," I tells him. "I've been chilled ever since the day I met you."

"You look bad," cheerios Small, "and stout men like you snuff off quick. I'm sure glad that I got that return ticket from you."

With the ideas of getting Milt off my hands pronto, I grabs a taxi and hustles him out to the ball park. It's after game time, but Bull's in the office and so's that slick trick, Jennie Gilroy, Grogan's niece. Both of 'em give Small the up and down with interest, but the gal's is compound.

I don't know whether I've mentioned it or not, but Milt's no error when it comes to looks; not even a fielder's choice. He's tall and rangy, with nice hair that's got a permanent wave to it, blue lamps with a kind of dreamy, please-don't-whip-my-dog look in 'em, and the sort of nose they always photograph sideways. The boy's map's the type the frills fall for all right, and I'm not surprised at Jennie's long look-over. I'd noticed on the train coming down that the chicks'd pass our seat and come back a little later with a magazine they could accidentally drop near Small

"Well," says Bull, after the introductions are gargled all around, "ready to step in and help us out?"

"I'm as ready as I'll ever be," stutters Milt; "but you're fooling if you think I can help you out."

"Take it easy," smiles Grogan, figuring, of course, that the kid's playing modest. "Work for me like you done for Joe Woods and I'll be satisfied."

"I'll never get no lucky breaks again like I got up there," glooms back Milt.

"You don't get breaks down here," snaps the boss. "You make 'em. Understand?"

"I'll never make any," says Small. "I got a feeling that nothing is going to go good for me ——"

"If nothing don't," cuts in Bull, "there's one thing that'll go good and that's you—good and quick. What the ——"

"Want me to go now?" cuts in the rookie, eager.

"Cut it!" I yelps at this juncture. "Go on in that room over there and see if Mike, the trainer, can get you a uniform to fit."

"I'm pretty sure he can't," mumbles Milt, but he goes, taking a smile from Jennie with him.

"What'd you bring him along for?" asks Grogan, sarcastic. "A mascot?"

"Didn't I tell you," I growls, "that he's got an inferiority complex?"

"What's that?" barks Bull.

"An inferiority complex," I explains, "is something that makes you take an umbrella and a pair of galoshes along when you're going to an indoor track meet during a drought."

"No, it isn't," says Jennie. "That's pessimism. A person with an inferiority complex just isn't sure of himself. He always thinks he's going to fail ——"

"That's Milt," I interrupts. "The only thing he's sure of is yesterday; he'd give you big odds against tomorrow."

"What do we want with a jinx like that?" demands Grogan.

"He's handsome," remarks his niece.

"That," sneers Bull, "might interest me if I was in the hay-and-grain business in Iowa and hunting for a teamster. One of the best catchers I ever had was cross-eyed and shy an ear."

"You want Milt," I shoots at the chief, peevish, "because he can plug that hole of yours at short so that a greased young gnat couldn't wriggle through. You want him because he'll kill off some of those zeros in the B. H. column of the box score you've been featuring lately. You want him ——"

"Yow!" butts in Bull. "A bear in the bushes and a boob in the big time! What we need in this man's league is scrappy up-and-at-'em babies."

"He's not scrappy," I admits; "but I haven't noticed Clancy battling any pep into that glass arm of his or Sweeney cursing any home runs over the fence or Hall arguing any unassisted triple plays out of the umps or Gillen swearing any clean singles with the sacks soused. What do you care what Small thinks as long as he does? And the boy is a doeser!"

"Anyways," backstops Jennie, "that inferiority complex can be cured."

"How?" asks her uncle.

"There are ways," smiles she; but just then Milt comes back into the office and we don't get any details.

"Find a uniform to fit?" I inquires.

"Pretty near," says Small; "but it'll be too tight after it's washed. I won't be here then, though, I guess."

"That's all," mutters Grogan, biting his lips to keep his feelings out of the words. "Show up here tomorrow at one o'clock."

"If nothing don't happen to me," returns the merry, merry Milt.

Figuring it's sort of up to me to see that nothing does, I sticks close to him that night, although personally I'd much rather have spent the evening sitting up with a sick snake. When I picks him up the next day he looks deeper down in the mouth than usual, and as nervous as a bridegroom with St. Vitus. We walks toward the ball park trading grunts.

"How long has she been engaged?" he asks.

"Who?" I comes back.

"Miss Gilroy," he returns.

Continued on Page 118

The next morning I gets an answer back reading something like this:

"Clancy through. Bring new man in quick. What do I care about the make of his automobile?"

II

GETTING Milt to pack up his troubles in his old carpetbag and follow me to the big town wasn't one of those things that come under the head of soft jobs. The boy's inferiority stuff is clicking on all six.

"I'll never make good with the Blue Sox," he tells me. "I've got a feeling that I'll be a failure from the start, even if I ever get there."

"What do you mean—if you get there?" I wants to know.

"I don't never get on a train," says Small, "without the idea that there is going to be a wreck."

"Do you wear suspenders or a belt?"

"Both," answers Milt.

"I thought so," says I; "and I suppose you've had your pants made tight around the waist besides."

"I don't imagine," goes on Small, "that I'll last more'n two or three days with the Blue Sox. How am I going to get back here?"

"I'll guarantee your return fare," I assures him.

"That's all right," says Little Sunbeam; "but some thing might happen to you."

"Nothing has so far," I tells him.

"Then you're due," returns Milt. "You'd better buy me a round-trip ticket with a stop-over at St. Louis. A cousin of mine's going to get married there next week."

"But," says I, "the Blue Sox will be playing at home all of this month."

"Yes," comes back the rookie; "but I'll be through in time to get to the wedding, if there is one."

"What's the matter?" I asks. "Hasn't that cousin of yours asked the girl yet?"

"They've been engaged for two years," returns Milt; "but lots of weddings are busted up right at the altar; besides, one of them might get sick."

"Very well," I agrees, weary, "I'll buy you a two-way ticket with a stop-over. How about some travel insurance?" I finishes with irony.

"I think I ought to have some," answers Small, "but just get it for death and total disability. I'd never get off with a broken leg or anything easy like that, and there's no use wasting money for small accidents that could never happen to me."

Finally I gets Milt on the rattler, but for all the pleasure I got out of the trip I might as well been traveling in the baggage car ahead with a pine casket. Half a dozen times I'm minded to dump the cloud off and ship him back to Joe Woods, I getting kind of scared about what Bull Grogan's going to say when he tangles up with the formaldehyde kid. The only thing that keeps me from doing so is the fact that the boy can play baseball and the further fact that Bull isn't in any position to look a gift hearse in the mouth.

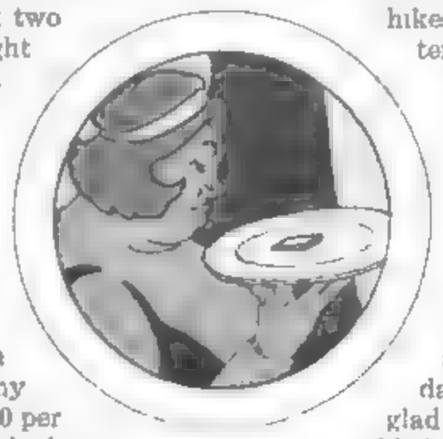
The Next Lizard Jingles to Right, But Small Brings the Inning to an End With a Double Play That Pulls the Cash Customers Out of Their Seats and Even Gets the Chief on His Dogs

FAIR, FIT AND FORTY

By Clara Belle Thompson

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

I LOOKED at my wrist watch and a gasp of surprise escaped me. Five o'clock! Already! The last four hours had flashed by, leaving golden accomplishment behind. I put pencils and clips aside, collected my scattered papers, closed desk drawers and arose, but in a moment I reseated myself; chairs, desks, telephones and pictures were circling the room in drunken disorder. And when I attempted the smaller range of my own desk, I found inkwells, penholders, calendars and blotters all traveling in small select orbits of their own. Assuredly the world did move. Before I had quite marshaled my forces Miss Wynn joined me. I related the small experience and concluded: "I walk two miles every day and feel perfectly all right as a rule. Besides, this work is no physical tax. What could be the point?"



"Point enough," she answered without a thought. "You do not take exercise enough. And neither do I."

"Maybe I don't," I admitted. "But I am going to remedy this little deficiency in some way. It is too absurd to let oneself slump."

"If you make any discoveries pass them along to me," said Miss Wynn. "I have my odd moments when I feel a shade under 100 per cent." I promised readily enough, but I might have forgotten the whole incident if there had not been an aftermath. I was dining that evening with old friends, four of them. Their talk was filled with golf and tennis and swimming.

"I should think that you would find your present life very confining," said one to me. "You are never on the links any more."

"I have no time," I replied, truly enough.

"Time? I should be positively ill if I missed a day. I do not see how you manage, when you used to be such a regular too."

Health Methods for Business Girls

IT WAS very well for those women to talk. With twenty-four hours to spend as they liked, it would have been a disgrace not to find time for healthful out-of-door exercise. And they showed the results in their clear, firm flesh and bright, alert eyes. I suddenly felt old and worn beside them. My thoughts must have been easily translatable, for suddenly Mildred, with the frankness that has been ours since college days, said, "You ought to do something, old dear. You look positively seedy."

Elsie, kinder, though no less outspoken, offered a suggestion:

"Why don't you ride every morning? Even an hour would do you no end of good and you would not miss the time."

"Perhaps not," I retorted tartly. "Doubtless six to seven in the morning would pass quite marvelously on horseback. But I am afraid that I cannot quite make it."

The conversation switched then from me to athletics in general. I could scarcely contain myself as afternoons were planned for golf foursomes, for tennis matches, for motor trips to the seashore. And the old happy school days of hockey and water polo and basketball seemed far, far in the dim past.

What did persons do who were tied down to the routine of an office or a business? The solution was easy enough in summer, when there were gardens to humor and cherish, and vacations, with boating and fishing and hikes. But how keep sufficiently fit in the winter to be ready for the strain on soft muscles that is the price of a garden or of a mountain climb. I determined to find out for myself. So I made a small list of women whom I knew, professional or business women like myself, and who stood out in my mind as always looking keen and very fit, and I visited them, every one.

A few were noncommittal, and I shall always suspect them of methods that are dark and very deep. But most were very glad at the implied compliment and willingly told their private systems of health.

Some dieted consistently, others took long and complicated morning and evening exercises. But by far the largest proportion were enrolled in regular health courses. Baths, institutes and health studios were told off in rapid succession. I was embarrassed by a plethora of riches.

But it was to a "baths" that I made my first pilgrimage. While I was waiting to talk to the head, two women clients passed whose aggregate weight would total a generous 400 pounds.

"This is not an establishment confined to reducing, is it?" was my first question, natural enough after the pageant that just had been vouchsafed to me. It was a tactical error. Indeed, it was not only not limited to reducings but I could not enroll if that was what I wished from its treatments.

Tacitly, I had to admit that the honors were even, for I tip the scales at 112. However, once the hatchet was buried and we were smoking the pipe of peace, I explained how I had gained the initial impression.

"Of course," came the answer, "in an institute devoted to the promotion of health, some do come who have to be reduced as part of the health improvement. But we do not remove flesh for the sake of beauty. All we want is health."

"But it does have a decorative effect, doesn't it especially if you remove eighty or ninety pounds in one year?"

"In a year! We would not let any customer lose more than forty pounds in a year. We could not afford to."

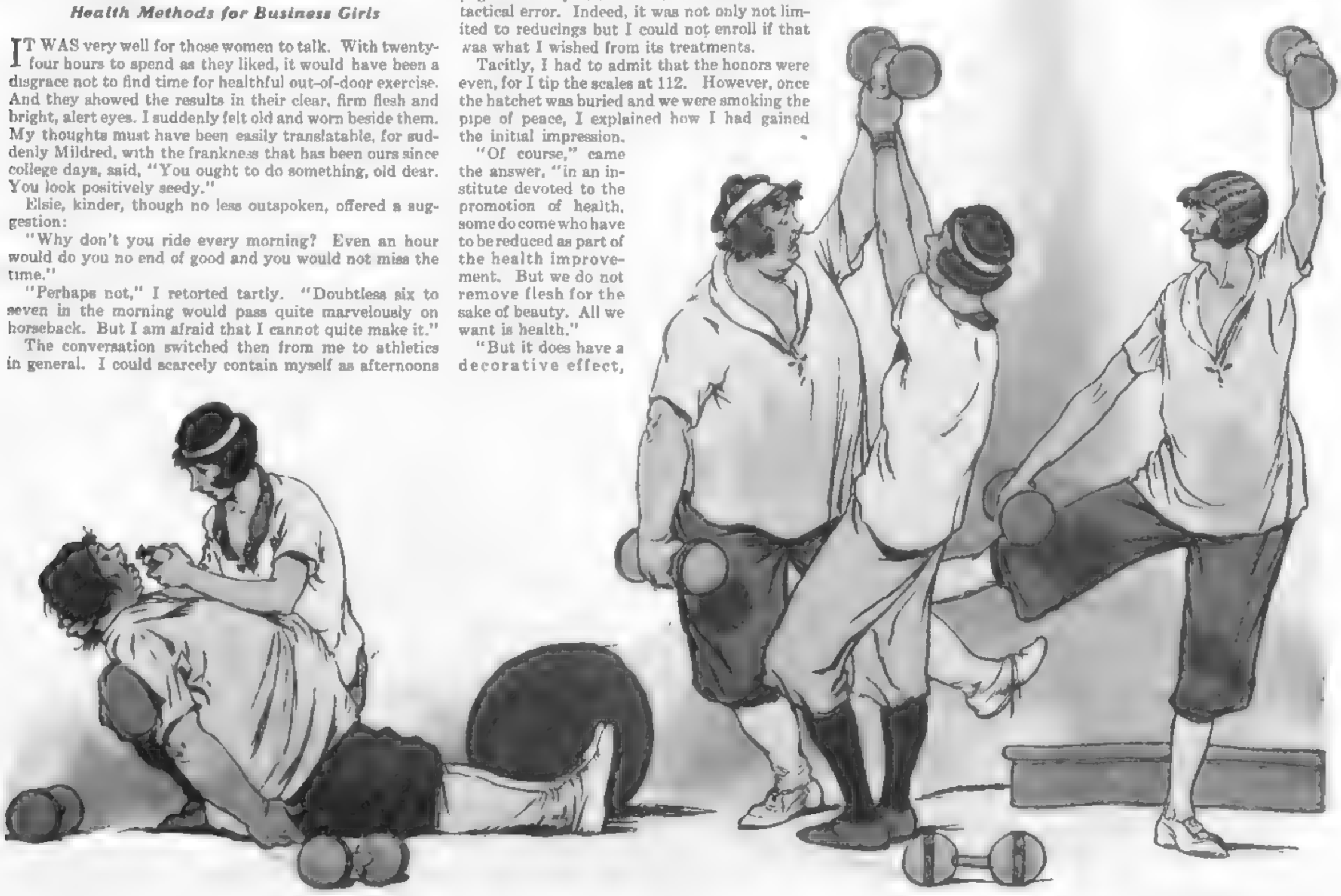
"No, I suppose not," I agreed, astonished in my turn at his business frankness. "If you lose a little at a time for a customer, it keeps her coming much longer. I see."

"You don't see at all. I do not mean 'afford' in dollars and cents. That is too absurd. I mean that a client who lost too rapidly would neither look nor feel well. What then would others think who saw her and knew that she was coming to us? It would be very bad business for us."

Caught Disobeying Orders

I DECIDED to let him talk, for my questions showed too profound an ignorance. So I allowed a gleam of interest to flicker in my eyes and evinced a willingness to listen. He continued:

"That is one point on which we are very strict. We keep a weight record and if too many pounds are lost —— But let me illustrate. Just now I was delayed and had to keep you waiting. It was a client who had lost three pounds since Monday. That is a pound a day. Too much, far too much. So I spoke to her in very positive tones: 'You are not following our régime. Just what are you doing?' And she answered as if she had made a real improvement over our method: 'I am doing my personal bit by diet. I have eaten only oranges since my last visit, and see what they do!' 'Oranges!' I repeated. Then I held before her a mirror. 'Yes, see what you are doing by starvation. Your eyes have circles, dark and unlovely. And your throat has an unbeautiful sag. Now go to your home and eat as we have advised you. Otherwise, you need not return to us.'"



A Treatment Generally Begins With Exercises, Light

"What answer did she make to your ultimatum?"

"She will do as we order, or we cannot receive her," he answered. "Fancy, she might faint on the street! Terrible for us, and serious for her, to say nothing the way her fasting makes her look."

It was certainly not stout ladies' day, as his next remark showed:

"Fat people are often the least satisfactory of clients. Superfluous flesh in too many instances means indulgence, and a health régime is only for the strong-willed."

"Who are the strong-willed?"

"Business women as a rule, and society women from twenty-five to thirty and above forty-five."

I was not surprised that business women rated high in will power. I knew how uniformly careful they must be to keep in alert physical condition. Their material success depends on it. And since grandmothers are sixty years young and wear their clothes similar in style to their debutante granddaughters, but brighter hued, it behooves them to keep the sylphlike figure, the bloom of youth and the sparkling eye.

No Time for Triflers

I FOUND that baths, institutes and health studios were all sisters under the skin. The treatments were quite similar and there was not even a financial discrepancy. Prices varied, not according to the name, but according to location and clientele. The least expensive single treatment was rated at $1.50, the highest at $8. Some establishments give single treatments only as an introductory trial. A fair estimate seemed:

10 treatments	$ 40
33 treatments	1 80
60 treatments	3 50

The time limit is either one or two years, a point which is sometimes overlooked by the beneficiary. A woman walked into a health studio recently with a small girl of six clinging to her hand. In the course of the preliminaries the little matter of finance was touched upon. The woman smiled.

"I see that you do not recognize me."

"No," admitted the manager; "you have the advantage of me, I am afraid." He scanned the card again with worried eyes, and added, "If one of my girls forgot a name I would fire her."

The woman shook her head.

"Not in this case. I look different, and, of course, I have another name since I married. I was Mildred Knopf. I used to come to you eight years ago. I do not plan to come regularly now, but I thought I might as well take those two treatments that you owe me."

But there was no sympathetic response from the manager, and it was a very much displeased customer who presently left the rooms. "Now I shall never come again," she said angrily.

"You were not coming anyway," retorted the manager, with more truth than tact, and dropped the case.

Incidentally, the heads generally make a fetish of truth. They are serious-minded men and women who are terribly in earnest. They have studied at home and abroad, and keep in touch with the best medical thought of the day. They have no place in their establishments for clients who are not willing to play the game and to follow the rules. I saw three persons vigorously refused admittance into the courses.

In one institute it was two young women. They were girls of twenty-four or twenty-five. They came into the reception hall, giggling and whispering as they loosened heavy fur coats. The manager, with a quick apology to me, turned to them. I became very busy with a magazine as he said, "You have business with me?"

"Yes," answered one of the girls. "We have just been to Peare's sale of dresses. It was a wonder. But there were two gowns especially lovely and very low priced. They fit us perfectly except in the hips. We bought them anyway, and we want you to groom us down."

The last remark brought down the house, for both broke into peals of laughter. The manager looked very serious.

"I am sorry," he said finally, "I have no vacancies now. If you will come back in four weeks, I will see what I can do for you." And he showed them out and closed the door. "They will have to be in a different frame of mind before they interest me. My assistants' time is too valuable to waste on such cases."

The third refusal was much more forthright. A woman whose financial rating has changed from nothing into millions in the last seven years stopped at the desk after a treatment and gave loud and unjust criticism of one of the attendants. Her purpose was to draw the general attention of the room to her important self, and she accomplished just that.

"I shall never come again if she does not apologize to me for the delay. I told her to hurry with the massage and she took at least half an hour."

"But, madam, even that is too short a time."

"She will have to apologize I have an important engagement and am delayed fifteen minutes."

In spite of her clothes, she looked the fishwife. His lips became a thin, fine line as he took her courteously by the arm and led her to the outer hall

"I will not order a woman out of my house," he said, "in the presence of others. There will be no need for apology since you are not coming again. I will have my secretary mail you a check for refund, which will cover any treatments still due you in this course."

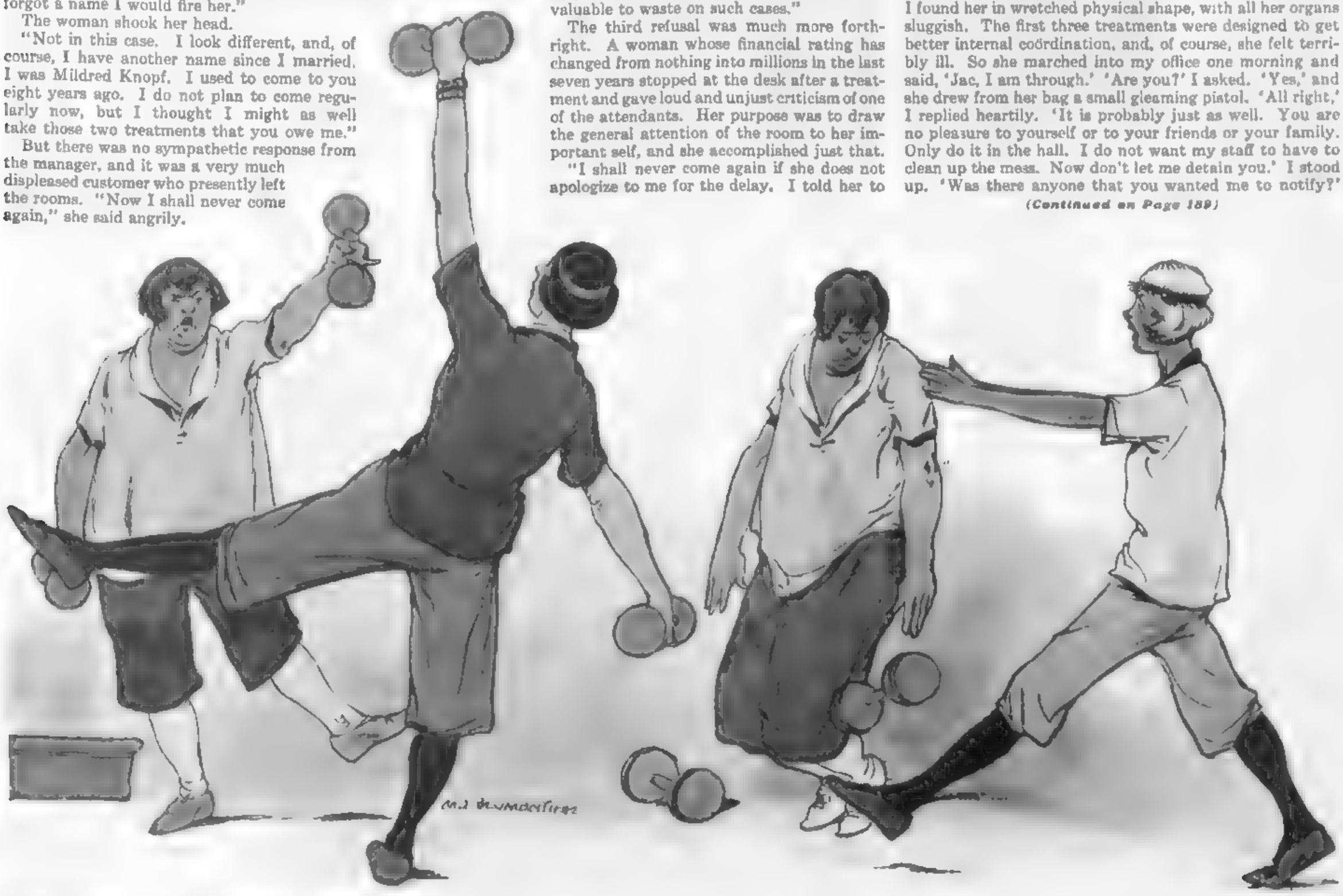
She showed signs of argument, but he had rung the elevator bell. The car stopped and she was on it, alone.

The Greatest Care is Taken to Prevent the Head From Melting

Desperate

WHEN he came back he gave instruction to his secretary and added, "If Mrs. Brown should ring this office, you may finish any business with her without reference to me. It takes all sorts of women to round out New York, doesn't it?" he asked me. And then: "You should have been here last month. This woman, Miss Paine, is the head of her own law business. She had been having rather a hectic time in politics for over a year when she came to me. I found her in wretched physical shape, with all her organs sluggish. The first three treatments were designed to get better internal coördination, and, of course, she felt terribly ill. So she marched into my office one morning and said, 'Jac, I am through.' 'Are you?' I asked. 'Yes,' and she drew from her bag a small gleaming pistol. 'All right,' I replied heartily. 'It is probably just as well. You are no pleasure to yourself or to your friends or your family. Only do it in the hall. I do not want my staff to have to clean up the mess. Now don't let me detain you.' I stood up. 'Was there anyone that you wanted me to notify?'

(Continued on Page 189)



or Heavy, According to the Individual's Requirement

OLD THINGS

By Henry Milner Rideout

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

"They Exhibit Her," He Raged, "to These Brutes Below!"

THERE was a young man whose father and mother wished him to marry. Of course, being ready for anything that would please them, he bowed and consented. Without loss of time, the affair, in proper hands, began to move. The *mui paw* came and reported.

"Heh, heh!" So far Yi Tao, in the back garden, had been talking earnestly, with his head under gray-green, many-pointed sprays; but now he bounced up, an artichoke in each hand, and began to cackle, then to laugh. "You askee what iss! I long tam fo'get. Iss fonny! *Mui yan, mui paw*—ho, ho!"

His hearer, an ignorant fellow, had expected the term "*mei jin*," and so got lost.

"Iss fonny!" Tao's face, old gold in color, became wrinkled with mirth, and between their heavy lids his eyes were like black sparks. The humor of something far away and long forgotten convulsed him. "That kine of ooman, plenty Chinaman laughing to her. You see, *mui*, one way meaning, she go talk to mally; odda way, jixy lek olo tame birt sing in birt cage to ketchem yong wile birt alloso."

In short "*mui*" has a dozen meanings, varied by the tone of the speaker's voice. Let schoolmasters puzzle their brains, as Tony Lumpkin well sang, with grammar and nonsense and learning. It is enough that one kind of "*mui*" signifies a decoy in a trap, or cage, with three compartments, the two outermost having their doors open—but set very ticklish—the inner containing a bird that sings the joy of prison life. Other birds, free, winging the air, come down to balance on a twig, cock their heads, admire the siren's music, and hop nearer.

"She sit inside, plenty sing, talk, talk, talk, lartchee ting to eat. Wile birt com, littoo bit, littoo bit, wantchee look-see, welly nice, mo' better. Walkee inside. Quick, do' shot, bofe end. Ketchem two."

Even so a wilier songstress, the professional woman go-between, the *mui paw*, decoys her pair of little victims into matrimony.

Tao laughed once more, and stooping ran his head under the gray-green jagged sprays, where as he peered between shadow and sunlight, he muttered something unfavorable to our Western method.

"But in China mos' bes' way. Dis contry mo' worse. De girl on a street bom-bom-bom allo tam, spoilum fo' wife. No good."

Thus it was not until after the artichokes had been picked and cleaned, cooked and eaten, that he got his tale of the pawnbroker's clerk fairly going.

"See, da, one yong man he's fadda pooty off." So, at dishwiping time in the kitchen, Tao started anew. "He man likee olo ting. He's fadda-modda die, leaf de monney. He go roun' see olo ting, what he buy. Nen, aftu, he spen' allo monney, can't makee liffing. He's name Chun Yu."

Before his parents died, long before, even as a boy, Chun Yu had shown himself a great lover of the curious, the antique. Indeed, when the matchmaker found a most charming girl in a family no less honored than old, and brought back word, she made it a reproach and an obstacle that men everywhere knew him for an idler who went day-dreaming from window to street window, hanging about peddlers, mooning in old alleys and haunting the pawnshops. Throughout the City of Genii, which lies between the Pearl River and the White Cloud Mountains, not a lazier fellow breathed this air of life than Master Chun Yu. The girl's father said so; or if not, the *mui* said it for him in her report, knowing that a case without difficulty brings less renown to a practitioner. She had the wisdom, perhaps not of Solomon, but of Solomon Pell. Negotiation proved long, therefore, and wordy; but in the end, her art being persuasive and Yu's father "pretty off," she triumphed; and like the singing bird, when both doors tip with a click, had caught two. The young man learned that he would marry an unseen creature whose name was Jasmine.

"Well, the old folks are happy," he reflected. "It is right. Why do you not feel more glad? You must behave as though you did."

Their happiness began in the spring, at the Dragon Boat Festival time. Then all fell to ruin. Within a month his father died of a seven-day fever; before the New Year, his mother, of something slow that appeared to have no name. They had pampered their only child, but not spoiled him. Overthrown, stunned, lost in a world gone black, Yu rose after a time to go on as best he could without them, and to bear his grief like a man. By the old rule which the family had always kept, his outward mourning would continue for three years.

"There can be no talk of marrying till then," said the orphan. "Much may happen to prevent ——" Suddenly his heart rebuked him. "What is this? For shame!"

He had caught himself dallying with a base hope.

"Let the girl be as crook-back and withered," he thought, "as a dried sea horse at the apothecary's, in three years you shall have her brought home! Stand by your word, and theirs."

It was all very well to say so. In time, however, as his mind grew more tranquil and a solitary life became habit, Yu recalled the family promise with anything but joy, shoved it into the background, the future, and being no hypocrite, acknowledged a sense of reprieve. He took to his former way, in which little by little he found not only a daydream content, as before, but increasing delight.

"Man likee olo ting," says Tao, "he neffer stopping."

That dry passion, the longing for the antique, had thrown its charm over him, its pinch of catacomb dust in the eyes. Through town on the longest hot summer day, when every corridor sweltered like soapstone and reeked like a charnel vault, he would gladly go meandering from cock-crow till dark without a bite to eat, if at the end he could purchase, or even handle, some trinket long forgotten behind cobwebs. An old cup, a handbreadth of embroidery, a carved knob, a silver ink box, a gem, the snout or the bail from a teapot, a dull ivory-colored porcelain with two lines of poetry in sea-blue, anything aged that spoke to him with meaning—was reward enough. Out of a thousand such he might buy one, a hideous yellow jar that made bystanding beggars grin; then perhaps nothing more for a week or a month, perhaps in the next minute a white scroll wondrous with perfect writing never beheld since the time when written words were sacred and it hung on the wall of a true emperor.

"I'll give you five hundred dollars." Chun Yu had his own silly notion of trading. "A half—no, a quarter of what it may be worth; but I am not rich."

The vender, prepared to ask five dollars and take a beating down, often jumped at this bargain; more often he refused, waited, ran his legs off tendering dross round the market, became a laughingstock and made the jump after all in bewilderment.

"That young man is either great scholar or great fool," said many a merchant, looking cornerwise and haggard after a sale. "The same thing, no doubt. But one of us got the better, and I cannot tell which. Ready money, though! What a price! No, no, of us two, he was the lunatic."

Chun Yu did not look at all deranged. A slight, well-made youth, he wore the plainest of bluish-white cotton garments, but kept them neat, and strolled with the jaunty indolence of one who could move quicker than a dart if there were anything on earth to repay effort. His face was clear, though pale from late hours of study; his eyes, habitually downcast, met you with sudden humor, direct, limpid, very black, and preoccupied by some tag end of thought from far away. He smiled, as he did everything else, without hurry.

"An innocent? Perhaps," ran the doubtful verdict of his townsmen. "He considers too deep and acts too simple. He would fish for a star in the gutter."

One certainty appeared as time went by. The family fortune dwindled with amazing speed, Yu's well of ready money ran dry.

And to show for it he had nothing more than a battered cabinet which hardly filled the breadth of the smallest room in his house, and which contained a few shelves, a few drawers, crammed like a jackdaw's nest with whole or broken curios.

"It was a fair start." He shook his head ruefully at them, one evening. "All good. But I went too fast."

On the wall hung the pride of his collection—a painting undoubtedly by the Ma brothers, of cypresses that clung to a crag; and another which, if genuine, far outvalued to him, anything in the room—a picture, scabbed with waxy dirt, of a horse upside down.

"Incredible," said Yu; "incredible that paint should survive twelve hundred years, with color so fresh. And if it were Han Kan's — "

He sighed, returning to his book, which tonight seemed thornier and dryer than before. Its charm had failed. A moment later he sighed again, threw it from him and frowned at the lamp.

"If the horse were, in all the city not a man lives who would know enough to buy it."

He spoke aloud, gloomily, but spoke to drive away a gloomier thought. It refused to go. His time of reprieve was run out. For twenty-nine months he had worn the blue-white cotton, that dusty-miller hue like the leaves of centaurea, which to the many-colored crowd flooding the street proclaims a man who has lost both father and mother. For seven months he had worn black cotton. Yesterday he had changed to silk, and so ended his three years' mourning.

"Now I must marry her, whatever she is."

He brought the girl no oftener to mind than he could help, never but with repugnance. At best he had only forgotten her like toothache. What was her name again? Something feeble—a flower, a vine or a perfume?

"Probably it is Onion." He grinned without much mirth. "You have kept a monster waiting in your back room, in the dark, and now she will burst forth to claim you."

Chun rose, took his cap and quilted jacket, then fanned out the light. He would go tramp this mood away.

"In honor, as a truthful son, you have no choice. Get it over with. Tomorrow, take up their promise and fulfill the arrangement. Their spirits look to you for decent behavior."

Thus he meditated, walking briskly in cold night air. Slush that lay wet on the granite flags began to freeze, the early winter stars to burn overhead; a few shadows of mankind, tightwrapped, crouching, passed him without a look; and therefore it may have been chill and loneliness that drew his wandering toward the heart of town where thoroughfares had lamps hung out, a warmer dimness on frosty vapor above the roofs.

"Why so bright?"

Entering a street where the lanterns from door to door made a row of moons, he halted and wondered.

"Ah, yes; the season."

People were up late, running about, collecting debts, paying money, borrowing from pawnbrokers, redeeming pledges of jewelry or fine holiday raiment, dodging into shops, out again; for it was only three nights before the New Year, and every man had his book to balance, his private slate to clean.

"I was forgetting," thought Chun Yu.

A woman who rounded the corner brushed against him. Her face, though collared above the ears and drawn down, had a familiar look. Yu might never have heeded it as he gave room, if her black eyes had not been too sly, beginning a glance of recognition, then checking and withholding.

"Ah!" he cried. "Excuse me. Wait one moment."

It was the *mui* woman, the go-between employed by his mother. He called to her loud enough, but she went flitting through the night walkers in and out like a cat.

"Pardon." Chun Yu overtook her between a pair of moon lanterns and blocked the way. "I know you are at all times busy. I was coming to see you tomorrow."

The *mui paw*, round and glossy in dark clothing, refused to lift a countenance yellower than citron and smooth as cream. She buried her chin, hugged both elbows tight up the sleeves and shivered at him

"We are all busy toward the end of the year," she whined "I do not remember you, sir. The night is too cold for gossip."

Chun Yu stared.

"Gossip? Indeed, you do not remember. It is business. I am bound to marry a girl of the Koh family—what was her name? –you know. Not Onion, of course. Something—Jasmine, that was it. Su Hing. Jasmine. Her father ought to be reminded that I'm out of mourning and ready."

The matchmaker hid her elbows more deeply.

"You? Ready for what?" She frowned as at a riddle. "Oh, yes!" The laugh, the sudden air of enlightenment, confusion, deference—were so natural that any man, unless he had spent three years in learning to tell the true from the false, might have been deceived. "How stupid of me not to catch the joke at once! But your affair, among so many, so long over and done with! I remember now I was extremely sorry that it fell through, that we failed. You have a right to laugh at me, sir, though I did my best for you. And will again, another time, with better luck to us both. . . . Walk slowly!"

The dismissal, however bland and smiling, did not make Chun move.

"Joke?" he cried. "What joke?"

"Surely you were not serious?"

"Do you mean to tell me," said the youngster, "that an honorable man like Mr. Koh would break his word?"

She gave him a fat little ogle, coy and superannuated.

"I am not the guardian," she chirped sweetly, "of Mr. Koh's word, nor do I discuss what is beyond me. But no doubt everyone felt pleased that our mistake appeared in time. The thing lapsed, fortunately, without giving him offense; long ago, so long that he has forgotten any slight—if there was one. A person of broad mind is Mr. Koh, I assure you. Of course, like any merchant, he prefers a man to be solvent—you do yourself, don't you?—and to pay his debts, for example, at this time of year."

Still chattering, she hurried off in the crowd

"They have!"

Yu stood in his tracks, dumfounded, as though heaven and earth had crashed. The street, which he knew like his pocket, had gone strange, heartless, colder than the night fog dimming its lamps; the very signs—red, black, gold, white lettering on vertical narrow boards, thickened by their number the air they hung in—multiplied, swam before his eyes, then grew distinct but alien, a forest of labels without any meaning unless bad; while past him went the same old fellow creatures in black or dingy blue, pale-green or claret, but all suddenly foreigners pouring down some nightmare alley into nowhere. A devil playing tricks had changed the world.

"They have broken it. Liars!"

Chun Yu ran after the woman, who disappeared round a turn in the labyrinth of corridors. As he caught sight of her again, she went dodging into a shop.

"Why follow? You cannot make a scene there."

The fit of astonishment passed. Things turned real once more. He came to his proper senses, read the lantern—a yellow globe cross-barred with vermilion writing—and knew it for that of a dealer in fireworks. Let her go, let her stay hiding, the old cheat. Yu flung away and stalked through the crowd in a rage.

"Liars! They get rid of me, throw me aside! False-hearted litter of foxes!"

Then, the humor of it striking him, he paused in a dark corner to laugh. Why, here was nothing but what he had secretly hoped for! "You're free!"

Yet being so, and having laughed at his wounded vanity, he came home with a sense of wrong to brood over. What had the bold-faced *mui* fraud thrown at him as a parting injury? "'Pay debts at the New Year'? She meant I couldn't! A rather coarse gibe."

True, he had of late neglected his accounts. This night, here and now, he would sit down to them, put all in order. Yu lighted his lamp, drew forth books and papers, ground fresh ink, sucked a brush to its finest point and began reckoning.

Alone with his shadow, quiet as a mouse, he worked on and on, past midnight, far into the morning, till his feet and hands were numb with cold, his head burned like fire.

"She hit the mark!" he whispered, jerking upright, aghast, from a column of figures. "That poisoned tongue spoke the truth. I have spent money like a child throwing sand!"

It was a poor breakfast he made after his vigil, and a long countenance he took outdoors when the winter sun rose gray behind fog. So began three days of hurry and heart-sickness. They ended worse, for with only half his debts paid and a few hours remaining, he stood after dark at a pawnshop counter and wrangled with the head clerk of Kee Cheong.

"You are joking!" Chun Yu expostulated.

"I could not lend more on those—no, not to my grandfather." Between them lay a handful of precious objects from Chun Yu's collection, the best that he could bring himself to sacrifice. "Nothing more." The chief clerk, a little pale wiseacre, had features like a monkey carved in old bone, hard, polished, all knobs and hollows of cunning. "Take or leave."

The handful was of great value, the offer derision.

"Fit for an emperor they may be," squeaked the old man, "as you say, sir; but I am not an emperor."

Chun Yu, despairing, snatched them from the board.

(Continued on Page 92)

"Genuine, Ancient," Urged the Borrower, "It Has Magic Virtue"

THE POD-AUGER MAN

"Will Had Got Over His First Row With Ernie. 'Tilda Had Talked Him Out of It, Prob'ly"

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

ANY man past sixty years old, who has lived all his life with a relish, with a keen appreciation of the fact that the world about him is full of interesting persons and things, and who has a good memory, is a storehouse of tales worth hearing. Such a man is Chet McAusland; and I have spent more than one long hour listening to him. It is always worth while. Even when he repeats himself—that is any man's privilege—the stories he tells acquire a new flavor from being retold; and now and then out of the wealth of his memories a new personage appears, marching for a brief space across the stage, impressing himself and his peculiar characteristics indelibly upon the hearer. Chet loves to talk about trout fishing, and about gunning for woodcock. These have all his life been his passions; the fact that he was at first a granite worker, and then a deep-sea fisherman, and finally a farmer has never been permitted to interfere with them. He has fished with many men, and gunned with many others; and his approval of most of these men is the more marked because of the violence with which he condemns the others. The unskillful angler who spoils the brook for the next comer, the gunner who claims every bird that falls, the fisherman who kills small trout and the man who is careless with his gun—these alike fall under his disapproval. I have heard him tell more than once of a day in his boyhood when he followed his father to one of the Waldo County brooks and lay prone in the background, his function to bait the hook and remove the fish, while his father at the water side cast his line and drew from the pool some two score trout in an incredibly short space of time. The incident as he relates it has an unforgettable charm; but he is apt to conclude it by saying: "There were more trout then, though. Father was a pod-auger fisherman."

The adjective when I first heard it from his lips, did not particularly impress me. Chet's idiom is apt to be rich and full of the flavor of an old folk-tale; it is not always easy for the man himself to define more exactly the meaning of his phrases. But the context is usually sufficiently revealing, and one hears from him a strangely used word or one altogether novel without any sense of discord. They fit so perfectly into his familiar speech. I supposed, without inquiring, that to call a man a pod-auger fisherman was to pay him a tribute; came only at a somewhat later date to understand that Chet in reality meant to say his father's methods were rude and primitive.

Upon later occasions I heard Chet speak again of pod-auger men. And once I was sufficiently curious to consult the dictionary; but I could discover only that the pod auger was a boring tool of a certain design not much used nowadays. This did not sufficiently enlighten me, and I had it in mind to ask Chet sometime to explain himself more fully. When the time came, and I did so, I was somewhat surprised to discover that the term was one of mild and faintly contemptuous derogation.

He had spoken of a man he had known in the granite quarries along the Penobscot River. "I used to be kind of sorry for him," Chet explained. "His name was Haddocks, Ernie Haddocks. His pa run a moccasin factory in Bangor, but Ernie worked in the querry for a while, time I was there. He never was any good at it, though. Just a pod-auger man."

We were in the dining room at Chet's farm, supper done, the paper read. I had come to Fraternity with some idea of rabbit shooting, but the bitter cold kept us indoors. It had been thirty-nine below zero at the village that morning; had moderated somewhat toward nightfall so that our own exertions kept us comfortably warm when we went down the hill on snowshoes to fetch the mail. While we were gone Mrs. McAusland did the dishes, and Chet and I having returned, had decided against cribbage and had spoken of going early to bed when this word on his part diverted our intention.

"What is a pod-auger man, Chet?" I inquired. "I've been meaning to ask you."

"Why, a kind of a thumb-handed man," Chet replied uncertainly. "A man that don't know how to do anything right. Whatever he does is wrong. He goes at things the wrong way."

"Where did the name start? What does it mean?"

Chet laughed. "I never stopped to think much about it," he said apologetically. "Dunno as I know."

I told him what a pod auger was; he said he had never seen one. "Didn't know there was such a thing," he confessed.

"Probably the phrase arose when screw augers were first coming into use," I suggested. "The carpenter who still used the old-fashioned tool may have been called a pod-auger man, as a term of derision"

"Always heard it to mean that a man didn't know how to go about doing a thing," Chet agreed. "We used to call Ernie a pod-auger man, account of that. He never could learn how to cut granite; and you couldn't show him a thing, either. A stubborn man, he was, and always one to think his way was the best way."

It was clear that this Ernie Haddocks had impressed himself on Chet's memory; and men who have done this are usually worth hearing about. I said suggestively, "Tell me about him. I'd like to know just what a pod-auger man is. May want to use the word sometime."

Mrs. McAusland, across the table with the paper, made an explosive sound. "You get Chet started talking and you won't get to bed till midnight," she prophesied irascibly. "He never does know when to stop, once he begins"

I assured her that I was not as sleepy as I had been. "You and Chet sit up half the night anyway," I reminded her. "Go ahead, Chet. What about Ernie?"

"Why, I don't know as there's much of anything to tell about him," Chet replied -and proceeded to prove himself in error in this estimate.

Chet himself had gone to work in the granite quarry as a boy; he had tried every task, from powder boy up the scale; and he had been—this I knew from other sources—a good man at the trade. He must have been already expert when Ernie Haddocks came to work there, and might have been expected to have the expert's scorn for the awkward novice. But Chet has always a certain charity in his attitude toward other men; he is slow to condemn them. Once he has decided against a man, he is stern and unshakable; but he will often give the benefit of a doubt where no actual doubt exists. So now he spoke of Ernie tolerantly.

"There's a trick to cutting granite," he explained. "You take it that you're squaring up a block, and you've got about so much leeway to work in. If you take off too much it'll have to be thrown on the grout pile. So you have to figure to cut as snug as you can, and that means you've got to know how the grain runs, to keep from splitting off a corner or something. This was what Ernie never could get in his head

"I've watched him take a block of granite and cut off, say, two inches across one side, to square it; and when he'd come to the last corner he'd chip the corner off slanchwise, so he'd have to take another cut to get it square. And maybe he'd knock off the corner again. A man that knows his business can tell the grain, and work against it, kind of, so it won't split at the end. And a man that don't know his business, if he knocks off a corner once, ought to know enough to work the other way of the grain the next time.

"I always figured Ernie was just kind of stubborn that way. I've seen him take a two-foot-thick block of granite and knock off two inches across a face of it, and spoil a corner, and take another cut the same way, and keep doing it till that block of granite wasn't anything but a slab and a pile of chips.

"You'd talk to him, and he'd look at you with a kind of a grin, as if he didn't know just what the trouble was anyway; and he'd scratch his head and say, 'Well, a man ought to be able to do it this way.' And then he'd go at it again. He was stubborn, like I said; but stubborn the way a dummy is stubborn, because he don't know any better. And he was kind of pitiful, too; because he was always so mighty sure he was right, when he was wrong all the time. I was sorry for him, and I used to try to show him; but he'd always say, 'A man ought to be able to.' And he'd chip away, and the corner'd split off, and he'd start all over again."

He stopped to relight his pipe; and Mrs. McAusland said acidly, "I've heard you tell that story a hundred times!"

"It's new to me," I assured her. "I don't know anything about granite cutting, but I can see the sense in what you say."

"Anybody could, but Ernie," Chet agreed. "He couldn't, or he wouldn't."

"It's a wonder he held his job," I suggested.

"Well," Chet explained, "I guess he wasn't getting much of anything. His pa had some money, and a pretty good business in Bangor. He wanted Ernie to learn a trade. So he'd put him in the querry. Most every man had a trade, those days. There used to be a man in Frankfort

"There Ain't Much of Anything Happens in a Village Like That That Folks Don't Know About"

then, had more money than any man in town, but he put all his boys to learn coopering. He was a hand to talk, and I've heard him talk about it at the store there. 'A man can lose his money,' he'd say. 'His house can burn down and his cows can die. But if he's a cooper he's always got his trade.' There was money in coopering then, more'n there is now. Now you can buy shooks of staves all sawed from the mill, and a machine to set up the casks with."

"Why didn't old man Haddocks make Ernie a cooper?" I inquired.

Chet laughed. "He'd tried it," he agreed. "But Ernie always held out that there wasn't any sense making hoop poles out of birch and popple and such when you could use a twist of wire easier; and the cooper he worked for wouldn't have him around, he argued so."

He continued, reverting to the quarry: "He was a hand to argue. Had a lot of ideas, all of them foolishness; but he was so sure he was right. It wasn't only the way he cut granite. He even had ideas about the way to eat, and the way to sharpen his tools, and the kind of clothes to wear. Used to eat turnips, raw, for his lunch; and carrots too. Nothing but cattle feed, but he'd eat them. And he'd spend half a day rigging a treadle to turn the grindstone himself, instead of getting somebody to turn for him. Same way with his clothes. He'd always wear a coat that pulled on over his head, without any buttons on it, because it saved time; and he had a contraption on his shoes so he didn't have to lace them up. Just fold a kind of flap over, with some loops sticking through holes, and put a piece of wire down through the loops." He chuckled. "I've laughed at that man. Everybody laughed at him. They'd get mad at him for being so dumb and so stubborn; but he was kind of pitiful too. He wasn't any bigger than me, and never a hand to fight. I rec'lect he did have a fight once, him and Dave Pirt; and he went at that the same fool way he did everything."

"Who was Dave?" I asked

"That was after Ernie took to farming," Chet explained. "After he give up granite cutting. His pa had a farm he'd bought for taxes, up above Frankfort village; and when they wouldn't have Ernie around the querry any longer old man Haddocks told him to try farming for a spell. The place was all run down, ready to fall to pieces, but Ernie took hold of it, and he made a lot of talk about what he was going to do."

"Did he know anything about farming?" I asked.

"George Harry, no!" Chet assured me. "He didn't know anything about anything. He tinkered around the buildings all summer, getting them so he could live in them; and he'd go down to the store of an evening and tell all he was up to. Dave Pirt lived in Frankfort then, and Dave used to be the one to laugh at Ernie at the store. It looked like he kind of took a grudge against Ernie. I never cared much for Dave, but he had a good farm and he kep' it up good. Hard worker, he was. It was him everybody looked for 'Tilda Neel to marry. Maybe the reason he took a dislike for Ernie was because Ernie started right in to hang around 'Tilda. She was old Will Neel, the shoemaker's oldest girl. Lived right there in the village and taught school. Dave had been keeping company with her going on a year when Ernie started in on the farm; and Ernie

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"And the More He Hung Around 'Tilda the More He Wanted to Hang Around Her"

LOOKS AND RUNS LIKE NEW

Reminiscences of an Old-Time Secondhand Car Dealer

A FEW years ago, before I grew middle-aged and staid and weighted down with a conscience, I was what is known in automobile circles as a gyp. That is a word used to describe a member of a group of secondhand-car dealers, some of whom took pride in handing their customers, when possible, the dirty end of the stick.

Buying used cars from these gyps was an adventure not soon to be forgotten. It was like taking a flyer in wildcat stock, except that the man who bought one of our cars did usually get a run for his money. It may have been only a short run, but it was more than he would have got out of buying Sure-Thing Pete or some other knife-edged security. And he not only got a run for his money but he had the satisfaction, if he was stung, of knowing he had been trimmed by some of the keenest minds in the secondhand automobile world. My own was keen enough, I'm glad to say, to persuade me to quit before gypping became a habit too strong for me to break.

As a result of past offenses, harsh names are part of the atmosphere of the used-car game. They go along with it just as naturally as beans go with pork or mint sauce with lamb. I have been called all the harsh names on the calendar in my time, and "gyp" is the mildest of the lot. I have deserved some of the abuse that has been heaped on me, but not all of it.

I still sell used cars, but I operate now on almost a golden-rule basis. And so that no one will accuse me of being a hypocrite, I'm going to admit that I do this not because of any sentimental feeling for my fellow man, but through plain selfishness. I find it a more profitable, more pleasant and less trouble-some way to do business.

A French Taxi Which Was Used During the War to Transport French Troops From Paris to the Front, Photographed at a New York Pier, About to Start Uptown Under Its Own Power

PHOTO BY WOODWOOD & UNDERWOOD N. Y. C

You are probably wondering how it is that, in the light of the general reputation we secondhand people have, we do manage to find enough customers to enable us to stay in business. The explanation is that, with a few exceptions, we are not so black as we are painted. I have been carrying on for more than twenty years. It must be plain, it seems to me, that if I hadn't built up some sort of clientele of satisfied customers, I'd be sleeping on a park bench today. The old slogan A Satisfied Customer is Our Best Advertisement applies to my store just as much as to any other. I have sold hundreds of cars to hundreds of people who have got good value for their money and have come back for more. I have, at times, stung people, wittingly and unwittingly. These have been in the minority. When I was younger, my conscience was more elastic and I used to enjoy an occasional tilt with a disgruntled purchaser. Age has tended to take the edge off my appetite for battle, though it has not yet dulled my faculties—or so I like to think.

The Car That Wouldn't Back

HERE is a story from my unregenerate youth, long ago. A man bought a car from me and gave me another in trade. The reverse gear on the trade-in was out of commission. You could run the car forward, but not backward. Shortly after I got this one-way boat, another man came in, saw it, liked the looks of it and asked me to give him a demonstration. I declined at the time, pleading an engagement downtown, but said if he would return later in the day I'd gladly demonstrate the car.

My reason for postponing his ride was that the automobile entrance to my place was opposite a wall, which made it necessary to back and fill twice in order to run a car in or out, and naturally I didn't want him to know that this machine had no reverse. I planned to have the old stove iron pushed out in his absence and waiting for him in front of the store. Something came up, however—something always was coming up in those days—which made us forget about getting the car out, and it was still indoors when he arrived. I was a bit nonplused, but my mechanic took hold of the situation like a captain of marines.

He cranked the motor, and ushering the prospect into the driver's seat, said suavely, "You can tell more about her if you take the wheel yourself, sir."

He motioned for me to climb in beside the victim. The latter drove slowly out of the door, stopped at the wall, slewed his wheel around and shifted into reverse. As he speeded up the engine and let in the clutch I held my breath.

But lo and behold, the car moved backward. Once more we went forward to the wall, and once more moved backward—pulled by three unseen huskies led by the mechanic. Then up the road, and the sale was made. The purchaser drove off and passed out of my life forever.

Selling used cars calls for a high order of salesmanship. I don't say this with any idea of pinning a rose on myself, but as a straight statement of fact. The element of suspicion in the prospect's mind makes it necessary for the seller to be on the alert every instant. A false move, the wrong attitude toward the prospect, a wrong inflection of the voice, and bingo! he's lost. You have to study your man, watch him like a hawk, while pretending to be casual and only mildly interested.

Two things I have learned in my twenty-odd years in the business are: First, not to talk too much; and second, not to try to size up a customer too soon. The young salesman usually falls down in both these respects. He thinks he has to keep up a running fire of conversation and he believes he can read men at a glance. By doing all the talking, he makes a prospect restive and uneasy. And as to that thing of reading character on sight, my opinion is that it's the bunk. I've been wrong and I've seen others guess wrong too often to have much faith in it. I prefer to lie low and give the other man a chance to show his hand. It's safer.

When a possible buyer walks into my place I greet him and let him wander around a bit by himself. After he's had a few minutes in which to sort of get his bearings, I join him and walk around with him. I give him plenty of time and wait for him to speak to me before speaking to him. He'll ask a question sooner or later and then I can begin to draw him out. I ask him what sort of car he is looking for and try to get an idea of how much money he has to spend. And all the time I watch him for the slightest sign betraying special interest in any particular car. The moment he shows that some one job attracts him, I begin to sell it to him—by trying to interest him in something else. I lead him away from the car he has his eye on and start talking about a different one. And unless he's an exceptional bird, he'll make up his mind that he must have that other car. He'll go back to it, becoming more critical and asking all kinds of questions about condition, mileage, and so on. I answer his questions as best I can—I don't often know much about a car's actual condition as long as the lights light and the starter works and there's nothing very obviously wrong—and when I feel that the time is ripe I play for a deposit.

The Deposit

ONE simple device, which does not seem to lose its effectiveness with the years, is the time-honored stall about the other prospect who is coming back at three o'clock to take the car. "But if you give me a deposit on it, I'll have to disappoint him." This is useful in the first place in seeming to steer a man away from the car you want him to buy. The thought that someone else wants it, too, and that maybe he can beat him to it, gives an added desirability to the machine. And, of course, you always describe the deposit as the easiest sort of obligation to get out of. It is merely a guaranty of good faith.

"You think it over, Mr. Jones, and if for any reason you decide you don't want to take delivery, why just tell me and I'll refund your money. But give me a deposit now so I can protect you on this car. Otherwise I doubt if you'll find it here tomorrow."

When a man has given you a deposit, he's more than three-quarters sold. For though you cannot make him take the car merely because he has paid a deposit on it, and though he can make you give him back his money, he nevertheless feels a strong moral obligation to go through with the deal. The average man knows little about the law and about his rights. Some dealers take advantage of this to bulldoze the unhappy fellow who wants his deposit back and bluff him out of it. There are times, however, when they are justified, as when they punish one of the chronic joy riders who work every dealer on the street for long demonstrations, making a deposit so they will be taken for rides and then not wanting the car when they get back to the store.

Here's a stunt one wise boy tried to slip over on me. He was a nice-looking chap, about twenty-five, well-dressed, well-spoken, and he came in and picked out a big touring car right off the bat. I made him a fair price on it, because

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THE MAGIC DISK

Face to Face With the Radio Public

By Ralph McAllister Ingersoll

ONE usually comes face to face with eternity in one climactic moment a few thousand words from the end of a tale of adventure. My own grimace at the unknown came in the very first paragraph. In the bare, glistening corridor of an office building, a little man, who is known to millions by his initials only, said to me, "You get the air right away, Mr. Ingersoll."

And the next second I stood alone in the sound-trapped studio of broadcasting station ZYX, grinning at a black disk whose silence was, to me, the ominous silence of a million critical, impatient people, waiting, standing by.

There is something terrifyingly abrupt about broadcasting for the first time. A few weeks of important announcing to bored friends that one is to talk on the air—no thought whatever about what one is to say or how one is to say it—and one is confronted by "the greatest invention of modern times."

"Normal voice, sir," was the last whispered injunction of A. S. By all means normal voice! But where was I to find one? I certainly couldn't use my own. I wasn't even sure that I had ever had one.

I had seen pictures of studios, but now I felt this one for what it was—a subtle, dead-walled trap of sound. The innocent-looking partitions, I knew, were of burlap, walls within walls. Two bracket lamps, plunging through the curtain, cast soft shadows from under chintz shades. A heavy, quicksand carpet was underfoot.

After the booming echoes of the corridor, the silence was a tangible, sticky thing. The lifeless hangings seemed to reach out and lap up the little sounds the rustling of my manuscript made. A million people waited, I was assured, on my lightest whisper—waited to see how well their sets worked in receiving it.

Playing With the Human Voice

I WAS giving a travelogue. I focused my eyes on the papers before me and tried to talk. Ready, set, go! I read for fifteen minutes. There was fascination in the piled-up seconds, an uncanny pull to that unresponsive disk—a cold fever which held one to it, which would not let one stop. Something quite distinct from the mind, because, although I breathed and gesticulated into nothing, I do not remember a word I said.

As I turned the pages I thought of the control room through which I had passed on entering the studio. There, along one side of a bare, plastered room, ran a low table, covered with what had appeared to be dismantled radio sets—glowering bulbs, dials and rectangular bentwires. Above a hard-rubber switchboard gaped the black mouth of a loud-speaker, filling the room with the magnified echoes of every whisper that came from the studio.

As I talked, I knew that my voice—a voice which had been mine—was rising and falling in that room. A dapper, narrow-waisted youth, whom I had seen bending over the dials, was playing with my voice, modulating it as I could never modulate it, softening the hoarseness, magnifying my whispers. And half a mile away, I had been told, through the cold hardness of the winter night, other youths in the transmitting station toyed with my voice. Their strange dials made faces at it, chased it through tiny coils, across tall glass lamps and whisked it up into the air only to hurl it out, homeless and alone.

Lucrezia Bori and John McCormack Before the Microphone in the WEAF Studio, New York City, New Year's Night

Still, I talked on, monotonously, plodding. How important I was, here in the throne room, talking so intimately with the genie of the lamps! I breathed and scientists spun thumbscrews and called upon the limitless power of a magnificent waterfall, harnessed for the one purpose of magnifying my message. They laid my words in the arms of the power and it carried them gingerly away to where 1,000,000 people waited.

The last page turned. A tiny click punctuated my last sentence.

I should have felt better that first night if I had realized that I was suffering from that common malady, Mike Fright. "Mike" is studio slang for microphone.

Radio, as we use the word today to mean broadcasting from a central station and reception by individuals, dates only from the winter of 1921–22, when the Westinghouse Company began transmitting programs of general interest from Pittsburgh.

Already, my later investigation told me, more than 3,000,000 sets had been sold. The conservatives estimate four to five listeners to a home—an audience of from 12,000,000 to 15,000,000. From one experimental station have grown 563—108 of which are high-powered, technically equipped entertainment centers. These are the rough clinical measurements of this baby, born full-grown.

How the Microphone Works

TO THE unexplored possibilities of an infant prodigy in the amusement industry are added all the complexities of a science, still young and only just feeling its power.

My first interest was in that mysterious hinterland of technical phraseology which lay between the studio and the air—the dizzy route my own voice traveled. There are, I found, three essential parts to a broadcasting plant—the microphone, the control board and the transmitting station. Sound waves, as such, go no farther than the forbidding barrier of the microphone. In that mechanism they leave only their impression, stamped on an electrical current.

The microphone itself, which has such hypnotic power, is no more than a thin steel disk on either side of which are held small cups of carbon grains. The sound waves strike this disk, shake up the carbon grains and make it easier or harder for an electrical current to get through. This current, jounced by the waves of sound, takes the shape of the sound. So distorted, it is led to the second stage, the control board. There it is amplified, built up into stronger and healthier waves and sent on to the transmitting station.

But there are other functions to the control board. The amount of sound which goes through into a microphone is varying constantly. Yet to be transmitted clearly, the volume of it must remain within certain limits.

Here is the job of the first technician, the slim

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PHOTOS BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

The Radio Station at the University of Illinois, Showing the Broadcasting Studio, Transmitter and Power Room

THE TETHER

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY W. P. COUSE

George Remembered to Speak Quietly; If He Let Pa See How He Felt It Would Give the Whole Scheme Away

THE thump of hoofs, a rumble of loose planking under wheels, informed George Marr that a one-horse rig had crossed the bridge beyond the clump of willows. The clack of worn axle boxes sounded as if it might be the Witherow buggy, and Marr knew that if anybody from the Witherow farm had driven up to town this afternoon it was almost certain to be Margie. He therefore refrained from glancing along the yellow road and, as the sounds approached, devoted himself to an intent inspection of the white-painted board he had just nailed against the big locust at the end of the lane—a device that permitted him to turn, when the clack of the wheels was very near, with surprise in his face, the surprise of a man wholly submerged in matters of weight and import. "Why, hello, Margie!"

The girl in the dust-covered buggy seemed to accept the implication of his tone and look; her gray eyes met his soberly and moved on past him to the new sign, came back with grave question.

"Just put it up," he said. "Looks first-rate, doesn't it?"

She nodded slowly.

"He's given in then?"

"In a way, yes."

George Marr frowned. Somehow he wished Margie hadn't reminded him that the place wasn't his to offer for sale; it took the edge off the moment to remember pa's stiff-necked stubbornness, the conditions that had been the price of his consent.

"You can draw nice letters," said Margie thoughtfully. "Tom Snyder couldn't paint a sign any better."

"Oh, I been practicing," he told her. "Might have to paint signs for the store when I get out of this. It's quite a trick to get the crooked letters just right. Anybody can make F's and A's and L's and E's, but the O and R and S take more of a knack."

"You drew them awfully well," she said. "'For Sale, HAEE'—what does 'HAEE' mean, George?"

"It's the price mark." Marr dropped his tone to a confidential pitch. "Dan Pool's system—the same as he uses to mark things in his store so that the clerks'll know what to charge without letting the customers find out for themselves. I guess Dan wouldn't mind if I told you; you won't go spreading it."

She shook her head.

"It's easy when you know. Dan's business is mostly lamps, but he sells a sight of dishes and washstand sets and gas globes and such, so he picked out 'China Store' for his price words. Pretty good, isn't it? Anybody can remember that. C stands for one, H for two, I for three, and so on. See it? Cap'tals for dollars and little letters for cents."

Her glance shifted to the sign.

"Then that means that you're asking—let's see"—she counted on her fingers, tapping the linen lap robe—"two—five—nought—nought." Her brows rose a little. "Two thousand five hundred?" She paused and looked up at the farmstead beyond the gray retaining wall. "Seems like a sight of money, George."

"That's what I keep telling pa." Marr scuffed his boot sullenly in the dust. "Just won't give in that we'd be lucky to sell for two thousand." He glowered at the sign. "Don't expect anybody'd be fool enough to pay such a price, but I fixed up a sign anyhow. Maybe pa'd listen to reason if anybody should come around and talk turkey."

"It's a sight of money," said Margie again.

Something in her even voice made George Marr look up quickly; it sounded as if she was glad about it. Her eyes reassured him; Margie was on his side, just as she'd always been.

"I know." Again he moved his boot through the dust. "I wouldn't say it to pa or ma, but it isn't using me fair, Margie—holding out for a price that nobody'd give. I didn't complain when I had to give it up the first time. It wasn't pa's fault that tree fell on him; of course I couldn't go traipsing off to Buffalo and leave him and ma without anybody to run the place. Didn't figure Dan would keep the job for me, even if he was ma's second cousin; but he did, Margie. Got a letter from him last week to say so. If pa'd only act reasonable so's we could sell the place, the three of us could go live in Buffalo, the same as Dan's folks." His voice warmed. "You'd just ought to see Dan's store, Margie. Biggest lamp store in Buffalo, and right there where all the horse cars stop at North Division Street. Richest folks in town trade with Dan. He showed me lamps that sell as high as fifty dollars. Offered me two dollars a day for just standing back of a counter and telling folks what things cost. It isn't fair for pa to keep me here trying to sweat a living out of the farm when ——"

Margie's glance inspected the slope of shaggy lawn and the white house, low and solidly square, that clung against the sharper slant above the retaining wall.

"It's a sightly place," she said slowly. "Maybe somebody'll come along and buy it."

"Folks don't buy land for looks," said Marr. "The place is farmed out, almost. Can't take off crop enough to make ends meet, hardly. Twenty-five hundred? Why, there's a sight of better farms right here in the glen that can be bought for less than that!"

He glowered up at the pale yellow of the wheat stubble in the sloping field beyond the house.

"No, it's no use. Unless some plumb fool comes along, I'm stuck right here, Margie. Might as well be tethered like a cow!"

"It's too bad." Margie meditated. "Maybe you could bring the land up while you're waiting. Father got a first-rate cut of timothy off that old field down by the swamp that never used to be much good till he put lime on it."

"Take me years," said Marr. "No, it's no use I'm I'm just tethered, Margie."

"It's too bad," she repeated.

She lifted the lines and the dismal clack of the wheels retreated, a lazy plume of dust lifting and thinning behind them. The sun reminded George Marr that he had something to do besides standing to watch an old buggy go down the road. He frowned as he stumbled in the stony lane that led up the slope to the barns and thought unkindly of great-grandpa for not locating his buildings sensibly, close to the road, the house on one side and the barns right across from it. Extra steps, every day, every time you milked or hitched up, as if there wasn't work enough around a farm anyway.

In the cluttered tool room he remembered suddenly that he'd had to rummage to find his hammer, and spared the time to nail a bit of strap against the wall for a loop; find it easier next time, anyway. One of these rainy days it would be a good notion to clear up the shop; might as well have things where you could lay hands on them as long as you were—the word came back to him with a fresh sense of grievance—as long as you were tethered.

He was frowning as he climbed diagonally across the wheat field toward the upper pasture that separated it from the line of woods rising against the sky at the crest of the hill. The cows would have spited him, of course, by going up the farthest corner at milking time instead of waiting at the bars. Scrubs and robbers, both of them—not worth half their feed; the kind of stock to warn any buyer away from the farm that would put up with them. A couple of good Guernseys would help sell the place, besides paying for their keep.

Soapy little splotches of green moss jeered up at him between the rows of thin stubble and he kicked at them as he climbed. A bit of lime would have sweetened up the land so that you could bring a buyer up on the hill without showing him, everywhere he looked, these green moss patches that would tell anybody at first glance that the soil was sour. Twenty-five hundred for a place that —— A dozy rail of the stake-and-rider fence broke under him and he stopped to fix it. Money enough tied up in the sick played-out land and the tumble-down fences to buy a share in the lamp store, if pa would only be sensible. Cousin Dan's letter had as good as promised to sell an interest in the business to a likely young fellow who'd take hold right. A chance like that, and pa only pretending to give in, agreeing to sell for a price he knew mighty well nobody'd pay!

From the upper corner of the pasture, where, when he had started the lean awkward cows toward the bars, he stopped to breathe after his climb, he could see the farm almost as if he studied it on a surveyor's map, compressed by distance, its borders sharply distinct in the slanting sun that threw strong shadows along the two line fences and gleamed back from the bright leafage of the willows and popples that masked the creek at the eastward boundary. At the foot of the slope the red roof of the house glowed like an ember in the blot of deep-green orchard, and a thin straight wisp of pearly wood smoke hung above it as if to strengthen the fancy.

Sometimes George Marr had taken a dim pleasure in the prospect—had admitted to himself that the view from the

edge of the woodlot was sightly; but tonight he had a queer persistent feeling that the farm was like a person, looking up at him and laughing spitefully at his helplessness. The illusion was so strong that he heard himself answering it in words

"Crowing over me, eh? Think you got me tethered to you for keeps!"

His glance moved to the northward where the Witherow house lifted above its mask of fruit trees, and a memory of Margie's chance suggestion quickened at the back of his thoughts. There was a way of breaking that tether, maybe—a slow, mean way, but better than none at all He shook his closed fist down at the complacent fields.

"All right, dog-gone you! I'll show you whether you own me!"

II

"PESTERED me enough about it go ahead and do what you're a mind to."

David Marr yielded the point, as always, with the fretful impatience with which, George thought, he managed to assert his authority better than in his refusals. A vague compassion for the huge wasted figure in the pillowed chair shadowed his secret triumph. He could understand the passion with which David Marr clung to his grip on the purse strings—the only remaining outlet for the strength that seemed to feed on the body that had no other work for it to do.

It was always a ticklish job to talk pa into spending money on the farm without letting him suspect what you were up to. If he ever got the notion that each of these improvements was just another step toward getting rid of the place, he'd never give an inch; it was only because George had stopped trying to argue about selling, had let him think he'd made up his mind to stay on the land, that he'd agreed to lime those sour fields and replace those free boarders in the cow stable with decent Guernseys that paid their way. It never struck him that this scheme for draining that wet piece of the pasture was just another bait for Eben Tilford, who'd always been a crank about tile and who was looking about for a likely farm for his second-oldest boy.

"Much obliged, pa. That'll be a first-rate piece of land, time it's dreened."

"Guess you won't think I was such a fool for not selling out to Dixon for eighteen hundred if it turns out the way you expect." David Marr laughed peevishly. "Wouldn't take a cent less than three thousand for the place today."

George straightened.

"You mean you're going back on your word? You agreed to take "

"Said I'd sell for twenty-five hundred before you pestered me into spending all that money on lime and fences and storybook cows. Never said I'd take any such price for the place the way it is."

"It isn't worth twenty-five hundred even now "

George remembered to speak quietly; if he let pa see how he felt it would give the whole scheme away, spoil any chance of ever making him understand.

"Of course it isn't!" Pa's voice thinned triumphantly. "If you can't get more than it's worth, what's the sense of selling?" He drew in his breath noisily. "No, sir! Three thousand's my figure, and if you got any notion you can talk me into taking a cent less you might 's well save your breath!"

George Marr glanced at his mother. She was watching him over the rims of her spectacles, the darning needle motionless above the coarse gray sock in her swollen, distorted fingers; and even in his first heat of disappointed anger he shut his teeth, in obedience to that look, on the harsh words that tried to make him say them. He got to his feet and moved deliberately to the screen door. It was queer that you always knew what ma wanted without her saying a word. As he went out to the cool moonlight of the doorstep it occurred to him that he'd never been able to do much with pa unless ma was in the room with her darning or the big mending basket; never joining in the talk, and yet somehow keeping it under her thumb. Pa wouldn't have given in about those tile if ma hadn't been sitting there under the big Rochester-burner lamp that Cousin Dan had sold for half-price because of that crack in the shade.

The thought added a fresh bitterness to his sense of injustice. Cousin Dan Pool had sold out the lamp store and was starting in a brand-new business, selling bicycles; a business with a big future in it, ever so much better than lamps, now that so many folks were burning gas, and even starting in to put electric lights in their houses. A fellow would get in on the ground floor if he could go up there to Buffalo with a little money to put into Cousin Dan's new store. It would be too late by the time somebody came along with so much more money than brains that he'd give three thousand for a farm that would be dear at twenty-five hundred!

He leaned on the well curb, looking down at the mysterious moon-shimmer on the water, feeling a faint stir of air against his cheek, a breath of cool moisture that somehow quieted his anger to a self-pity that was almost pleasant. He knew that ma would slip out presently through the kitchen so that pa wouldn't see, but he was startled by her whisper, so quietly had she come.

"Don't take it too hard, George."

"It isn't fair!"

He held his voice to the level of hers in spite of his sense of injury.

"He promised, up and down, and let me work myself half to death; and now when it's almost fixed—why, it's the same as cheating me! Just when there's this chance to go in on the ground floor with Cousin Dan, when we could move up to Buffalo and live like "

"I guess he isn't thinking about living."

The flat quality of the whisper startled him.

"Why—why, the doctor said he was good for twenty years!"

"Yes; slaps pa on his knee and tells him he's lucky to get shut of work so young There's things that Doctor Barrett doesn't know It's hard on you; but I guess it's harder on pa, without having to move away among strangers to "

George Marr tried not to remember the sunken eyes that burned in the bleached face, the useless strength that seemed to turn upon the master who couldn't rule it any more

"It won't be a great while before you can do as you're a mind to about the place."

"I don't want it—not that way!"

Of course, he'd always known that sometime he'd heir the farm; but now suddenly there was something shameful and loathsome in the thought. He moved his arms as if to push it from him.

"You've been a good son to him." Ma turned. "I better go back or he'll wonder." She hesitated. "Jennie Witherow was going to lend me a waist pattern. If you aren't too tired to go over and get it ——"

"All right." He welcomed the chance; he didn't want to go back to the sitting room, where pa's eyes would look past him at —— "I'd just as soon, ma, honestly."

Margie was sewing under the lamp in the wide low-ceiled kitchen; her father and stepmother had driven across the glen to see Donald Witherow, and the younger children were in bed. She couldn't find the waist pattern; and George Marr, vaguely uneasy in the lamplight, moved toward the door as if toward escape. She did not offer any objection to his going; she came with him, indeed, as if to speed it, and followed him out to the slant of moon that struck in through the pear trees. Here, somehow, Marr's disquiet left him; he could talk—could tell her his news as if it were about somebody else

"It's too bad," she said deliberately when he paused "Maybe Eb Tilford will pay that much. He was talking to father about your place."

Marr shook his head.

"It wouldn't make any difference now. I wouldn't have the heart to hold pa to it. No, I guess I'm—I'm tethered."

"I guess everybody is, one way or another," she said

It came home to him that things couldn't be very pleasant for Margie with that second wife of Witherow's and the crew of younger children. Something hurt his throat.

"I wouldn't mind so much if it was only me." He wondered why he was so sure of this, when he'd only thought of it shyly, at arm's length "It's mostly you, Margie. The main reason I wanted to get started up yonder was so it wouldn't be so long before I could—before I could take you out of here, if you'd come. It isn't just me that's tied down here, the way things are fixed; it's both of us." She was so slow to answer that he was frightened. "Margie, I——"

"I don't know's I mind as long as it's both of us." She spoke more deliberately than ever. "It'd be hard if it was only one of us that had to stay."

Presently it was wonderfully easy to talk, even about things that you'd hardly dared to promise yourself in your thoughts—about a house in Buffalo like Cousin Dan Pool's, with a furnace that burned natural gas, and electric cars running right past the door; about the future before the bicycle business, now that everybody was learning to ride. Cousin Dan was going to start a riding school as soon as he got a little more capital, and one of these days he'd have a factory of his own too, instead of just running an agency

"You'll get more for the place than if you could sell it right now, maybe," said Margie. "There was two men

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She Was So Slow to Answer That He Was Frightened. "Margie, I ——".

The Recollections of a Consul

By LORIN A. LATHROP

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

IT WAS the well-dressed, well-mannered applicant for help whom the consul feared. The ignorant and the crude thought in half dollars and cost little but time; but the educated man required more.

The incident of Cantwell naturally made a profound impression on a very young man, as I was then—a young man who greatly overrated his responsibilities and ingenuously thought himself the guardian of all Americans who came within the boundaries of his consular district. No sharper lesson could have been given to a beginner as to the ease with which an honest man may be mistaken for a crook. Nearly all human experience is the other way about, and this most exceptional experience cost me some money in the end, for it helped to tip the scales in favor of the doubtful applicant for aid.

When the suave and gentlemanly confidence man was a well-dressed and vivacious lady my terrified thought went no further than to speculate vaguely on how little I could get out of the scrape for. Most of these ladies were genuine, and they usually asked that I identify them at the bank that they might procure an advance on their letters of credit.

"The bank," I would answer, "demands more than that. It demands my indorsement. That means personal responsibility."

Chippendale

THE answer would often be, "And isn't that what you are here for?"

I remember once that I varied my phrase. I said, "That means that if you don't pay, I must."

She Took Up Two and a Quarter Hours of Government Time, and All Because She Had Looked Up the Family Tree and the Directory

The result was such a tongue-lashing for presuming to doubt the lady that even my supine spirit was flicked into rebellion and I refused to do anything. Afterward I received angry letters from an indignant husband, from a senator and from a congressman. The senator and congressman, their letters informed me, had jointly complained at the Department of State. They admitted that they had there been told that it was no part of a consul's duty to pledge his personal credit; but this general rule, in their opinion, should not have been applied to "a lady traveling alone, of such marked refinement of manner as to guarantee her probity to the most unintelligent observer." There was more of it—the husband must have been an important politician—and I sent the letters to my backers in the Senate.

In those long-ago days consuls as well as congressmen had to keep their fences in repair. When political influence was the sole criterion of merit the enmity of a senator was dangerous. His antagonism might conceivably be welcome in official quarters if he had no candidate for the position, for a vacancy meant a chance to placate somebody else. Years afterward I was asked to meet in London the senator who had written to me. I read his letter aloud after dinner amid uproarious laughter.

"You did just right," he said, "and I told the State Department so. I know the lady."

From the simple little tale just told, it will be seen that other motives than kindness sometimes moved consuls to extend unofficial aid. Taking a small financial risk might at the least save a lot of correspondence. Seven angry letters once were sent to me because I had refused to indorse for more than $500, when the lady wanted $2000. By my heartlessness she lost a chance to snap up at a bargain some old furniture which she had found in a decaying country house. Neither she nor I thought of leaving the four-poster and the grandfather's clock and the rest of it with me until the draft was paid—a very simple arrangement to which I would have acceded. Another lady, later, thought of this on a day in which I made, by an odd coincidence, two deals in furniture. It happened this way:

A bright young American arrived in Bristol and set up a commission business. A week later he showed me an offer of a position from a London firm. Could I use any of his modest but excellent office furniture? I could and did, and paid him 75 per cent of its cost. In due time a sinister-looking being came asking if I knew the young man's address. I did not, but he knew the furniture, on which only one installment had been paid. Ultimately I was compelled to surrender it. It was taken away in the presence of a beautiful lady, who made the usual request about her letter of credit and received the usual answer.

"But I must have the money today or I may lose a chance to buy a Chippendale settee," she said mournfully.

Bitter already, the mention of furniture made me morose. I drew her to the window.

"Do you see that wagon across the square?" I asked.

"Yes; what of it?"

"It contains more than furniture. It carries away my last shred of confidence in human nature."

I told her the story. She laughed till she cried, while I scowled. "Come and look at the settee," she begged prettily. I went. It was certainly a bargain.

"Indorse the draft and keep the settee until you are sure about me," she pleaded.

I did. As I never heard from the draft, it was undoubtedly paid; but I never heard from the lady either, and could never trace her. Thus I became the possessor of a valuable and decorative article. Later, by sheerest accident, I stumbled on the fact that she had been staying at a hotel in Bath, twelve miles from Bristol, under a name not that given in the letter of credit. I think that she was supposed to be traveling alone and was not, that something occurred to alarm or expose her and that she feared to hark back on her trail.

Foiled

REAL honest-to-goodness adventuresses, with hearts of stone and predatory talons, do not leave the great capitals; and officials are seldom rich, so consuls are rarely exposed to their wiles. So far as I know, I was visited by no more than one, and she came to work out an ingenious scheme which but for an accident might have resulted in a coup. She had been pointed out to me twice in London; once when she was driving in Hyde Park—this was in ante-auto days—and once across the dining room of the Savoy Hotel. She had languishing blue eyes and corn-tassel hair and was too beautiful and vital to be forgotten.

I recognized Mrs. D'Arcy Blantin the instant she entered the consulate, though her dress was dowdy and her hat surely not from Paris. She produced an engraved card—Mrs. Jane Smith, let us say, with a small-town Western address in the corner. This did not make me suspicious; for adventuresses usually travel under romantic pseudonyms; but when I saw "Turner" in the power of attorney which she handed to me a flash of memory set me to thinking hard. I was sure that I had been told that Turner was supposed to be the legal name of Mrs. Blantin.

She was apparently, unlike Cerberus, three ladies at once and was transferring shares lying in a Western bank from herself as Mrs. Smith to herself as Mrs. Turner. Asked for evidence of identity, she produced a batch of home letters—genuine, affectionate, telling home news; how the sewing society was getting on, how Jennie was at last engaged, how the incubator worked, how flowers were fresh on pa's grave, how Tom had broken out in a rash, no doubt from overeating sausages as usual. The letters gave her away, for one could see that Mrs. Jane Smith had lately left home.

"How long have you been abroad, Mrs. Smith?" I asked.

"About three months."

"Your first visit?"

"Oh, yes; and I am enjoying myself so much. I've spent lots more than I thought, so I am sending my companion back to get me some more." She laughed cheerfully.

It was about a year since she had been pointed out to me.

"I'm afraid," I said, "I must have more proof before I can take your acknowledgment as Mrs. Jane Smith. I know you as Mrs. Blantin and Mrs. Turner, but you must prove you're also Mrs. Smith."

She blinked, stared, got pale, made no movement, said no word. Perhaps minutes passed, perhaps they were only seconds. Then she murmured, as though talking in her

sleep, "So I am known even to this hayseed consul in this jay town." I am certain that she was never aware that her secret opinion of me had dribbled from her lips in a moment of intense emotion.

I sent the papers to the London police and heard the conclusion from the real Mrs. Smith. Very grateful, she came to thank me some weeks later. She had been pitched from a hansom onto the steps of Mrs. Blantin's smart little Mayfair house, had lain with a broken rib and collar bone in Mrs. Blantin's guest room, had received every care and had no intention of bringing notoriety on herself by prosecuting "a woman so well known and—well —"

Consuls are a kind of father confessor; at any rate, women will say to consuls what they deny to themselves they think. Mrs. Smith, prim, pretty, Puritan, flushed rosy red and owned up that the crowning joy of her wonderful European trip had been her experience with Mrs. Blantin. St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, the Tower, had interested her, I gathered; but the contact with the beautiful lady of international notoriety had thrilled her. Her trouble was that she could never, never tell the folks at home; Mrs. Blantin would always be to them a distinguished dweller in Mayfair.

This frankness with consuls is illustrated by a vagrant recollection coming to me as I write. Mother and daughter, both slim, bright, in smart tailor-made jackets and skirts, came to ask the cheapest way to bring a girl from Montana to Cardiff, where I was then consul.

An Unexpected Confession

"MY YOUNGER sister," said the smiling girl. "She's about twenty-two and wants to visit us."

While I was turning over railway folders and maps which I kept unofficially that I might answer just such questions as this, the mother went out to pay her cabman. I chanced to glance up at the girl and was so greatly struck by the extraordinary change in her strong handsome face that I burst out, "You don't want her back!"

"She bolted with my lover the day before we were to be married."

"And she consents to return?"

"She must. He deserted her, left her penniless."

"If she could see your face she would scrub or sew or cook out there."

"She is too lazy. She has made her own bed."

Hate and love are transient passions. Never before or since have I seen a face expressing openly a long-cherished brooding hate. The mother returned. The face of stone cracked into flesh and the granite lips curved into a smile

"We'll cable the money, dearest," the girl said, "just as soon as the consul tells us how much."

The mother softly patted her daughter's hand.

I never heard the end. That is the trouble with life: we do not know the endings

Sitting once laboriously calculating exchange, a strange lady rushed in, knelt by my side, flung her arms about my neck and sobbed so violently that her heaving bosom crackled the papers in my breast pocket. I can hear that crackling now keeping time with the tumultuous throbbing of her heart, and I can smell the fragrance of the hair in which my nose was buried. In vain she attempted to tell me something.

"There, there," I crooned, gently patting her back, "don't try to talk. Just cry it out."

I had gained experience by this time and was approaching the mature age of thirty. Arthur Napoleon French, lemon-colored office boy, responded to my ring and stood impassive.

"Bring a glass of water," I commanded with dignity, "and say to callers that I am engaged."

A long engagement, one might say, for hysterics followed. I laid the lady flat on the floor, and while her high French heels beat the carpet I flipped ice water into her face. She took up two and a quarter hours of government time, and all because she had looked up the family tree and the directory. Discovering second cousins, this neurotic young New Yorker, without even telephoning had flown to these relatives on the wings of love. They had coldly admitted the relationship, but had not admitted her; had in the end, I gathered, answered her tearful appeals for affection by showing her the front door.

Restored to approximate sanity, came her only apology for her intrusion: "I just had to tell somebody."

"You certainly told it. What's the next move?"

"Leaving for France tonight. I had read of these cold English, but I did not know they were icebergs." She shivered and tripped away.

One lady got the neck-encircling habit. She was from Denver, gray-haired, distinguée in appearance, usually reticent, I think; but she became involved in a most vexatious lawsuit, which occupied the assize court for three days. Whenever a point went against her she would slip out of court and come and weep on my shoulder. Refreshed, she would blithely take me out to luncheon. She was an accomplished woman of the world, knew how to order a meal, and had a fine collection of Western stories, which she told with effect.

If adventuresses seldom troubled consuls, small pikeresses, if I may coin a word, sometimes drifted along. I remember in my early inexperienced days a visit from a confident lady of moderate attractions, who produced with a flourish a card on which were engraved the names of several small Western American newspapers unknown to me even by name. She was contributing a weekly syndicated letter to these papers, she said, and was circling the globe with special attention to consulates.

Waiting for the Next Move

INSTANTLY I was all smiles and eagerly offered every assistance I could. The point was that praise could do me no good, but criticism could do me harm. The lady accepted my offer in ungrammatical sentences but with pleasant condescension. She had been three days in the city incognito—her word—and had seen several people. She was "awf'ly sorry"; she had been unlucky; perhaps she had stumbled against my enemies; but reports about me were not too good.

This was cheap work, I thought, but remembered that some newspaper people are cheap. One, once rebuked for some glaring instance of bad taste made answer thus "What do you expect me to know about taste? I worked my way up from the Chicago stockyards."

I waited for the next move—blackmail, perhaps, such an opening sounded like it. On the contrary, the lady was more than fair; she was generous. It was not her purpose, she told me, to write sensational critical articles; she wished to commend if she could, but she must be honest. She would be glad to talk to my friends; perhaps their comments would counteract vague antagonistic impressions. Officials, leading merchants, men of local standing whose words carried weight—these were the people to approach in fairness to me. She promised to interview

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She Had Been Pointed Out to Me When She Was Driving in Hyde Park

ONCE IN THE SADDLE

IV

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

PLINY MULLINS woke in a dry and dewless dawn. The mountains were far and very small; low along the east a pearly brightness sparkled, rayed and deepened to a glow of rose, arrowed with leaping red.

Pliny drew on his boots, resumed coat and hat, which had served, respectively, for covering and pillow, shook the saddle blanket which had been his bed, and led in Epidemic, who was staked to a near-by soap weed. The stars paled swiftly.

Brown Epidemic wore an injured expression, not without reason. Pliny had hoped to ride as far as good grass before making camp, but at two by the clock in the sky—say, thirty miles out from Salamanca—had found the grass still short and scanty, poor pickings compared to the toothsome alfalfa of Salamanca. Pliny had made camp none the less; two in the morning is the low ebb of vitality, hard hours for horse or man. Hence Epidemic's dismal and reproachful eye and the martyr droop of his neck.

Pliny took a hearty swig from a cloth-covered canteen, rolled a cigarette, saddled and pushed on, following a dim trail which led toward the landmarks of Lafe Yancey's directions. Day grew broad, the mountains took on their wonted shape and size once more, fencing away the rumored far-off world. Rabbits scampered across the trail; a bunch of quail whirred up and piped indignant signals behind him. Pliny looked back. Far away and far below, Salamanca huddled in the shadow, a dim and shapeless blur; the first smoke of its chimneys rose straight in the windless air. Then red morning flamed over the eastern ramparts, the deep valley flooded with rolling light, the blur that was Salamanca became a bright oasis, green and glorious, far-seen across the golden day.

Pacing Slowly Along the Crest, They Came Soon Upon the Fresh Track of a Single Horse Heading to Southward

Rueda Peak, hub of Rueda Mountain, Wheel Mountain, was eastward now. Pliny's way lay to the south in a rim-like circling of the far-flung spokes of Wheel Mountain. The sun was high and hot when he came to the foothills. He found good grass there, dry but succulent, cured on the stem, grama and crow's-foot; better still, the low mesquite bushes were heavy with long bean pods, yellow and red, richer feed than corn. Pliny waited here, fortunate, wealthy and grateful, for a long hour while the martyred Epidemic broke his fast; then, whistling, took the trail again.

Near the tip of a southmost spoke of Wheel Mountain a wagon road wound between scattered outlying cedar clumps, climbing a gentle slope to a deep-notched saddle in the hills. Cantle and saddle skirts were blue black with a heavy growth of cedar and piñon; but the horn of that saddle was a knob of bare gray limestone, half a mile long, or near it, its gray crest a hundred yards above the pass.

Brown Epidemic breasted the slope in a brisk swinging walk. He had seen a few cattle, streaks of red and white through cedar brush; the trails were fresh traveled, and then this new-found wagon road —— Oh, they would find water presently! At the top of the pass he twitched his ears, with a low and murmured whinny. Pliny, tiptoe in the stirrups for the first glimpse of the broad country beyond the pass, turned his eyes northward to follow those pointing ears. A team and wagon, just starting, came down the sidelong stony slopes of the saddle-horn hill; behind them, a pile of freshly cut cedar poles told of the business in hand. Pliny drew rein.

As he left the bare rock and came into the soft ground, the driver threw off the brake and flourished his hand in salute. He drew to a halt beside the horseman; a young man, scarcely more than a boy, bright faced and eager. Elbow to saddle horn, chin in hand, Pliny surveyed him gravely; he nodded sagely.

"That's a right bright idea—a fine idea. Fencin' that hill to keep cattle off so they won't starve—is that it?"

The youth grinned largely.

"Not much, *señor don*. I aim to catch my drinkin' water off that hill, and I'm fencin' cattle away from a chunk to make sure the water's clean enough to drink."

Pliny rubbed his chin, plainly puzzled.

"But with the grass knee-high here—and with what I've been told—why, the Day ranch must be ten miles yet. Why drinking water?"

The young man laughed frankly.

"You old-timers are all alike," he said. "Sweetwater Spring is way deep in the hills; the Day ranch, just like you say. Sure the grass is knee-high here. That's why I aim to live here; and by gravy, I aim to keep it knee-deep, or near it. Buildin' a tank in the draw to furnish water for stock, cistern in the hillside for the house. Man, I'm goin' to have the best ranch in the whole round world! I'm Rainy Day's nephew, Matt Ford—and I bake good bread. C'me on down and I'll show you."

"I'm Pliny Mullins, and I'm an old friend of Rainy's. Over on the Mangas River, twenty years ago."

"I've heard of you. What-Next Mullins. Yes, indeedy. Glad to meet you. You come on and we'll eat. You made dry camp last night, of course?"

"Shucks, I can wait till noon," said Pliny. "But my horse needs water. Got any for him, or do I have to go on to the spring?"

"Plenty water. You come on to camp."

Behind the hill, sheltered from the prevailing southwest winds, the house faced eastward over a wide and wandering valley, parked by low cedared knolls like islets in a lake; flanked by wooded ridges, leading up to a broad pass with a massive peak on either side. Beyond the pass the long wavy crest of a red range, now near, now receding, outlined and defined open country at the summit, between the double ranges, the red one and the black.

The two-roomed flat-roofed house was built of fragrant cedar, hewed at need for closer fitting and chinked with mud. There was a fireplace, broad and deep; the roof of the kitchen was of split cedar, laid in herringbone pattern on peeled *vigas* of piñon; the roof of the combined bedroom and living room was of peeled yucca stalks, herringboned again. Door frames, window frames were of hewed cedar, joined with careful workmanship; only the doors and floors were of lumber. Before the house, at one corner, stood a patriarchal juniper with a magnificent spread of branches; below the other corner was a little cluster of cedars, young, thrifty and graceful; through the opening between, as through a frame or a casement, the house looked forth upon a fair and gracious world. Under the broad shade of the juniper were two wagons, one of which held four water barrels; beyond, a small pen confined two brockle-faced milk-pen calves.

Four horses loitered on the near and shaded hillside, and brown Epidemic grazed toward them. Under the cedars, young Ford and his guest lolled on a tarp for an after-dinner smoke.

"Pretty good layout you got," said Mullins approvingly. "Don't know as I ever see one much nicer. Did you plan it all out yourself?"

"Oh, no. Uncle Jim planned it mostly. I just filled in here and there, where he'd overlooked a bet. Of course, I'm just beginning, yet. Take me five years to get it all rigged up the way I want it. He always aimed to build a tank here sometime, but he never got around to it. Kept him busy down at the spring, building corrals and a horse pasture and house and all. He's got a right good house down there. But he had this in mind for the home ranch all along, knowin' that, no matter how careful you are, the grass gets mighty short around permanent water after a while. He had a long head, Uncle Jim did. Never would let himself get overstocked like the rest of 'em does."

"That's why you've got good grass."

"Mostly, but not altogether. You see, we've never been bothered with other people's stock. Only the one spring, and nobody ever found water digging wells, and they tried aplenty. Except on the north, it's so far to the next water that cattle never drift in on us. Up north, the nearest Circle M well is only thirty miles. But Uncle Jim turned the Circle M stuff back in the rainy seasons till he got tired of it. Then he threw up a drift fence across the narrows, ten miles from the summit. It was strictly against the law, I reckon. But it held."

"I reckon the Circle M would like to own this place," suggested Pliny.

"Them? Sure! Malloch offered to buy me out at a pretty stiff figure—all it's worth, I reckon. But what would I want to sell for, at any price? I'd rather be right here than anywheres." Ford looked out across his fair domain with a sparkling eye. "He wanted to lease, too, on account of the drought this last year, but I wouldn't. 'Twarn't like he stood to lose much. He's got a good ranch up in Colorado. All he had to do was to ship. I want to keep this range just like it is, good as it ever was. Once the Circle M stuff got wonted here, you couldn't ever keep 'em out again. Some few climbs in over the hills once in a while, but I shove 'em back quick, you bet you."

"How long did it take you to fix this up so far?"

"Two years now. Hauled water for my teams from the home place while I built my little tank." Pinky nodded at the dam which impounded a small body of water, heavily fenced, in the valley below. "Since then I've only hauled for house use. Now I've got my cistern blasted out and cemented up to catch clean water from the hill, and if it ever rains again, I won't have to haul any more. Got a fine filter made. Charcoal and sand. Take you over after a while and show you. Then I built my house and started in on the big tank."

Pinky turned his head to glance proudly at his masterpiece, half a mile down the valley; a red earthen embankment, looming massive beyond a deep barrow pit in a wide semicircle, which, when completed, would dam the flood waters to a respectable lake.

"Didn't let the range cattle use the water in my little dam. They was mighty indignant about it. Just used it for my teams and saddle stock and two or three milch cows. Good thing, too, else I'd ha' been left high and dry. She's sure dwindlin'—that water hole. Only about two feet left. Gosh, I do wish it would rain!"

"How long has this dry spell lasted?" asked Pliny.

"Fifteen months—rising of that. And then it rained here some it did on the flat. Lookin' for it any day now. She almost made the riffle only last week—and here comes a big wind and blows it all away."

"But you didn't do all this alone?"

"Oh, no. Had a mighty good Mex boy helping me - Melquiades. But last spring he got married on me," said Ford dolefully. "He was a go-getter. We kept chickens then, and he had a mighty nice dog. But you can't keep hens and a dog on a one-man ranch, and him gone a heap round-ups, and so on. I tried out two or three more, but they was so plumb ornery they just aggravated me. And the Americans around here, they don't like to work, only horseback -durn fools!"

Pliny nodded.

"Yes, I know. I work that way. She's some job—that dam. And you've got a lot to do yet."

"About two-thirds done," said Pinky. "There's a year's work in it now -more. Of course, I don't work all the time—early mornings and late in the evening during our eleven months of summertime. And naturally I got to be gone some, working the stock."

"Son, you're overlooking one big bet, I think," observed Pliny.

"You ought to put you up a stack of hay. I know what horses is. If you'll count up, you'll find that you put in about two solid months out of every twelve hunting up your horses in the morning—don't you now?"

Pinky's face fell; he was one who liked to do things the best way.

"I don't know but you're right," he admitted.

"Sure I'm right," said Pliny. "Grass being good here, your way isn't so bad as it might be. Most places a feller puts in purty nigh half his brief and fleeting life just wrangling horses."

Pinky sat up and scratched his head. This was a new idea to him. "Say, Mr. Mullins," he inquired earnestly, "how long does it take a man to put up ten or twelve ton of hay? Or was it grama grass you cut?"

"Who, me?" said Pliny. "I never cut any hay. I wrangle 'em same as you do."

"Humph! Might 'a'-known it!" said Ford. "You old-timers is all alike. You know a few things plumb good, inside and out. And then you won't ever learn anything new."

"Right you are. And that brings me to what I came out here to tell you." Pliny roused up and sat tailorwise on his feet; he rolled a cigarette and considered his boyish host narrowly. "Son, I reckon I've got some pretty bad news for you—I do so."

"Not Uncle Jim?" said the boy quickly.

"No, not that. Nothing but what we can set straight."

"Spill it!" said Pinky.

"Well, in a way—Jim being an old-timer, like you said—it is about Jim. Here it is, short and sweet: Your Uncle Jim proved up on his spring, they tell me."

"Sweetwater? Oh, yes, long ago."

"Homesteaded, of course? Yes? You don't happen to have the papers here, do you—his patent from the Government?"

"No, they're in the bank at Albuquerque, along with his deed to me."

Pliny nodded.

"Well, son, old Jimmy pulled a bone somewhere, and I think I've got it ciphered out. Anyhow, me bein' a stranger here, it was put up to me that his ranch was jumpable, and I was asked to do it. They didn't know I'd ever so much as heard of Jim. So I thought I'd come out and put you next."

Pinky's brow darkened

"The Circle M?"

"Sure! Who else should it be? It wasn't old Malloch himself, but he was knowing to it. Here, I'll give you the layout."

He told the story of Pelly's offer, the motive for it, and the outcome.

"And this is the only place that fits in with his story," he concluded. "So it simmers down to one of two things.

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The Loneliest Place in the World! And Tomorrow, Malloch's Paymaster Would Come to Webb!

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 18, 1925

The Young Man's Bank

TO EVERY man, sooner or later, comes the exhilarating moment when he feels that he could lay the foundation of a substantial fortune, or at least make a highly profitable investment, if he could instantly lay hands upon a considerable sum of money.

Merchants and traders know how to raise funds at short notice. It is a part of their business practice and training. Professional men and young salaried workers are often less fortunate. Their working capital resides in head and hand and they have small occasion for truck and traffic with those whose business it is to lend money. Many a bright and thrifty man finds himself entering middle life without adequate banking connections and without facilities for borrowing money on reasonable terms. Such men fail to realize, until too late, the handicaps under which they labor. They may be alert enough to hear Dame Fortune's lightest knock; but little good it does them if they cannot open the door to her upon her own terms. Lady Luck waits for no man; and asking her to sit on the doorstep while her would-be favorite goes out and builds up a bank credit is expecting quite too much of her. Many a fortune has slipped through eager fingers simply because their owner had not the foresight to perceive that the day would come when he would have occasion to borrow freely and quickly.

The right time to prepare to borrow money is long before any necessity for borrowing has arisen. That is the time to open a checking account and to begin getting acquainted with all the officials of the bank, straight down the line, from the receiving teller near the front door to the president and vice presidents in the rear. Every contact is a double contact, for the depositor cannot get to know a banker without getting the banker to know him—and that is really the important thing. Casual chats through a window or over a railing may appear to amount to very little; but such encounters cannot be sought, month in and month out, without giving keen students of human nature—and that is what all good bankers are—ample opportunity to size up a future borrower, to learn his outlook on life and discover his relationship to his community.

Frankness about one's affairs usually works the honest borrower much more good than harm. Bankers are used to small fry and they entertain far more respect for the little fellows who deal with them frankly than for the bigger ones who are shifty and evasive and attempt by hint and implication to exaggerate their own financial importance. When the depositor gets to the borrowing point it is more often wise than unwise to tell the banker the purpose for which the loan is sought. If the lender looks doubtful the borrower nine times out of ten will be wise to go slow. Bankers sometimes make mistakes. They sometimes lack grasp and vision; but in the long run they are able to judge investments much more shrewdly than their young and inexperienced customers.

It is amazing that the most obvious factor in the relationship between borrower and banker should be so generally ignored. Honest wonder is often expressed that some men can always make loans upon favorable terms, while others, of unquestioned integrity, pay the top rate when funds are plentiful and are denied any accommodation whatever when money is scarce. Strange as it may seem, bankers usually favor those who favor them. The man who keeps a handsome balance at all times is the one that the banker makes money out of. He is a profitable customer and his business is worth keeping. Naturally he is accorded preferential treatment over his fellow depositor whose account is always scraping bottom and is occasionally overdrawn. Such customers are likely to be late in paying interest charges and slack in meeting their obligations. These delinquencies make very little difference to the bank; but they may make all the difference in the world to the would-be borrower.

Many a man who boasts that he keeps all his funds constantly at work and drawing interest is cutting his corners too fine for his own good. Suppose he had kept a thousand dollars continually in his account. At the end of the year he would have received between twenty and forty dollars less than if his thousand had been in a savings fund or in a bond. On the other hand he would have purchased the good will of his bank or trust company and would have had a right to expect it to lend him anywhere between five and ten thousand dollars at a moment's notice during a period of twelve months.

In a land of wholesome growth and expansion, where opportunities for making money safely are continually presenting themselves, such a command of capital has a value and importance that can scarcely be overestimated. The very fact, often overlooked, that substantial sums can be readily obtained by the annual sacrifice of from twenty to forty dollars of income is in itself an extraordinary tribute to the utility and effectiveness of our national system of banks and trust companies. We can think of no avenue of expenditure in which an ambitious and thrifty young man can get more for his money than when he spends a little of it for the privilege of borrowing a great deal when he wants it and as he wants it.

The subject of borrowing is so intertwined with that of saving that the two cannot be considered separately. Saving, indeed, is usually a prerequisite for borrowing, and rightly so; for he who has not proved his ability to save for his own good can scarcely be expected to save for the good of his creditors. The savings bank must always be the primary school of finance, just as the trust company and the great commercial bank must be the high school and college.

Banks and trust companies which do not handle savings accounts have, nevertheless, a great deal to do with saving. In the first place, the mild pressure of interest charges makes it to the borrower's advantage to get out of debt as soon as possible. There is no more wholesome discourager of extravagant living than the desire to pay off one's notes. Again, the banker who is permitted to do so will help his clients save by preventing them from losing what they have already accumulated.

If every man in the United States who has laid by a little money would build up a sound banking connection and would follow one simple rule, the system would result in an annual saving to the investors of the nation of a sum not less than one hundred million dollars. If such persons would say to every slick stock and "security" salesman who approached them, "See one of the senior officers of my bank about this, and if he does not say I ought to buy, don't let me see your face again," the get-rich-quick fraternity would be kicked out of business before it knew what struck it.

Such a procedure would not be so rough on the bankers as it might at first sight seem. The more fraudulent the wares of the salesman, the smaller would be his willingness to expose his scheme to a bank officer, for bankers are altogether too friendly with the police for crooks to put much faith in them. Sellers of stock in shaky corporations would see their balloons pricked before their eyes; and only the venders of tolerably reputable securities could make a favorable impression.

Financial institutions of the highest order are exceedingly careful in their choice of customers. They cannot afford to become identified with a dubious or fly-by-night clientele. The intending depositor should exercise equal care in his choice of a banking house; for though the volume of his business may at first be small, it will be greatly to his advantage to build up connections with a strong institution rather than with a weak one. Experienced business friends can give a young man good counsel upon this point; and knowing his probable needs, they can also advise him whether it is better for him to open his account with a bank or with a trust company, for though the functions of these two types of institution broadly overlap, they are not wholly the same and neither type can be said to be the better for every class of customer.

There are countless ways, not already enumerated, in which a live bank or trust company can be of material service to ambitious young men. Even the smaller rural institutions have city and metropolitan connections. They often possess unsuspected channels of information not only in regard to investments but in respect of personal and commercial credit, the standing of business houses and the reputations of men who may live thousands of miles away. Everyone who has had close contact with banking houses must have been repeatedly impressed by the amount of trouble that bankers willingly take to get the facts upon which their advice to clients is based.

Young depositors should always remember that they and their bank have a very definite community of interest. The bank's success is, in a manner, bound up in their success. Prosperous and successful clients are what make prosperous and successful banks. In America, at least, the poor and struggling young men of today are the rich and influential old men of tomorrow. That, possibly, is the reason why so many banks and trust companies spare no pains to nurse them along and give them the financial grooming that will some day qualify them to take the place of the retiring generation.

The Lost Cause Complex

THERE is something admirable, of course, about stout adherence to a lost cause; but it is none the less a futile and dangerous indulgence. When a cause is irretrievably lost it is time to cease repining and to begin anew. Making good use of the present and building for the future is better than mourning for the losses and mistakes of the past. There is enough sentiment in most of us to relish the spectacle of the Cape Breton Highlander who even to this day drinks his toast to the king over a tumbler of water. So long as such things are a fanciful gesture they harm no one.

Most European races have Lost Cause Complexes. They cannot forget the past. The altering of a boundary line a century ago still rankles. War never settles a question with them, because the loser begins immediately to plan and pray for the day when the decision can be reversed by force of arms. Time heals no wounds in Europe.

The inability of the great powers to solve postwar problems is due largely to looking backward instead of forward. They are not content to take the situation as it stands today and to go on from here. They want to retrieve the past before smoothing out the present. Old causes, old victories and old defeats crowd their way into every conference and make sane settlements impossible. Toleration and vision give way to memory. Europe will never find peace and security until she rids herself of the Lost Cause Complex.

A Constructive Program Against War—By David Jayne Hill

ACCORDING to international law as it exists today, every sovereign state, by virtue of its sovereignty, has the absolute right to declare and prosecute war upon any other nation for any reason that may seem to its government sufficient. It is a prerogative esteemed by many to be essential to the security of a state, and therefore not lightly to be surrendered or to be in any vital respect restricted.

This is not the place or time to enter into an examination of the origin and nature of the conception of sovereignty from which this right to make war is deduced. Both the jurist and the historian, in the light of modern thought and knowledge, would have something of importance to say upon that subject. The question before us, however, at the moment is, Can sovereign states, without surrendering or impairing their sovereignty, accept limitations upon the exercise of their right of initiative in military action?

Is War a Crime?

THAT which renders peculiarly appropriate an attempt at this time to answer this question is the confusion of mind that has been created by the declaration that war is a crime, and the equally incoherent proposal to declare it a crime under international law.

That war, in the common acceptation of the word, is not a crime, and should not be declared to be a crime, appears from the double aspect of most wars, which often involve wrongful aggression on the one side and rightful defense on the other. It is evident therefore that only that part of war which is of the nature of wrongful aggression should be characterized as partaking of the nature of crime; for, if war is in itself essentially and absolutely criminal, it would be necessary to conclude that human civilization has been achieved in large measure by a criminal process.

What is probably intended by the slogan War is a Crime is the denunciation of a nation which assaults another nation by force of arms, thereby visiting slaughter upon personally innocent human beings, when the wrongs alleged in justification of the assault are of a nature that could be redressed by more just and humane procedure.

If state action is rightly subject to the application of the principles of ethics generally adopted by civilized peoples, this condemnation is reasonable; and there is in the world today a growing acceptance of the idea that state action should, as far as possible, be guided by the principles of ethics. That it may be so guided in all respects is, however, a hope cherished for the future rather than an expectation to be applied to the immediate present. For any single nation to proceed upon the assumption that all other nations will be guided by ethical principles, and that it has therefore only to be itself guided by them in order to receive perfect equity of treatment, would be to cherish an illusion that experience does not recommend. It follows therefore that, until some substitute for armed force can be found in the adjustment of international differences, war, whatever its ethical qualities may be, will continue to be what it has always been—the *ultima ratio* in the settlement of international disputes; and, if it is a crime, it will be the destiny of nations to prepare for and to participate in it.

It is not surprising that all that is noblest in our human nature revolts at this prospect. Compelled, as we are, to admit the necessity of war as the *ultima ratio*, the fact that, though it may be the final, it is not of necessity the

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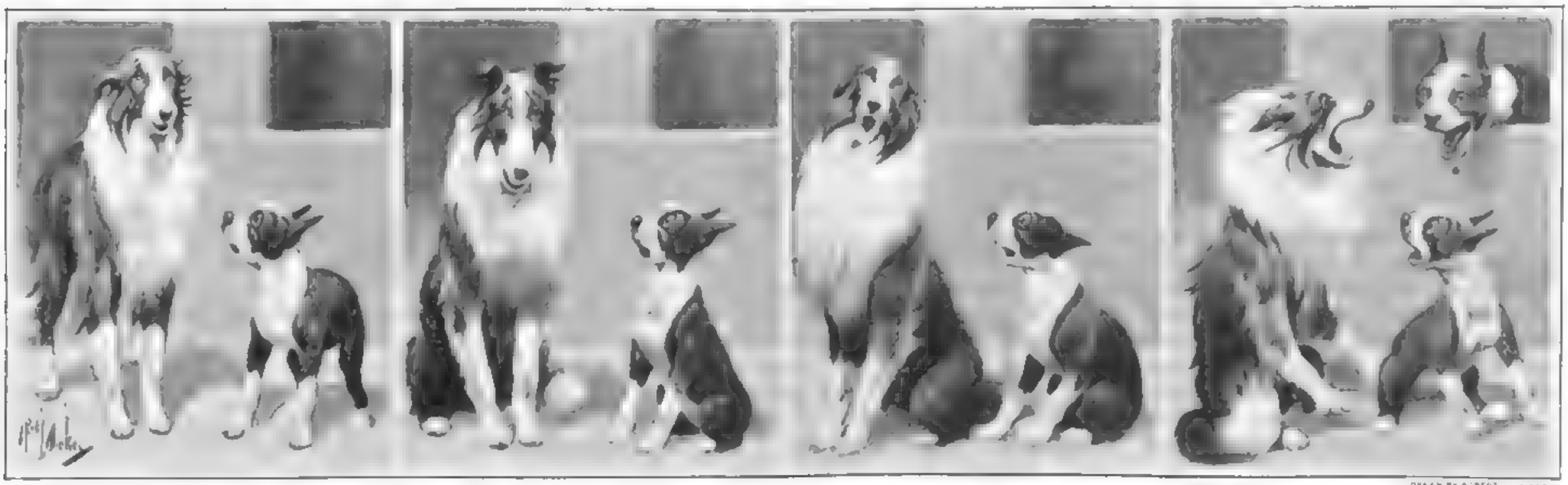
SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Mr. and Mrs. Beans



"Yes, Mrs. Beans, My Husband is Really of the Intelligentsia. You Should See the Wonderful ——"

"Of Course, Dear, Beans is a Nice Little Dog, But Donald! Oh, Dear, I am So Proud of Him

"Gold Medal He Won at Sheep Herding Last Week. Why, Our People Think He Has Such Judgment and Decision"

"Say! How Do You Get That Way? Why, I Saw Banty, the Bull Terrier, Beat Him to a Leg Hold Only Yesterday!"

Testimonial

DO YOU remember the fifth of September, 1897, at three minutes after four in the afternoon?" shouted the plaintiff's lawyer, pointing straight between the shifting eyes of the millionaire defendant.

The ashen lips of Multy Grand twisted, trying to formulate the words "I don't remember." But, alas, he did remember perfectly; he remembered every waking moment in the whole fifty-seven years of his checkered existence. "I do," he said in a guilty whisper.

"That's all," said the lawyer, sitting down in triumph.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, "I direct you to find a verdict for the plaintiff in the sum of seventy thousand dollars with interest and costs. Next case!"

Multy Grand stumbled from the court room and wended his way homeward. As he neared his palatial residence a tramp hurried up to him and caught his arm. "Hello, Multy," whined the tramp. "Remember me, don't you?"

Multy Grand looked at the wretch with brooding eyes.

"Only too well," he said. "You are Slim Sim of Tacoma. We were boys together, sharing each other's sorrows, sharing each other's joys. On the fourth of February, 1882, at six minutes past eight by the clock in Gennerich's undertaking parlor, we swore eternal friendship. I promised you that I'd share my money with you fairly when I got to be a man, and that if there was ever anything I could do for you, day or night, pocket or hand, you should only have to ask. And then you gave me a bite of your red apple. What do you want now?"

"I want you to come through, that's what," said the tramp, hooking arms.

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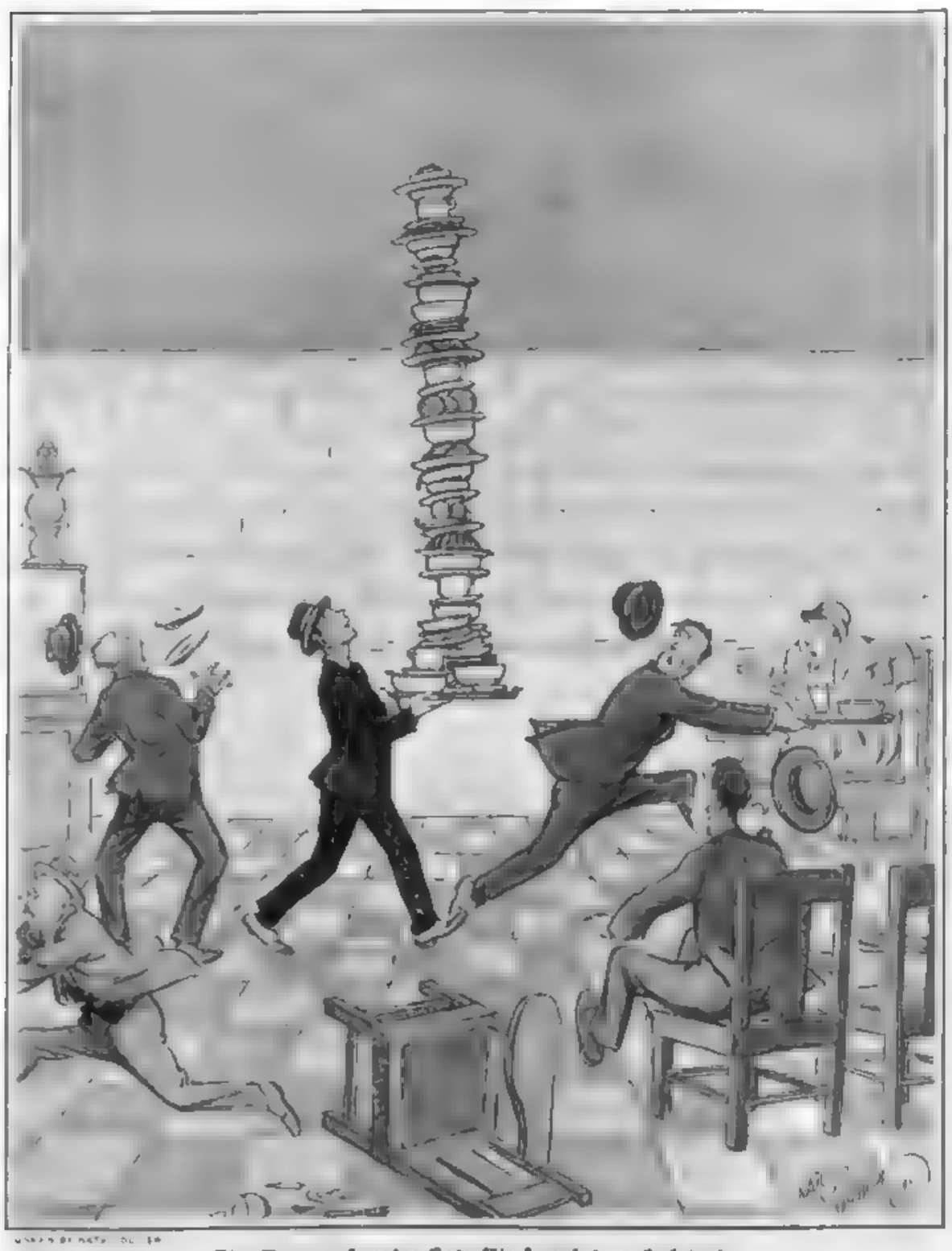

The Hungry Juggler Gets His Lunch in a Cafeteria

When You Attend an Exhibition of Modern Art With Your Girl, Don't Tell Her She is as Pretty as a Picture

Lift this Tomato Soup to your lips!

The time I love is noon,
It cannot come too soon,
With Campbell's now
I'll show you how
To wield a husky spoon!

"It's just pure tomato", you will say as you eagerly relish spoonful after spoonful of this delicious soup, served piping hot.

And so it is. Luscious red-ripe tomatoes, grown to their finest perfection right on the vines, plucked just when the warm sun has given them their most tempting color and flavor.

The tonic appetizing juices and tender tomato "meat" are strained to a smooth puree, blended with fresh country butter, and seasoned by Campbell's famous chefs to give just the taste your appetite most welcomes.

Campbell's Tomato is the most popular soup in the world today. Served as a Cream of Tomato it is sheer Perfection!

21 kinds
12 cents a can

Campbells' Soups

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

THE CHANNAY SYNDICATE

"Are You Still in Love With George?" He Asked

Mark Levy Pays—By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

AS THE hour of ten struck from the cathedral clock, the doors of the Norwich and Norfolk Bank were slowly and portentously rolled back by the porter—an individual who, in his dark-colored livery and well-brushed but quaintly shaped tall hat, occupied a position in the civic imagination very little inferior to that of the manager himself. Before the chimes had ceased a slim well-built man, who had been loitering upon the other side of the road, had crossed the threshold. He paused to look around him with the pleased and interested air of one who revisits a familiar scene. A clerk, who had only just opened an enormous ledger somewhere in the background, came to the counter with an air of resigned displeasure. The echoes of the last stroke of the hour had barely died away. Such precipitation on the part of a customer betokened either impecuniosity or lack of consideration.

"I should like a check book," the early visitor remarked—"a hundred-order check book."

The young man looked at him searchingly.

"Excuse me, but are you a customer of the bank?" he inquired.

"Certainly," was the prompt reply. "I rather think that I have a good deal of money here. My name is Gilbert Channay."

If the newcomer had declared his name to be that of the archangel Gabriel, and produced documentary evidence of his identity, his statement could scarcely have created a greater sensation. A dozen heads shot up from behind their desks in every part of the premises, and an elderly cashier reached the manager's sanctum with a single stride. The door of the private office flew open; the manager himself appeared.

Some twenty pairs of eyes were focused upon this amazingly unexpected apparition.

"Mr. Channay! Dear me, Mr. Channay at last!" the manager exclaimed, as he approached with extended hand.

"I came as soon as I was able," his visitor assured him.

The manager coughed. "Step into my office, if you please," he begged. "There are a great many matters of business I should like to discuss."

Gilbert Channay accepted the invitation, but without marked enthusiasm.

The manager pointed to his own easy-chair; he himself remained at his desk.

"I must confess, Mr. Channay," he commenced, "that your visit is a great relief. Whilst your account, during your absence, has naturally been an immense asset, it has also been a source of considerable embarrassment. Besides the share certificates which we are holding on your behalf, I wonder whether you have any idea as to what your actual cash balance is."

Gilbert Channay leaned back and looked up thoughtfully toward the ceiling.

"I came straight down here without visiting either my lawyer, who has been acting for me under power of attorney, or my brokers," he said at length; "but I should think it must amount to nearly a hundred thousand pounds."

"It amounts to one hundred and twenty-two thousand pounds odd," was the impressive pronouncement. "We're not a large banking establishment, Mr. Channay, and the responsibility of such an account has at times been a source of anxiety to us. You are aware, of course, that there have been two suits brought against us on behalf of the Channay Syndicate with the idea of diverting a portion of the balance toward an alleged trust fund."

The founder of that syndicate smiled.

"The actions failed, as they were bound to fail," he observed. "The money is mine. I'll take a thousand with me now, and I'll go into the matter of some further investments as soon as I have had time to communicate with my brokers."

"If our people can be of any use," the manager suggested—"most respectable firm, here in the city. . . . Ah, Morgan," he added, addressing the young man who entered carrying a check book, "bring in a thousand pounds—fives, tens and twenties, I suppose, Mr. Channay, and a few treasury notes. . . . I hope you are going to spend some time down in these parts, sir."

"I have a small house on Blickley marshes," Channay confided. "I think I shall stay there for a time. I need a few months to accustom myself to the alteration in my daily routine. Prison life is, of course, quite an experience for anyone."

The manager was a little distressed. He had not meant, himself, to allude to the subject.

"We all feel," he declared, "that you were somewhat harshly treated. The evidence of your friends, for instance, seemed a trifle prejudiced."

"My enemies, you mean," was the prompt amendment. "It was a curious little conspiracy; but after all there was no doubt that I broke the law, although, from a common sense point of view, no one suffered. However, that's done with."

"A man with your wealth," the manager ventured, "will not have the slightest difficulty in reëstablishing himself."

"I suppose not," his client mused. "The point I have to consider, though, is, in what way do I desire to reëstablish myself—certainly not amongst my former associates."

"It is the universal opinion," the other persisted, "that your friends and fellow directors, to say the least of it, behaved in a most selfish and inconsiderate fashion."

"They behaved like rogues," Channay assented, "but they made a terrible hash of it all. However, that's neither here nor there. Tell your brokers to send me a list of

(Continued on Page 37)

Double action
single cost

A new cleansing power in *Sunbrite's* "double action"

1—It not only cleans, scours

You wash and scour with soap and cleaning powders, and yet how stubbornly odors persist—a sign that perfect cleanliness has not yet been achieved.

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Double action! With **Sunbrite,** keep your kitchen and your bathroom not only clean and shining but really fresh and odorless and sanitary.

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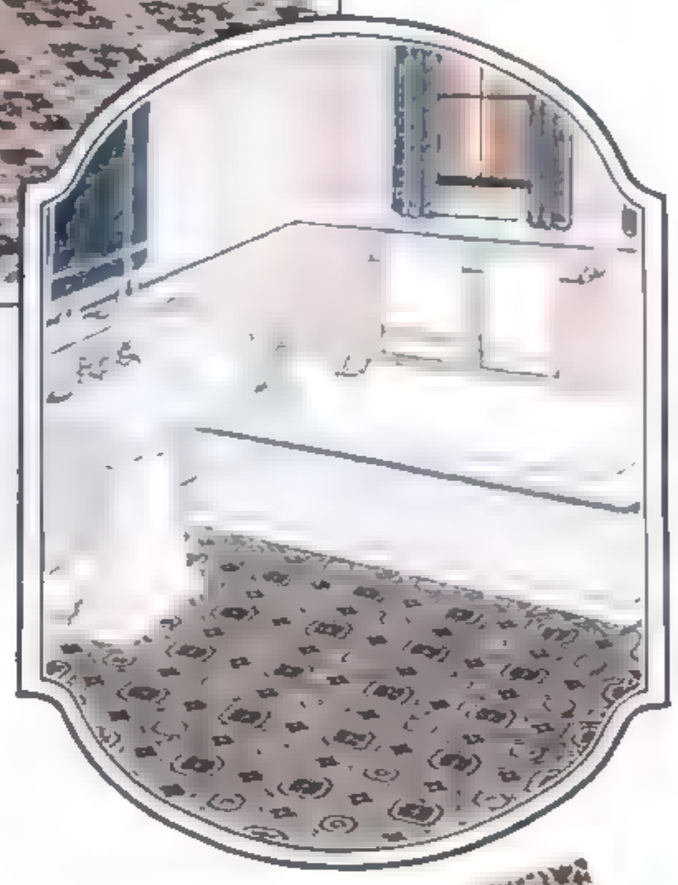
Wash dishes with this
fine, convenient soap

Save your hands—use a pure, high grade soap to wash dishes, clothes, woodwork or for any household use. These convenient soap flakes are powerfully effective against dirt; dissolve quickly, act instantly, yet they are mild and harmless on any fabric or the hands. Ideal to use in the washing machine

Above is shown Congoleum By-the-Yard No. 810. It is made in the 2-yard width only.



On the bathroom floor is shown Congoleum By-the-Yard No. 830. It is made in the 2-yard width only

You Get Guaranteed Satisfaction With Every Yard of Congoleum By-The-Yard!

A money-back pledge of satisfaction! That guarantee always goes with all *Gold-Seal* Congoleum By-the-Yard.

And the Gold Seal (reproduced below) shows that you are getting the one *genuine* Congoleum. Make sure that this Gold Seal appears on the face of the goods you buy!

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All those features that have made Congoleum Art-Rugs the most popular floor-coverings in America are found in Congoleum By-the-Yard; the many patterns are equally attractive, and it has the same durable, waterproof surface that is so easily cleaned. Just a few easy strokes with a damp mop remove every trace of dirt and spilled things.

One of the most unusual things about Congoleum By-the-Yard is the fact that it requires no fastening of any kind. Cementing or tacking is never necessary.

The variety of patterns and colorings make Gold Seal Congoleum By-the-Yard very desirable—and suitable wherever the entire floor must be covered. You will find it appropriate for use in any room—from the kitchen to the attic.

Note the Low Prices

Two-Yard Width —**85c** per square yard
Three-Yard Width—**95c** per square yard

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South, west of the Mississippi, and in Canada are higher than those quoted.

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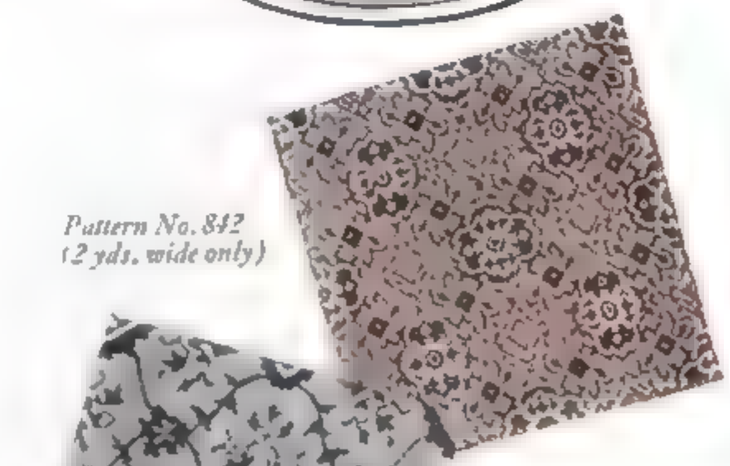


Pattern No. 842 (2 yds. wide only)

The pattern at the left in the 2-yard width is No. 852. The 3-yard width is No. 4024.

Gold Seal CONGOLEUM BY-THE-YARD

Write our nearest office for free copy of Folder No. A89 showing all the beautiful By-the-Yard patterns in their full colors.

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

(Continued from Page 34)

investments down to Seaman's Grange, Blickley. You shall hear from me in a day or two."

"The sooner the better," the manager begged. "A current balance such as yours is not a wholesome thing in banking, sir. We're proud of it and at the same time distressed. We shall welcome your instructions as regards investment with relief."

"You shall have them."

Channay strolled out into the sunlit street, with the thousand pounds buttoned up in his pocket, called at the gunmaker's, where he made considerable purchases, and finally sought a garage, where he hired a car, collected his belongings and returned to the hotel to pay his bill. As he approached the office window he felt a touch upon his arm. He swung round, and instinctively his right hand crept toward the pocket wherein reposed one of his recent purchases. His uneasiness, however, was of short duration. The man who had accosted him was not the kind of person to inspire any anxiety of that sort. He was a man of under medium height, pink-cheeked, dark-eyed, and with curly black hair; obviously a Jew, and one who attempted no concealment of his nationality.

"It is Mr. Channay!" he exclaimed. "Well, I am glad!"

"Are you?" was the colorless reply. "Why?"

Mr. Mark Levy was a little hurt. "Why?" he repeated. "Are we not friends—partners, even? Have I not many reasons for being glad to see you?"

"I wasn't aware of them," was the curt rejoinder.

"Now, my dear sir," Levy expostulated, with the air of one seeking to soothe an angry child, "you are ruffled. Everything is strange to you. You have had a very terrible time. Take things gently. You know why I am here? I found out that you were likely to come to Norwich and I determined to be one of the first of your partners to greet you."

"Partners?" Channay queried. "I didn't know I had any partners. If I had," he went on meaningly, "they certainly ought to have shared this unfortunate seclusion of mine."

"That was not our fault—not mine, at any rate," Mr. Levy protested.

"The evidence of one or two of you at my trial ——" Channay began.

"Stop!" his companion interrupted. "Why should I think that my evidence was necessary? There were all the others in London. I myself was in New York. You must not be too hard upon us, Mr. Channay—upon some of us, I mean. And that reminds me, you have a great deal of money to distribute. I have made up my mind that I would be one of the first."

"I have also," Channay observed, "a few old scores to settle."

His companion coughed.

"Let us find a quiet place," he suggested, "and talk business together."

Channay laughed tolerantly. He led the way into a small reading room and closed the door.

"Now, Levy," he demanded, "what business have we to discuss?"

"My dear Mr. Channay," the other begged, "let us talk amiably. This is a pleasant matter we have to talk about. It is not losses we have to face. Nyasas closed at thirty yesterday. We have made money—a great deal of money—thanks to your wonderful judgment—an unexpectedly great sum of money."

"We?" Gilbert Channay repeated coldly.

"Why, my dear sir," was the wondering protest, "of course it is 'we.' There were eleven of us. The transactions were undertaken in your name, but everything was clearly understood. You were to raise the money and apply for fifteen thousand shares. The profits were to be divided into fifteen equal parts, of which you took five and the ten others were to be divided among us. I think my share comes to thirty thousand pounds. I have not been fortunate lately, Mr. Channay. I need money very badly. That thirty thousand pounds will be a godsend."

"If you get it," Channay observed, smiling.

Mr. Levy dabbed his forehead. He was very anxious, and there was something about his companion's manner which filled him with vague disquietude.

"You do not dispute the arrangement?" he exclaimed.

"What about the conspiracy to get rid of me and my five shares and collar the lot?" Gilbert Channay demanded.

"Upon my word of honor," Mr. Levy insisted, with feverish earnestness—"upon my word of honor, I swear that I was not in that. It was just your swell friends who tried that on."

"Why did you not come and give evidence on my behalf?" Channay inquired. "You knew that we had all agreed that the balance sheet of the Siamese Corporation should be signed."

"I was in New York," the other declared. "I had nothing to do with it at all."

"You had time to come back," Channay reminded him. "If you had come back and told the truth it might have made all the difference."

The man squirmed in his overeagerness.

"There were others," he protested; "others in England, on the spot. I never dreamed but that they would go into the box. I never claimed anything, I never wanted anything except my rightful share. When I heard that you had been sentenced to imprisonment I was thunderstruck."

Gilbert Channay lit a cigarette and threw himself into an easy-chair. The sunlight was drifting in through the windows. It was market day and the streets outside were crowded.

"Well, Mr. Levy," he announced, "it is unfortunate, but I have decided to take advantage of the legal aspect of the situation, and to keep for myself the profits which have accrued during my—er—temporary absence from the world. I applied for those shares in my own name instead of in the name of the Channay Syndicate simply as a matter of convenience, and I intended to apportion the shares as soon as they were delivered. Under the circumstances, however, I have changed my mind. I have sold some of the shares and the remainder are registered in my name. Your treachery is going to cost you, Mr. Mark Levy, to be exact, twenty-nine thousand pounds."

"You are not going to pay me my share?" Mr. Levy gasped.

"Not one penny," was the bland reply. "I do not mind confiding to you that I have a balance of more than a hundred thousand pounds in that bank across the way there. I have, too, as you see, a check book in my pocket," Gilbert Channay continued, producing it and laying it upon the table. "I could write you your check for thirty thousand pounds at this minute and not feel it—but I shan't!"

Mr. Levy was almost distracted with heat and despair. He was on the verge of tears. He would have gone on his knees if he had imagined that it might be of any use. He was shaking from head to foot. There was thirty thousand pounds in the balance.

"But, Mr. Channay, my dear sir," he begged, losing for a moment, in his excitement, his prim precision of speech, "I was a bankrupt unless that money reach me this week. The others are all so wealthy—some of them. For me,

(Continued on Page 129)

"This Check is a Forgery," Channay Announced Quietly; "an Impudent, Inconceivable Forgery"

DEAD BIRDS

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

XII

TO THEM presently came, streaming down, the bishop, the chauffeur and Cicely. No one else in the household had been aroused. But, then, there had been no noise. Dodge was sitting up, dazed, but so far as one could immediately determine, not seriously hurt. Smith-Curran was unconscious, breathing stertorously.

Avoiding Marsh as she would not have a leper, for Cicely was neither cowardly nor unsympathetic, the girl dropped on her knees at Dodge's side.

"Daddy darling, are you hurt?"

The bishop had not yet told Cicely of the bloodstains. Acting on Marsh's advice, he had withheld what there seemed to be every reason to dread.

Dodge answered rather feebly, "No, I don't think so, dear. Just giddy and confused."

Smith-Curran, who had been breathing heavily, gave now a terrific snort, flung out his arms, then suddenly sat up, rather like a man in a drunken sleep when sluiced with a bucket of cold water.

"What cheer?" he croaked.

"Good cheer, daddykin," Iona answered. "If your poor old wits have come home tell us what happened."

The major rubbed the top of his head.

"Takes more than a sandbag to douse an Irishman for long." He looked round. "My hat, did they get Dodge too?"

"They did," said the bishop shortly

Though sadly perplexed at the absence of any wound on Dodge's person, his distrust of Smith-Curran persisted. He thought the man had been shamming unconsciousness. A sandbagged or blackjacked man, the bishop opined, would not recover his senses so abruptly. But Marsh, more astute, believed in Smith-Curran for this very reason. If this hard-headed warrior had been pretending to be in a coma from concussion, Marsh thought, he would have acted the part of one regaining consciousness more elaborately, not sat up with a jerk and begun to talk. The Irish cranial vault is proverbially resistant to such knocks from time-honored exercise with the shillalah, just as the flanks of a coster's donkey appear to be reënforced in their protective covering.

Cicely Pondered for a Moment. "If It Wasn't That Iona Knew, I'd Advise Suppressing It," She Said

"Can you tell us what happened, major?" Marsh asked.

"Not much, laddy. Wasn't in the running long enough. I'd got ready for bed and doused the glim, then sat down by the open window for a whiff or two at a gasper before I went do-do. Helps me to get off, I find. Then just as I got up to tumble in I looked out and thought I saw two black splotches on the terrace. There's a glare to cement, even in the dark, y'know. They moved in against the wall. Burglars, thinks I, and mobilized myself. The only thing handy was the fire poker, not half bad in a scrimmage, so I armed myself with that. It struck me then I'd best tell Iona what was up, in case there was any hitch. My little girl's a game 'un."

Marsh nodded and rubbed his throat. It was sore when he swallowed.

"I told her to sit tight and keep quiet. No use to risk anybody getting plugged by these skulkers. That sort o' thing's old stuff for me. So down I went by the back stairs to launch a flank attack. But the beggars must have heard me—set a bally ambush. There was a light streamin' out the window of Mr. Dodge's den, and that killed the visibility along the wall. I headed that way and was almost to the window when the light flicked out. The next second some johnny jumped me. I managed to get in a swipe with the poker, but it didn't land true. Glanced off his conch. Then I saw stars and went down and out. Silly business on my part, what?"

Cicely spoke up.

"We must get father to the house, Uncle John"—an adopted relationship of the bishop. "Johnson"—to the chauffeur—"go telephone Doctor Brooks to come immediately. Then get Simmons and Charles to help carry father back to the house. Bring a camp cot or something of the sort."

Johnson hurried off. Iona walked down to the water's edge, soaked her scarf in a pool between the rocks and handed it to Cicely. The bishop drew Marsh several paces away.

"What do you think of that story?" he asked in a lowered voice.

"I think it's true."

"Well, I don't. The scoundrel has been shamming "

"Then where did the blood on the desk come from?" Marsh demanded. "There's no cut on Mr. Dodge. I'd say he was blackjacked by the man Smith-Curran hit on the head with the poker, and staggered back, falling over the desk. This thug followed him in, then dragged him outside and got him over his shoulder and carried him down here. His mate lugged Smith-Curran. The blood came from the head of the man Smith-Curran hit as he leaned over to get hold of Mr. Dodge."

The bishop took another tack.

"How did you and Iona happen to be here? I left you on guard, with instructions to stay there until relieved."

Marsh stiffened.

"I'm not aware, sir, that I am under obligation to receive or obey orders from anybody. Permit me to point out that this affair is purely secular, scarcely within the province of a church dignitary More than that, I am now convinced you've made an awful mess of it."

"What do you mean, young man?"

"Just that. Where are the two detectives for whom you got Cicely to open the safe?"

"Back at the house, I suppose, still examining its contents for something that might furnish a clew, some motive for the attack, since evidently its object was not robbery."

"It was, though," Marsh said, "and those downy birds were not police at all. Where were you and Cicely and the chauffeur when they made their get-away—with the contents of the safe you so kindly opened for them?"

"Made their—with the contents Are you mad?"

"Not quite Call it merely vexed. I believe I've got the straight of this. It all happened just as the major described. A mighty clever job of theft. Not even burglary, since everything was thrown open to them."

Cicely joined them at this moment.

"What's all this about, Uncle John?"

She did not look at Marsh: ignored him as utterly as if he had been miles away.

"Suppose we let Mr. McQuentin tell us," snapped the bishop. "He seems to think that he has it all worked out."

Marsh gave a short laugh.

"Then we might as well give the others the satisfaction of my skilled deduction, though honesty compels me to say that it's worked itself out."

He strode back to where Dodge was reclining, his shoulders against a flat slanting ledge.

"Here's what has happened," Marsh said briefly. "There's only one feature of it that still needs some clearing up, but I'll come to that. Tonight's work was a cleverly planned scheme to rob Mr. Dodge's safe. There was a mob of four on the job. They figured that in the case of a millionaire entertaining a party of guests, his house safe would be more apt to contain a considerable value in money and jewels. Were they right, Mr. Dodge?"

"Yes. Not a great amount of cash, but there were my two daughters' jewels, some of them very fine ones. And Miss Smith-Curran had given me hers that evening and asked me to put them in safekeeping."

The bishop nudged Marsh, who ignored this unspoken "I told you so."

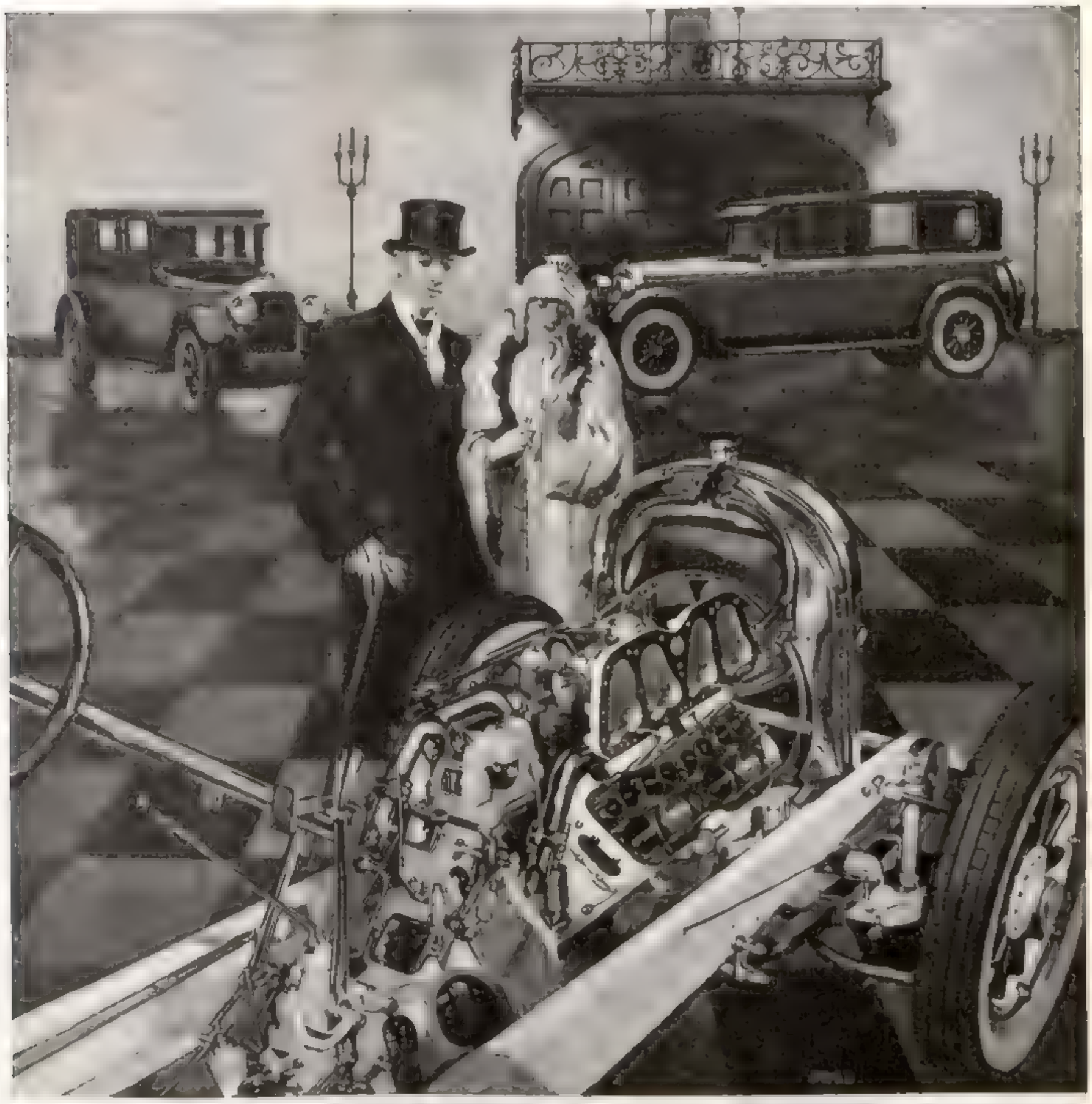
"These bandits," Marsh continued, "may not have been skilled cracksmen. Perhaps they had not even been able to discover the location of the safe. At any rate, it seemed much easier to have the safe opened for them. They divided their force, two coming to this spot in a speed launch while the two others waited in a car on the side of the road near the outskirts of the town. This pair had already informed themselves as to Mr. Dodge's cars and two chauffeurs."

"What?" cried the bishop. "You mean to say "

"Wait, please. You did some summing up last night, and now it is my turn. The two thieves in the boat, and it was a perfect night for it, took the first trick. They sneaked up to the house and were the pair seen by the major on the

(Continued on Page 40

CADILLAC MOTOR CARS V-63 STANDARD



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CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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CADILLAC

(Continued from Page 38)

terrace. Their plan was probably no more than to create an alarm that would lead to the summoning of the police. They cut the lighting and telephone wires so that a chauffeur would be sent in a car ——"

"But I say," interrupted the major, whose head was not so addled that it had failed to seize the point, "what jolly good would it have done them to impersonate police with everybody up and stirrin'?"

"They waited until nearly everybody had gone to bed, and perhaps they looked in and saw that everybody but Mr. Dodge had gone to bed. Their idea was that the supposed detectives, on their arrival, should ask that the safe be opened to discover if it had been robbed. I don't believe their plan included knocking Mr. Dodge on the head and carrying him here. They figured that once the safe was open for their inspection, they had only to hold up at the pistol's point whoever might be present, then beat it to their speed launch. But Major Smith-Curran's action complicated things—in their favor, as it turned out. Having knocked him on the head, they had to gather in Mr. Dodge also. Is that right, sir?"

"Right as rain, Marsh," Dodge said wearily. "I heard a curious noise outside the window and foolishly sat there listening. I thought you and the bishop had gone up. My mind was on Barclay. The next I knew there came a slithering behind me and a thud on top my head. I went down and out."

"Just as I thought, sir. Having disposed of you both, this thug signaled his pal, who cut the wires."

"No," Dodge interrupted, "I believe now the lights went out just before I was struck down."

"Well, the result was the same," Marsh continued. "Bishop Starr and I were still talking in a low tone at the foot of the stairs when the lights went out. We groped our way into the lair and found some matches, then discovered that Mr. Dodge was gone. We then carried out the program as projected by this gang, sent Johnson in the car for the police. Just as they had planned, he fell in with these thugs, who stopped him on the road, asked if there was any trouble at the Dodge place and told him that they were on their way to it, having been informed by telephone Central that the house did not answer to repeated calling. Everything ran smooth as oil. Learning that Mr. Dodge had disappeared, these bogus police asked that the safe be opened in order to search for anything in the nature of a clew to what looked like murder and the disposition of the corpse. Not unnaturally, Bishop Starr complied, called Cicely and asked her to open the safe. Perhaps the bishop will tell us what happened then. Miss Smith-Curran and I had gone out to look for traces of Mr. Dodge and her father, the major not having returned."

"All that sounds like a dime novel," said the bishop testily, "though perhaps there may be details of fact. We shall have to verify them later—when we find the poker."

"What's the poker got to do with it?" Marsh demanded. "There is no mark of it on Mr. Dodge's person."

"All the same, it's evidence—valuable evidence." The bishop's tone indicated rising choler.

"Well, then let's set it aside for the moment and get on," Marsh suggested. "Where were you and Cicely and Johnson while the thieves were looting the safe?"

"McQuentin, I find your tone offensive, not to mention lacking in respect."

"We were looking round outside the house with electric torches," Cicely said quietly. "One of these sham policemen suggested that father might not be very far away and in pressing need of aid."

"Then why," Marsh queried, "should they have bolted like that? They came sprinting past Miss Smith-Curran and me as if being chased." He looked round the group. "That is the point I first mentioned as needing a bit of clearing up."

Nobody volunteering to clear it up, the bishop returned to the poker.

"May I ask what you did with the thing, Major?"

"Blessed if I know. How could I, seeing that I was knocked silly? Must have been a sandbag. My head's not so sore, but the muscles of my neck are, along the spine."

"Same with me," Dodge said. "I came to, though, as I was being carried along on a man's back He warned me to keep quiet if I liked my life."

Marsh returned to his former query.

"Now what made them bolt like that?"

"Perhaps, when we find the poker ——"

"Oh, blow the poker, bishop, if you don't mind my putting it that way," Smith-Curran drawled languidly. "It's where I dropped it, I fancy, unless the blighter that laid me out thought that he might need a poker some day."

Fortunately for the peace of the gathering there arrived at this moment both chauffeurs, the butler, valet and second man. They had brought two camp cots, canvas in wooden frames, and despite the protests of both Dodge and the major that they were able to walk, the others insisted that they be carried. The procession then started along the shore to an easier place of ascent. Cicely went on ahead with the bishop. Iona rather to Marsh's displeasure, walked at his side. She drew him back.

"Cheer up, Marsh. This will work out all right."

"Well, it's already worked out better than I dared hope. All the same, it leaves a bitter taste."

"I know. Cicely's a silly. So is that fool of a bishop. I'm so ashamed it makes me sick—first of having persuaded you to throw the poker into the sea, then of trying to choke you. But the evidence against poor daddy was so horribly strong, and I couldn't tell what you might find next to make it worse, if possible."

"I don't blame you, Iona," Marsh said bitterly. "I've been convicted myself on insufficient evidence. And certainly in your father's case it was a lot stronger than in my own."

"Black as ink, Marsh, the entire chain of it those starlings and the poker and dad's failing to return; then that light down there."

"There's still that matter of the starlings," Marsh said.

"Marsh, he never could be capable of anything like that. He may be sanguinary, but not a stealthy poisoner. First and last, he's a sportsman. His stalk of those burglars was like a tiger hunt; on foot, at night, and not even with a firearm. Oh, that fool bishop and his poker! To think of the agony we had no need of going through! Marsh, you were wonderful."

"A wonderful idiot. Still, I've some edge on the bishop when it comes to detecting."

"You don't really believe that dad had anything to do with those starlings?"

"My suspicions are petering out. The mere fact that the bishop built up the case against him is almost enough to make me dismiss it."

"Did Mr. Dodge believe it?"

"He was impressed, but not convinced, I think. He has suspended his decision until he talks to Barclay. I want to ask you a question. The whole thing appears to hang on the true answer to it. Was it your father who advanced Barclay the money to pay his gambling debt?"

Iona hesitated.

"What's that got to do with it?"

(Continued on Page 60)

She Raised Her Eyebrows a Little to Find Him and Her Mischievous Elf of a Nephew in Such Close Accord

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FROM AN OLD HOUSE

Summer—By Joseph Hergesheimer

ONE of the privileges of living in Chester County, with its mementos of a green England, was the boxwood hedges and trees faithfully planted through the countryside. they were refreshing to see, and often they could be bought. Mr. Sears' plans demanded box, but that was no more emphatic than my determination to have it; nothing else planted, I thought, had its beauty of appearance and associations: the age to which, unimpaired, it survived, the memories of the gardens it adorned, the minute close leaves with a surface like lacquer, the scent, made it supreme. My appreciation of it was long delayed; little by little it had come into my consciousness; first by report, then with passing glances, and now, subjected, I was engaged in searching for it beside all the farmhouses, in all the lanes, I could trace.

The Screened Lawn

Again I had been late—it could still be seen, enjoyed in its original settings, and, perhaps easier than ever before, purchased—the landscape architects for the great surrounding, or removed, estates had seen to that. The farmers, the dwellers in old stone houses along the old turnpikes, were in a state of amazement, and expectation, at what, they had heard, was paid for a hedge, a knot, of boxwood—a thousand dollars, two thousand; three thousand dollars had been given for the box in a churchyard of Nantmeal. This made it difficult for me; although, fortunately, the prices asked were so large that even my extravagance was saved. Mr. Sears, though, found me four bushes, glossy and symmetrical, that I could afford; and the Mr. Lewis whose avocation was exactly that, gave me his expert assistance.

Dorothy saw some boxwood in a back yard in West Chester—we had passed it a hundred times—and it was moved to the Dower House; a wider bush, it now stood under the corner of the sleeping porch, we acquired while we were out for dinner; but Percy Darlington guided us to our most important discovery. He had seen a box hedge at Font, he told us, an exceptionally good one; and, if we cared to, we might drive there with them, look at it. His car dropped down a hill to a crossroads; and, reaching in a double row from a fence to a house of aged brick, the hedge appeared.

Let Percy do the talking, Dorothy warned me; he'd be better than you. We were getting out of the car and the owner of the boxwood hedge strolled forward to meet us. We wanted to see your hedge again, Percy explained; and we brought some friends. Already impatient I broke into this, Do you want to sell it? Dorothy made a restraining signal. Well, the man before me replied, it's been there a long while; we're used to it. But we need a bathroom right badly. Yes, I guess I'd sell it, if I could get what I wanted. Percy Darlington parted the short stiff branches with a hand. How much would that be? Mr. Darlington, the other returned. I have to have four hundred dollars; that's what the bathroom would cost. I'll take it, I began to say, but I got no further than I'll—for Julia and Dorothy and Percy for a second concentrated on me their joined disapproval. Percy shook his head. I have to get that or there will be no sale. His assertion held a note of finality - in the end we paid more. The vender of box, who, in the past, had been huntsman for Bayard Kane, wanted a rabbit hound, and we promised him one.

I had become the possessor of the thickest, the oldest, box hedge I had yet seen, but the problem of moving it remained, and that I delegated to Mr. Lewis. It was—there were eighty feet of the hedge a heavy undertaking; the boxwood, on flat trucks, arrived in sections, its roots carefully bagged; and, shifted on platforms, it was set in a trench extending from the kitchen porch to the back of my ground, shutting away the vegetable garden from the grass slope which bound the garage court. On its inner side there was a sod walk that, leading through the wood house, carried the line of the terrace gates and the lower flagging.

We remembered, then, another boxwood hedge, planted fifteen years before by Martha Dunning, on the place beyond ours. We had bought the Dower House from George Dunning—he had lived above it on the hill—and I asked Andrew to negotiate with Mr. McCamant, who had succeeded the Dunnings, for the hedge. In this, it immediately developed, Andrew was successful, although Mr. McCamant hadn't been deaf to the rumors of a process which was transmuting an evergreen into gold. The trucks, the young men in khaki and powerful negroes, of the landscape gardeners, again appeared at the Dower House, and the box was put at the top of the long main terrace, where a walk broke through the shrubbery and curved around to stone steps.

At first, very privately, I had been disappointed in the scent of boxwood; I had read endless descriptions of its sharp magic, its power to stir the mind; but, sniff as I might, I could discover no moving odor. I found no scent and I did find large and displeasing black spiders. For spiders, certainly, it was ideal; but, as I had explained, I had no philanthropic impulses where they were concerned. Such a smell didn't, outside romantic pages, exist, I told myself; and then, skirting the vegetable garden on a hot dry night, the odor of the box enveloped me in a magical cloud.

It was a strange scent, like the odor of the past; its potency to stir the mind had not been exaggerated. Resembling nothing else it floated about me—the perfume, a camphor, of lost gardens.

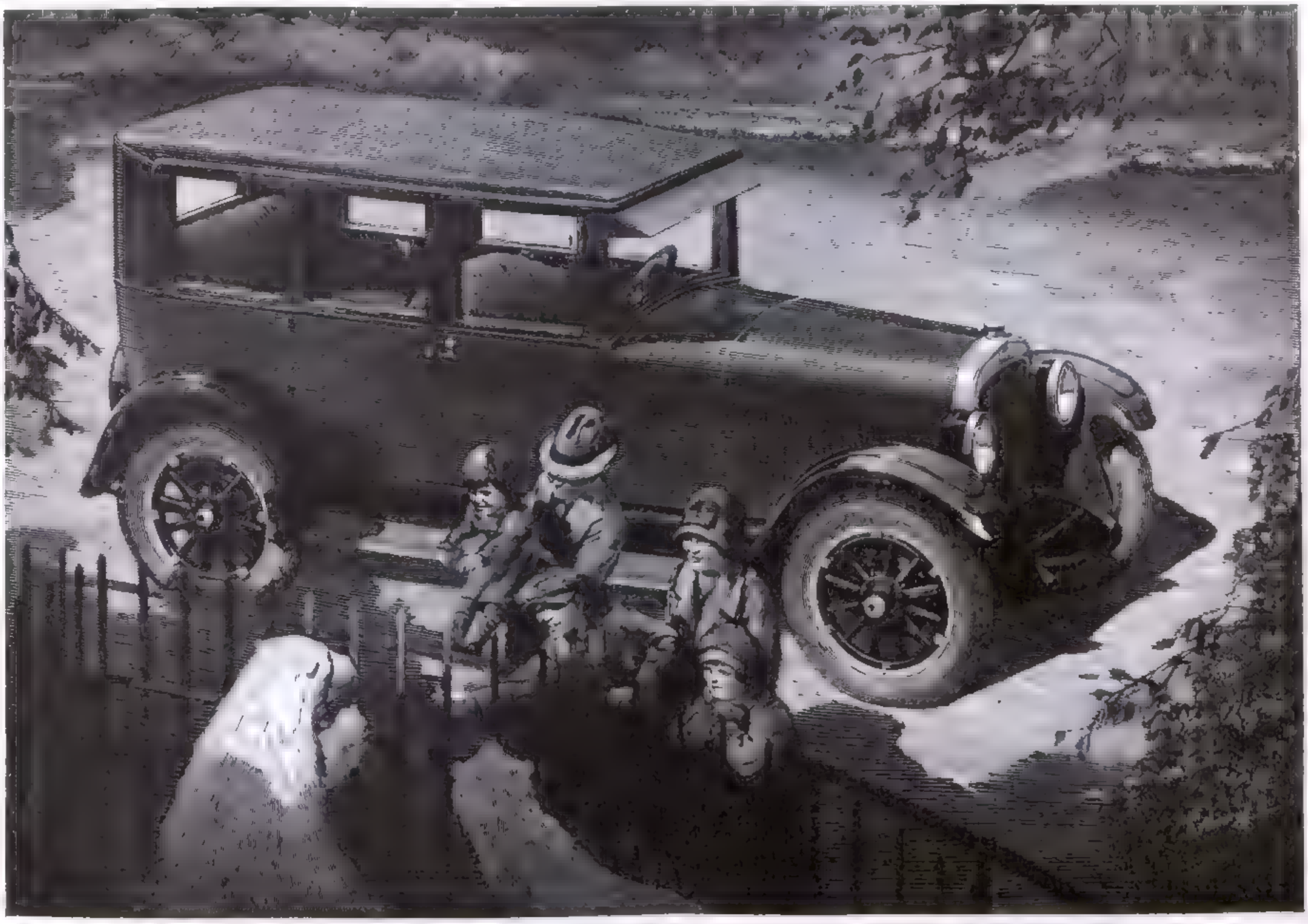
I was flooded with inherited memories, the echoes of emotions both halted in death and perpetuated from life to life. It bore palpably, equally, the influences of life and death; its very longevity bound it to the mortality it had survived. And its scent was stronger than cigarettes. At one time I hadn't smoked for a year, and within a week of that period my sense of smell had improved; it became infinitely more sensitive, a source of increasing delight. I had, once, cruised south on a small yacht, Vincent Gilpin's ketch, the Wabun; we lived on deck, in the water; at night we lay in anchorages by empty beaches, up lonely streams; for three months we breathed a salt purity; and when I returned to cities the air seemed too thick, too soiled, to sustain life decently. Yet I began to smoke again, I went often into cities and never back among the sisal hemp islands of the Carolina coast.

In years gone by, Dorothy had never perfumed her person with scented extracts, colognes; but now her dressing table—the walnut lowboy carved with shells from Virginia—had its oddly shaped bottles with ornamental stoppers, its slender violet or green vials, from Paris; there was a carmine lip stick, compact powder, in the various bags that everywhere accompanied her. This was a universal custom; I had arrived, after brief protests against a mere change, at the understanding that she couldn't, in her feminine sphere, be peculiar; but I wondered how, no longer than ten years ago, women had been so successfully seductive without such aids. Perhaps it was that the affair of seductiveness had, in itself, as an end, grown more important. I could see that the competition had become sharper, the rules were notably relaxed; lips today must be red, charm carried abroad on scent, at any price.

The Wren House

A tremendous harsh clatter rose with a ponderous steam roller crushing the graded stones and a preparation of tar into the hard surface of the garage court; a truck that was,

(Continued on Page 44)



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Oakland Motor Car Company, Pontiac, Michigan

OAKLAND SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 42)

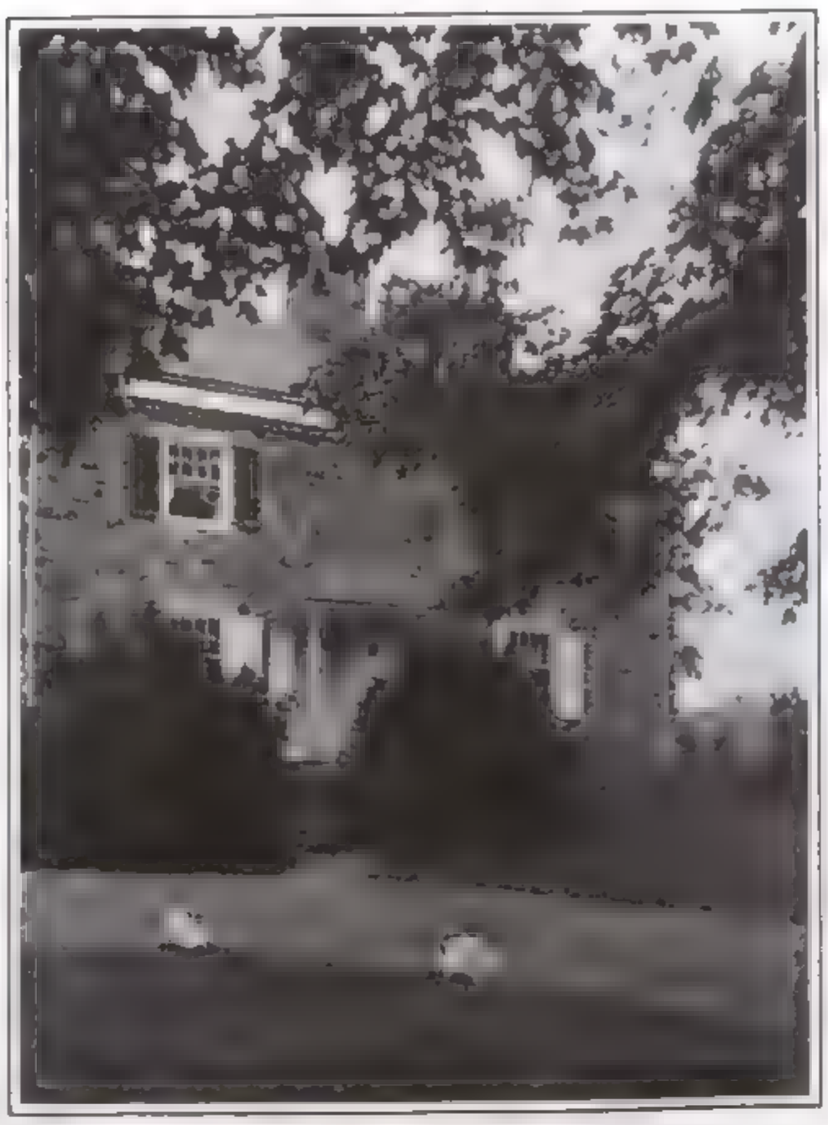
in reality, an immense tank on wheels, supplied the thick black tar; idle, it dripped in viscid and iridescent pools; and through which, naturally, the dogs walked, followed afterward by the accurate prints of where their paws fell. They could be traced, unhappily, into the kitchen, over oak floors, and on the stones of the terrace. I was considering, at that time, the rebuilding of the stable; Mr. Okie had brought me more engaging drawings—two rooms and a bath above for servants, an increased practicable space below, and an outside flight of stairs. It would be a fitting part with the house, with what Mr. Sears was doing in the gardens. We looked thoughtfully at the blue prints. Then:

There would have to be a furnace, I commented. Yes, Mr. Okie replied. And a cellar dug? I looked up. He nodded. A great deal of stonework that would take, how long? Two months, he imagined, would be sufficient. We had already been out of the Dower House for thirteen months; Andrew's forbearance with the presence of workmen who, he had insisted, did everything but work, was exhausted; I was sick of the sound of hammers, tired of beds of mortar; my interest in the skilled trades had been fully satisfied; and so I said to Mr. Okie, we'll do the stable later. Next year. Absorbed in the completest perfection of his vision of the Dower House he was, I saw, disappointed. The hipped roof of the stable interfered with his peace of mind. But I couldn't help that.

I wasn't capable of facing the necessity of again sending to Louisiana for a shipment of cypress shingles. Not just then. Mr. Sears' provision of a shelter for casual automobiles, as well, I denied myself, until another year. They could stand out in the rain, or in the snow; and we would continue to make the diagonal and inconvenient entrance into the stable, the harness room, demanded by its present form.

It was the thought of a second furnace, above everything, that deterred me from further improvement; more digging, more pipes, more tinsmiths, more plumbers explaining that theirs was a peculiarly damp and unhealthy vocation, and, probably, a still different sized coal to buy! No. We can't afford it, I said to Dorothy. Startled, she gazed at me; her manner clearly indicating it was rather late for that. But she agreed. I could not bear the noise, she added. And then, if we did rebuild the stable now, wherever would I put the things that are in the loft? I couldn't, remembering all that was there, answer: the loft held the half-discarded remainders of the sixteen years we had been married. There was the first desk Dorothy had possessed—once it had seemed impressive—a modern affair combining, in a limited space, all the characteristics of the celebrated cabinetmakers and historic periods of furniture, and coated with a varnish that even continued neglect had been powerless to dull; a collapsed couch hammock was beside it, the green-and-white canvas streaked by rain and rust; our old dining-room table—it was oak, stained dark, what in style was, very long ago, called Mission—bore unraveling wicker chairs; there were oil stoves, boxes of photographs in frames with the glass broken; piles of magazines which contained my early stories—I used to buy at least a dozen of each—a Pennsylvania dower chest dated and painted blue. It had stood in the dining room; the walnut chest with panels from Pine Forge took its place; and now that, moved into the hall, was succeeded by the sofa.

Twelve decorated chairs, six each of a design,



Boxwood Bushes

were ranged in a dust-covered row by a small walnut sideboard, two painted rocking-chairs were motionless; and the boarded-in room where Charlie had slept—complaining throughout the winter of the cold—managed somehow to keep an air of his personality. The pictures he had selected still hung on the rough walls; a photograph of a cousin, not Charlie's, in a dinner dress, a poster announcing The Professional Game, my beginning in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, a faded photograph of a Virginia mountain stream in which I was fishing knee-deep, and some highly colored lithographs of opulent ladies to which the calendars of the past still adhered.

I recalled the presence of a box of letters under the bed, letters, mostly, from magazines declining the stories I had sent them. But among them were souvenirs of Europe, the fans Dorothy had been given in Paris cafés, elaborate menus of hotel dinners, cards advertising hairdressers and booksellers and shops in Naples for the sale of tortoise shell and coral. I had opened that box lately and read some of the folded and discoloring pages, but I had soon stopped, depressed by the melancholy which rose from them. They were addressed, under my name, to a youth who had, for all immediate purposes, died.

I regarded that phase of my past with no tenderness; I didn't want to open again its letters or remember the figures who had composed it; I had kept no associations, no associates, from the twenties; my life, except for my marriage, had begun with the publication of The Lay Anthony. I had known John Hemphill before then, but only superficially. The truth was that I owed nothing to those shades of an unprospering time: except for Dorothy, I had no immediate family, and the rest, relatives, connections, were as absorbed in their separate fates as I was in mine.

I trusted they were successful, that their children would make advantageous marriages, and turned to my world of ink and paper, to the Dower House.

The garage with the exterior stairway, the rooms and bath above, however, would have to come still later—a year had already gone since I discussed it with Mr. Okie; and I was no nearer its building. It waited at the back of my intentions with a stone water tower and a retaining wall binding the upper field from the vegetable garden. That same position in Dorothy's hopes was occupied by a swimming pool with a marble lip and green benches, steps sheathed in rubber and a gay awning. Perhaps, in a totally hidden future. So much that was extravagant had happened that prediction was vain. You detest mosquitoes, I told her, and yet you want a pool of water. We'd screen it, she replied indefinitely; and give parties.

We talked about the apple orchard to occupy the south sloping field; with a characteristic impatience I wanted it at once; old, twisted gray limbs and showers of petals in May, a shadowy retreat for summer afternoons. Andrew says it ought to be kept plowed, Dorothy continued; and we'll plant peach trees between the apples; they will help pay for it, and when they are done the apple trees will be grown. That wasn't my idea at all, I explained, exasperated: I want an apple orchard thick with grass to think in. You can't have it until it does grow, she said; it isn't a swimming pool.

There was an orchard near Kennett Square so large that it was divided by post and rail fences, there were wagon tracks and gates; it was very aged—long past any possibility of profit—and utterly without scientific care. The grass was rank, hiding the silver roots and lower trunks of the trees—the apple that fell into it shone dimly red like a veiled moon—clumps of sweet grass and yellow daisies, black-eyed Susans. It, resembling the Dower House, was peaceful, remote; disturbing sounds were powerless to enter its thickets of leaves; almost never was anyone to be encountered in the open ways between boughs often resting on the ground. It had a further inexplicable quality, within its limits time seemed to have no existence.

I'd cross the fence at early afternoon, wander among the trees, penetrating deeper and deeper, and in a moment apparently the dark would be on me. Somewhere in it, a high clearing, a place of gray rocks,

(Continued on Page 87)

Summer

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E X C E L L E N C E

GREEN MANGO PIE

"Let the Boat Leave at Once," She Said, and Removed Her World From My Contaminating Presence

By Marjory Stoneman Douglas

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

IT'S a funny thing about love. All the Niagaras and floods and tidal waves of conversation have never proved anything about it except just that—that it's funny about love. You may believe, with the sentimental lady novelists, that it is a sweet, suffocating enchantment, or with the heavy scientists, that it is an unpleasant biologic necessity. Until suddenly something comes along whose name you cannot spell, whose appearance you do not recognize, which hits you in the head in a never-before-imagined manner, and there you are, astonished and blinking, but in love. And being on the inside, looking out, is just as tumultuous and unpremeditated as if it had been made up at that moment for your personal benefit, for the first and only time on any planet. It is the most worn-out, absurd, hackneyed old practical joke in the world, and the youngest miracle. It certainly is funny about love. Look at Doc and me.

It began, if you can call that a beginning, at Podgoritsa in Montenegro the year after the Armistice. As a newspaper woman, I had been sent out from Red Cross headquarters in Paris to write up the work of the various civilian relief units in the Balkans. I had finished my work here and was going on tomorrow. I think I was a little drunk with this going on—Albania tomorrow, Serbia next month, after that Saloniki and Athens, and perhaps even Constantinople. It was like riding half across the world with the wind of all the world in my face. I was a girl in love only with going, a woman riding away. That is why, after a gallop in moonlight, I hardly noticed the man who had casually asked me to go for a stroll and a thimbleful of Turkish coffee. That was why Doc and I sat with our elbows on a battered wooden table, under a row of thick, pollarded willows, ink and silver-green in the swimming green moonlight, across the road from the blank white walls and low yellow light of a tavern.

I had been aware only vaguely that this man and I had fallen easily into stride. I was thankful that he hadn't wanted to talk. The warm ruddy light from a match in his cupped hands drew my eyes to his face. Then the match went out and his face was again only a whitish blur in the shadows. But in that flash something had happened. As if my mind had been a photographic plate, his face was stamped upon it, the stubby nose, the bleached brown eyebrows—the left with a quizzical angular slant—a bristle of sandy hair, a straight mouth with a line at one corner as if his laughter were quick and easy, but could be rueful—all of it with a vivid reality that startled me. It was so vivid it became instantly familiar, as if I had known him a long, long time. Just that flash, and suddenly it seemed to me we were the only two people left in a world of empty, windy green moonlight.

I remember still being startled by it, while I was thinking that his low voice was unusually pleasant. Then, after a minute, I found he was telling me about a girl he had met when he was with the Army in Germany—a German girl with whom he was undoubtedly very much in love. I wasn't even surprised by his frankness. When he stopped we drank our coffee and the blank moon crawled higher on the blank white wall. There was the smell of dust on the road and dew on the thin leaves, stirring a little overhead. A dog barked, far away and muffled. All the town was shuttered into a heavy sleep. I spoke vaguely of the feeling it gave me, of time halted a little, and he stirred and looked at me as if for the first time. I was conscious of eyes that searched and held.

"There is something about it," he said, and his voice was only a murmur. "I —— That's funny."

"What's funny?" I said absently.

"Why"—he hesitated, and peered at me again—"here I've been spilling all this to you, as if you cared. But now that I have—I don't know. For a week I've been miserably restless. Country getting on my nerves, maybe. I had my mind all made up to leave for Germany tomorrow and make Elsa marry me. . . . What's the matter?"

I had no idea that I had exclaimed. Only, with a vehemence that shocked me, I knew, knew violently, that he must not go back to that girl. Anything would be better than to have him marry her. Yet as suddenly as it had assailed me the violence quieted.

"But now"—he settled back more comfortably in his chair, with a long relaxed breath—"now I don't believe I shall. Galloping out there, something you said—I don't know. It's nice here. Cool and dark and quiet, something to smoke, somebody to talk to. What's the use of all this dashing around? It's only yourself you find at the end of any road. Darned if I can think of a thing I want right now." The silence drew around us more closely. His voice was scarcely articulate. "What's your name, by the way, please? I keep forgetting."

I didn't care. "Cicely Heston," I murmured, watching the shadow of a leaf across his hand. Nice hand. "What's yours? Doctor, aren't you?"

"Um—Doc Brownell. Old Doc Johnny, the Montenegrin family friend. Cures everything in these parts—warts, rheumatism, broken legs, sore eyes, malnutrition, gunshot wounds, impetigo, stone bruises, typhus, holes in teeth and chronic old age."

"Wish you could cure a bad case of hunger," I drowsed on. "Wish I had a piece of pie." The clear shout of laughter he gave roused me, and I laughed too. "Well, I do too wish I had a piece of pie," I insisted. "I want a piece of lemon meringue with the under crust flaky and the yellow an inch thick and lemony as anything, with two tall inches of heaped frothy meringue on top, browned on the ridges, with little gold beads of melted sugar standing on it and lusciousness oozing out of it. I want a piece as big as that; and then, maybe ——"

"That's just like a woman," he interrupted, leaning over the table and wagging a long forefinger at me. "When you're hungry, all you can think of is whipped nothing with sugar on it. Listen to me, woman; don't waste your wishes on lemon pie or pumpkin pie or sweet-potato pie or open-faced huckleberry pie or any such trash. You just get busy wishing for the only genuine food pie in the world, a deep-dish green-mango pie, with slathers of yellow cream on it. Then you'll be wishing."

(Continued on Page 48)

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PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

(Continued from Page 46)

"What are you talking about?" I demanded, sitting up straight. "I don't believe there is any such pie in the world."

"You don't believe—no such —— Why, you poor foolish woman critter, where were you dragged up? You mean you never ate green-mango pie?"

"No; and what's more, I don't know what mango is."

"Not—know—what—a—mango—is!" he repeated, and as he leaned forward the moonlight brightened his grin that reached to eyes suddenly brilliant gold-brown. It made all his friendly vividness twice as vivid. "Well, sir, lady, you've got something to live for. A fruit the shape of nothing you ever saw before, that fits heavy and solid into your palm, all one rosy coral color, with patches of black satin on it. You never heard of a mango? Inside, a rosy yellow meat from which, when you eat it with a spoon that cuts it like butter, you learn a taste you never knew existed before—the sweetness of peaches and the tang of pineapple, the vigor of champagne and the substance of coconut milk; a lingering, dripping, juicy, exotic flavor, the best fruit meat in this world. That's what ripe mango is like. Mind you, I'm not telling you what it is. I'm only telling you what it's like. Green mango is the fresh keen youth of all that which, cooked into pie —— Oh, don't make me burst into tears!"

"But—but where do you get them? Where do they grow?"

"They grow on trees like dark shining green haystacks under the hot whiteness of a tropic sun, and after you know the rich shadows of them and the solid thatch of their pointed leaves, you'll know why in India the mango is the symbol of eternal life. There's something strong and living and splendid about mango trees."

"But pie?"

"Absolutely, pie! Green mangoes, like smooth green stones tied by long strings to the curved thatch of the tree. And your Aunt Hattie takes 'em and makes 'em into pie. Lord, girl, you haven't even ever heard of pie yet!"

"You're making me perfectly ravenous," I cried. "But where—how do you find them?"

He watched his cigarette smoke drift through a shaft of moonlight and went on talking with his head tilted back:

"When you come to the place where the roads lead straight from one edge of sky to the other, when all around the horizon in black ranks queer pine trees grow, when two roads cross each other and five mango trees stand as if they'd been standing there since the world was new, then you'll know you're there."

"But where?" I insisted. "Asia, Africa, America? How will you go back from here?"

He moved abruptly, put his chin on his hand, stared at the table top in a swift change of mood, a dark, brooding, lowering mood. I had been so keyed to him that I felt it instantly, and hated it.

He said, "I don't know that I'll ever go back."

I gritted my teeth. He mustn't go back to Germany—he mustn't.

"But you must go back," I said. "How shall I ever get my pie? Promise you will."

I don't know why he peered at me so suddenly then. Everything was queer that night. With one gesture, he lit a match and thrust it into my face, so that I shrank back from the flame.

"What—what's the matter?" I asked.

The match was out. I could see nothing in the sudden dark.

"I'd no idea you were—beautiful," he said slowly, and I felt my face burn. But he went on: "I'm a little foolish about promises. I never make them, because I have to keep them. I don't know why."

It went to my head a little—that glimpse of hidden fiber in him, as if that were the thing I was fighting for.

"But this isn't a foolish promise," I insisted. "It's—oh, it's terribly important. I'm convinced of it. Promise me you'll go back to the green-mango-pie country. You've—you've just got to promise."

He stared at me across the table.

"Do you mean that?"

"I never meant anything so much in my life," I said, and found myself fighting back the perfectly ridiculous tears. And astonishingly, it was true too—I never had.

He took a long breath and stood up, and I stood up.

"All right," he said soberly, "I'll go back." And he patted me awkwardly on the shoulder.

There, that's all there was to that—absolutely everything. I didn't see him after that night. I went on to Albania in the morning. They said at mess breakfast that he had been called to a gunshot wound in the hills. It became to me only a quiet incident in much more exciting years. If you can pick any one thing out of that as a reason, not why I should have forgotten it but why I should ever have remembered it at all, go ahead and do it. I can't. From then on life became more and more engrossingly complex.

There came the hard days after the war and before the peace, when I had to learn, back on the pavements of New York, that the good days of going were over and the time of settling down was at hand. After three months of joblessness, I was only too thankful to get the difficult one of executive secretary to the all-powerful Mrs. Coolley. Those three months frightened me so badly that I was only too thankful to be absorbed, for work on children's hospitals and her jade collection, by that huge driving force.

Mrs. Coolley was the sort of woman to whom life itself is only something to be absorbed and driven. Her hard gray pompadour, her mottled fat white cheeks, her thick majestic fingers, her smooth cold voice, her immense body, were like the white jade she prized most—hard, suave, aristocratic stone. Only her bits of eyes, like bright green malachite, showed a softening sometimes, and that was for Eustace. Mrs. Coolley's passion was perfection, and Eustace was perfect. He had to be. His broad brow was clear under romantic black hair, his dark eyes hinted of fire, his lashes were heart-meltingly long, his face was intelligent, proud, beautifully modeled. He was simply any good girl's whole dream of a husband. Frankly, he became mine. I made up my mind that if there was any way possible, I would marry him. I made no pretense about it, to myself. And I had this to depend on—that Mrs. Coolley was the kind who would particularly savor the pleasure of creating, on a framework she had picked up anywhere, a daughter-in-law shaped to her own taste, groomed and made suitable to marry her perfect son. She liked me a little, I think, from the first, and she grew to depend on me. I don't remember when she first saw me as matrimonial material; but before I had ever met Eustace, who was shooting somewhere, within the first year, she was directing not only my work but my hairdressing, my dresses, my hats, my grooming, my exercise and my method of thinking. And when that dramatic evening came, when Eustace returned and I was presented to him, I was as unreal to myself as a carved, tinted, polished piece of ivory in a museum.

I remember I stood staring into the fire after dinner, feeling cool and smooth and pampered, breathing in the scent of roses, as if it were the essential essence of all this cushioned, magnificent existence. I moved to touch the great bowl of dark-red roses on a table, and as I moved I saw, down the room, a figure moving. It was a slender, remote figure in mist—white and pale gold, with wide dreaming eyes and hair shining splendidly, something as a young empress ought to look. Suddenly I saw that it was myself in a mirror; and as I looked, something deep within me stirred from sleep and snickered. It snickered at me, dressed up like the Empress of Snuffanuff; at me, acting like a purple-eyed idiot; me, that had been where I'd been, in love with the winds of the world. Yet when I turned around quickly Eustace was standing beside his mother looking at me, and there was in his eyes that same absorbing possessiveness Mrs. Coolley's had when she gazed at her precious tree of jade. The snicker went to sleep again.

That was two years before we came to Florida. The affair moved slowly, as Mrs. Coolley chose to have it move, smoothly, slowly and with dignity, giving Eustace plenty of time. Summers, she and I went to the Vermont estate, and sometimes he joined us there. The first winter Eustace went to Egypt. The next December he permitted himself to show me marked attention. I was included in Mrs. Coolley's few arctic and official dinners for the whole family. They bought me an entire new wardrobe and we went to the opera together, as the final test of my ability to wear clothes as the possible Coolley daughter-in-law-elect.

In January, after we had come to Florida and were well settled in the lovely Miami place they had taken, after life had been groomed to its utmost perfection, Eustace proposed to me. I accepted him. The ring, already ordered, was wired for. The New York papers featured the engagement. Mrs. Coolley was complaisant. Eustace was wonderful. I was dizzy. My days cuddled down into the triumphant future like cream-fed kittens in a basket.

Why, at the very moment when Eustace, leaning over me, slipped that gorgeous diamond and aquamarine engagement ring on my finger, and bent his beautiful dark head down to imprint the engagement salute upon my lips, should that snickering deep self of me have bounced up suddenly, broad, staring, stark awake? The aquamarine was green-lit and swimming, like Montenegrin moonlight. As Eustace's lips descended possessively, they might not have been there at all, for I was remembering green-mango pie. Eustace started back abruptly.

"My dear Cicely," he said, "pray what do you find to laugh at?"

"Oh, Eustace," I said, trying to pull my face straight, "I just thought—I mean—Eustace, did you ever eat green-mango pie?"

"Is it a joke?" he said stiffly.

My absurdity was comprehensible to me also. Eustace had every right to be disgusted.

"Please forgive me, Eustace," I said, and slipped a hand through his arm. "The ring is marvelous. I'm—I'm just excited, I guess. And, oh, Eustace, I'm so restless! I wish we could do something—get on a horse and gallop, just on and on and on."

Eustace laughed forgivingly, with an arm around me.

"Suppose we have out the Sea Lark tomorrow and run across to Gun Cay. Rogers tells me we need some more Scotch. Will you like that?"

"I'd love it. And we'll let the Sea Lark out and go very fast, just the two of us?"

"Of course, you lovely thing. How your eyes shine! I think mother will enjoy it too. Naturally, it will depend on its being calm."

So the next day I sat in the forward cockpit of the Sea Lark, quite alone, because Eustace had gone back to the after deck to be with Mrs. Coolley, feeling exultant and thrilled and alive as I hadn't felt for ages, drenched and saturated with sun and salt air and hours of roaring rushing speed. The captain had swung the boat in a great arc around the outer point of Gun Cay reef, where the lighthouse is a slender white-hot shaft. The boat went like a great horse galloping smoothly, like a great bird skimming in low, lovely flight. Within the shallow curve of the barren ridge of reef we shot through a sea of blinding green crystal, flying half through, half over it, until I could only blink and grin with delight. Even when the Sea Lark slowed down and a boy came forward to be ready to heave the anchor, I was a cup brimming with happiness. With this rapture of color and speed and light, even my awakened self was satisfied.

I had hardly noticed the frowzy heavy-weighted schooners of the rum fleet from Nassau. We had drawn close. Our anchor splashed and held. Voices and chuckling water noises and the woolly sound of frayed rigging filled the silence left suddenly by the engines. The broad gunwale of a schooner lurched near and in a casual glance I saw its deck was stacked with wooden cases and littered with straw and similar untidiness. A few huge negroes lounged and stared, and two or three others, under the direction of a burly white man with one arm in a sling, moved to put down a plank so that Eustace's steward and Rogers, the butler, could go aboard. I noticed how blue the captain's eyes were in his rather pleasant British face, and the evident reluctance of Rogers, the dignified, to venture among the cases. It looked a battered, dissolute, hard-driven old ship enough, but I was more fascinated, dreamily, with the sunlit depths of clear, clean water dancing below both our keels.

Then, with no warning of any sort, the world turned over and righted itself suddenly, with a voice speaking to me from five feet away, the most vivid, familiar voice in the world.

"Lift up your head," it said urgently. "Won't you please lift up your head?"

I jerked upright, not daring to think whose voice I knew, in a flash, that it was. I stared and stared. It was Doc Brownell, of Montenegro; the voice of Doc Brownell and the face of Doc Brownell, his bristly hair, his direct bright brown eyes, the straight mouth curving eagerly. A queer trembling ran down my knees.

"It—it is Doc Brownell, isn't it?" I said half questioningly, for as he grinned I was seeing how different his face was from my memory of it. His eyes were deeper, his jaw was more angular. He looked tired, too, and on his cheek the beginning stubble of a beard caught the light with the gleam of copper wire. His shirt was torn. He didn't look even very respectable, and yet I trembled a little.

"Who did you think I was?" he said. His brown hands were tight on the rail.

"But I never expected to find you—down here."

"You made me come back."

"Here? You mean it's the green-mango-pie country?"

"Bless your heart, you did remember, after all."

I heard myself speaking suddenly with a voice like a thin wall.

"Oh, Doc, what are you doing on that—that dreadful boat?"

As a background to him, I saw it reeking with vice and immorality. Yet a slow, cheerful grin spread on his face.

"What's wrong with it?"

"I hate your being on it, that's what. You don't suppose I made you come home for this."

It was as if, in his long, direct, golden look, something electric and stirring passed between us.

"And what if I am a bootlegger? What would you do about it?"

I ground my teeth together.

"I'd yank you into this cockpit so fast it would make your head spin, and I'd give you the talking to of your life." I shocked myself with my own savage temper.

"Looking like this? I haven't any socks on."

"If you hadn't any shirt on."

"Hold on a minute then," he said, and walked across to the British captain.

Shutting my throat tight against the tears, I watched the stocky older man lean a casual ear to Doc and then turn quickly around and stare at him. Doc was speaking, quickly and softly. The captain gave him a long slow look, and then nodded. Before I had any idea what Doc was going to do, he was pouring himself in a long curve from the ship's gunwale to the seat beside me. We both sat

(Continued on Page 50)

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(Continued from Page 48)

down rather suddenly on the soft cushions I think he had my hand, but I was chiefly aware of the hard-packed muscles of his shoulders, the close impact of his personality

Behind us, the engines of the Sea Lark exploded into thunder. The boy came forward to pull up the anchor. The woodwork under my other hand shivered. We moved forward slowly until clear of the British boat, and then as the captain shoved her into first the bow lifted and lifted and we were curving about in a long welter of spray and racket, past the rum fleet, past the lighthouse, straightening out, in one long sustained roar, over the living purple of the Gulf Stream waters, due west for Florida.

"Well," I said, a little breathlessly, "here you are."

"Great, isn't it?" he answered. "I've got to get back tomorrow morning by daylight."

"Oh, Doc," I wailed, "not to that horrid boat! Oh, why did you ever do it? The best doctor in the Balkans, and now this ——"

"You don't have to worry; I'm no bootlegger. I'm still the old family physician of Homestead, Redlands and way stations. What are you laughing at?"

"Do you care?" I answered, a little lightheaded with reaction.

He shut a surprisingly grim mouth on a word he started to say, but his eyes were dancing too.

"Here's how it happened: Fishing off Cat Cay the other day, they called me over to fix up Dave Pinder's bad arm. A bunch of these hijacking bootleg pirates that Dave won't play ball with laid themselves out to frame him. Awhile back one of these other schooners was held up and robbed. Every man jack of them swears that Dave was the man. It would be absurd except that the man was shot in the left shoulder as he made his get-away, and here Dave is with a hole in his shoulder where somebody plugged him the next night. You can see where that puts him. They had him arrested, but he's out on bail. But he goes back to Nassau tomorrow morning to stand trial, and I'm his only witness, because I dressed the wound and am the only one who can tell that it wasn't made by a bullet fired at ten feet, as they claim. So, you see, I've got to be back here at daybreak, when he pulls his mud hook. Dave was a bit worried to let me go. He said they might try to stop my coming back. Sensible of them if they did."

"You mean—shoot at you?"

He nodded down at me, his face beaming.

"Or stick a knife in me or something. These birds have taken up hijacking in a really serious way"

"But—but Dave let you ——"

"Oh, he knows I'll get back. I promised I would. There's a sea sled coming over late tonight. Goodness alive, pie girl, you don't suppose I'd let you get away again without running after you, do you?"

He certainly moved quickly. For there he had my hand again, squeezing it until it hurt. But when I looked down, it was my engagement ring that hurt most. And for the first time since Doc had spoken to me I remembered whose boat it was. I remembered Eustace and Mrs. Coolley. I managed to withdraw my hand. It was just as well that I did, for the very next moment there was Eustace himself standing on the little cockpit ladder at my elbow.

"Cicely darling," he said, "do forgive me for leaving you. I was —— Oh ——"

Eustace had caught sight of Doc's long rumpled trousers legs, his bare ankles, his feet in those disreputable white sneakers.

"Oh, Eustace," I babbled frantically, too effusively, as a woman will who tries to throw a screen of words around something she is trying to hide, "it's the most extraordinary thing—this is Doctor Browneil. Mr. Coolley—Doc—I knew him years ago in Montenegro and I persuaded him to come back with us to Miami so that I could ask him about all the people we used to know. I ——"

Doc had risen easily to brace his shoulders against the windshield and look down at Eustace. Eustace, from the ladder, glared up at him. His immaculate white linen certainly made Doc look more than ever like something the dog had dug up. Looking at Eustace, I felt confused and miserable, as if I had been caught reverting to my original gutter. But when I glanced back at Doc—well, suddenly I didn't give a whoop. The pupils of Doc's eyes were jet points set in gold. His mouth smiled calmly.

"Thanks awfully for the lift, Mr. Coolley. I came aboard rather unceremoniously, when I recognized Cicely here. Hope I'm not intruding too much."

Eustace said "Ha-unh" and disappeared down the ladder like a peevish jack-in-the-box. But Doc stood looking down at me, and I could read that under his quiet surface he was angry, angrier than Eustace knew how to be, an anger that made me afraid, deliciously.

"Who's that?" he asked.

I couldn't have lied to him if I had wanted to, there was that about his voice.

"He's the man I'm engaged to marry," I said.

"He is, is he?" said Doc, after a little minute. "Look at me!" I couldn't help it. I had to drag my eyes up to that black-pointed stare. "Do you love him?"

I gasped a little, and yet for the first time I found myself considering the question of being in love with Eustace.

"I—I don't know," I said, after a minute.

His stare lasted half a breath longer, and then his face crinkled into a knowing, quizzical grin as he flung himself down on the cushions again.

"Oh, well," he said, "it's funny about love. Now tell me everything you've been doing since you left Podgoritsa that morning."

I can't give you any idea of the distance between Gun Cay and the Coolleys' landing, on the shores of Biscayne Bay. It seemed then about fifteen minutes. The foolish, vivid, laughing talk made Eustace's well-rounded conversational flow seem like a wilted lettuce sandwich in contrast to a full beefsteak dinner. It made me feel actually like a human being again, instead of a wax figure. I said something of the sort to Doc.

"Listen," he said abruptly. "If I can telephone home and dig up a hunk of green-mango pie, will you cut all this for an hour or so and come and eat it with me?"

"Of course," I said.

I didn't think anything about it until Doc and I, quite unnoticed, strolled up the Coolley lawn after Mrs. Coolley and Eustace. Then I went suddenly panicky with terror. For on the terrace Mrs. Coolley had turned and was waiting for us, prodigiously, looking at us as if from a long distance off. Yet Doc continued to stroll with his hands in his pockets as if Mrs. Coolley were not the supreme arbiter of my existence but only a motherly elderly woman accustomed to giving him cookies. I hardly remember what he said to her, in explanation that he had asked me, me alone, the affianced of Eustace, to dinner, and that I had accepted. I only remember how Mrs. Coolley stood, with her heavy stone face, looking out to sea, Eustace behind her, shocked stiff with the enormity of my deed.

"I am not quite certain," she said, in a chill, suave, deadly murmur, "whether diamonds and aquamarines are, after all, in the best taste for an engagement ring."

The chill of that was still lingering with me as I stood at 5:30 waiting for Doc on the edge of the porch. It was the tone of the executioner testing the ax. As I had dashed downstairs, after changing into a little dark green silk and hat, the great house was silent around me. The doorway was a great mouth aghast. What a fool I was being—an utter fool! And yet, just as I was trying to make myself turn and skulk back to my room, a muddy, battered old car ground up the curve of the drive and stopped with the most cheerful rattle in the world, and Doc leaned out and grinned at me from it. With one great wave of release and relief, I dashed down and climbed in beside him.

"At-a-girl!" was all he said as we sailed out the winding drive through the thick tropic jungle. I had all I could do to prevent myself throwing an arm around Doc's solid old shoulder beside me and hugging him. His brown muscular hand on the wheel was as steady as my trust in him. I leaned back, relaxed and thrilled, and all around me the road we were taking, the city and the trees and the darkening sky overhead bloomed into a heightened and precious reality.

Have you ever felt like that, as if all of you, from your toes to the hidden folds of your heart, were slowly coming to life? Have you ever felt that your whole ability for living was keyed up a notch or two, so that you saw everything more clearly, felt everything more keenly, reacted freely and immediately to the myriad impulses of all the wonderful life about you? That's the way I felt—alive at last. The old car was grinding down the straight roadway southward, past houses set deep among well-kept jungles, with overhead a sky deepening from pale amethyst into the enormous silent explosion of a Florida sunset. One huge bar of amazing molten gold ran with us, all the way, behind the queer black pine trees, behind the roofs of houses, behind sprays of palms. Later, in the sudden dusk, Doc leaned forward and snapped on our lights, and the road curved westward and then south again, paralleling railroad tracks, with a wind from wider prairies and pinelands blowing against us, with gleams of lamps in occasional shacks, with open swales pricked with fireflies. In my exultation, faces by the road, flying by and lost in the dark, stamped themselves clearly. Voices heard in a flash and forgotten remained in my ears. A group at a filling station, turning heads to see us go, was as dramatic as a stage mob. A cat's eyes glaring flat and green from bushes were an accented decoration. The long shriek of a locomotive across pineland was the very voice of the night.

That was probably why, when we stopped suddenly among a group of houses before a railroad crossing to let the slow freight lumber past, I noticed so quickly the curious behavior of the man on the porch. He came suddenly, a tall, skinny figure, with a drooping mustache and one eye that squinted, after a wiggling puppy that bounced down the tumble-down steps of one of those sagging frame houses left over from the building of the railroad. But as he glanced out his good eye fixed itself on Doc, with some sudden emotion contorting his features. Catching my eye, suddenly he sneaked behind a pillar and was still peering out after us as the green light trundled past and the car picked up its swaying rush southward. More than any other one thing, that man's narrow bad face followed me.

But now old Doc was undoubtedly stepping on it. The new dark rushed at us and fled past us. The road was a white, hypnotic blur. Trees, houses, stretches of pineland, open swales, more houses, a filling station, more pineland, groves—were only streaked uncertainties to right and left. We were given up entirely to the roaring dark, in our ears only the noise of our own going and the long howling of the horn at crossroads.

Then suddenly Doc stopped the car. The night halted around us in an immense cessation. Insect noises were loud. Out of the stillness abruptly a bird began singing, a rippling cadence of silver, liquid bubbling exquisitely. Above a tree top, high and high overhead, a cloud lifted tremendously into the blue night sky, white-frosted in starlight.

"Where are we?" I whispered, awed.

"Look!" Doc said, and pointed. "'Where five mango trees stand as if they had been standing since the world was made'—don't you remember? The green-mango-pie country!"

Beside the road I could see them, like huge mounds, black as ink, with little shining gleams where the starlight touched the pointed leaf edges. There was, as I remembered he had said, something solid and splendid and persistent about them. I stared, breathing deep.

"And now," Doc shouted, "for pie!"

Before I could speak, we were racing up a curving driveway and we had stopped again and definitely before a broad screened porch with lights beyond, and Doc was racing me up steps and through a door and a collie puppy was barking and a little old white-haired woman with young eyes was patting my hand and beaming.

"Here she is, Aunt Hattie!" Doc shouted. "Here we both are, ravenous for pie! Here she is, Uncle Jim!"

I blinked in the light of a long living room, with a little old man, as like Aunt Hattie as her twin, patting my other hand and twinkling at me over eyeglasses with eyes like bright blue shoe buttons. Doc pulled the collie away and Aunt Hattie took me into her room to wash, chattering all the time like an excited small robin.

Out in the living room again, there was Doc, scrubbed to a hasty pink, with socks on at last and a clean suit and his copper-wire hair crinkling from a hard wet brush. I relaxed into a huge old armchair as Doc was telling Uncle Jim about Gun Cay. It was a mellow, brown, gleaming sort of

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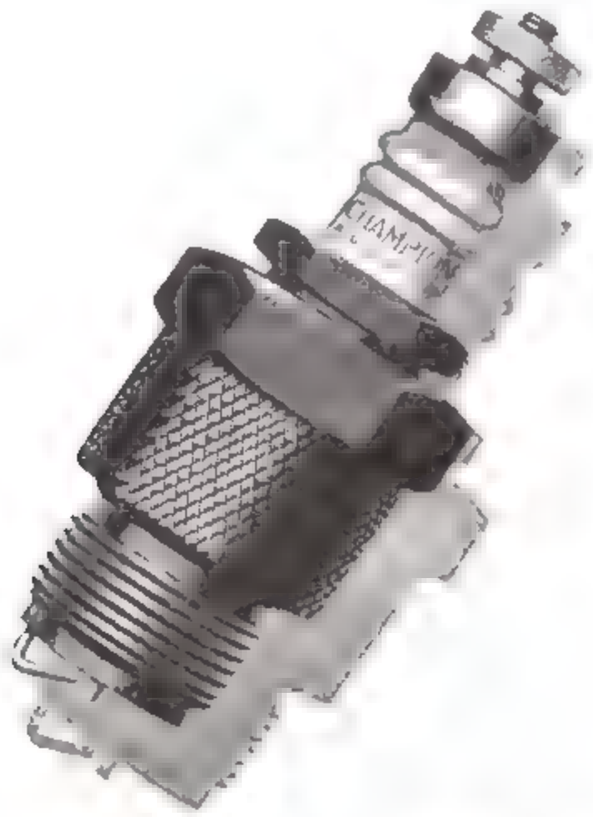
Looking Upstream From Happy Isles, Yosemite



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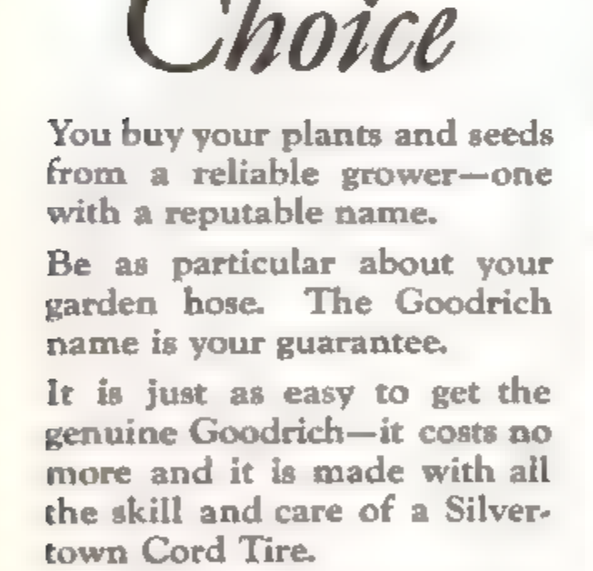

Goodrich
Garden Hose
"Best in the Long Run"

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room, with a huge rag rug and worn leather chairs and miles of bookshelves between long open windows, through which I caught a glimpse of a mango tree glittering in the light. And then Aunt Hattie hopped in from the dining room and said if we didn't come in and eat it now, Ella would leave immediately.

I was so hungry that at first I never noticed anything but food. There were vast platters heaped with fried chicken and tiny hot biscuits like silver dollars that simply melted away under giblet gravy, and dasheen and string beans and crisp white lettuce and more fried chicken and celery and guava jelly and more hot biscuit and more dasheen—goodness, I didn't know it was possible to eat so much and not be ashamed of it! But when I finally came up for air, after the fat colored maid had passed me my last hot biscuit, and looked up to see Aunt Hattie beaming from behind the coffee urn and Uncle Jim smiling back at her, and old Doc Johnny across looking at me with eyes like deep gold with a little fire behind them, the tears almost came to my eyes, it was so dear and friendly and comfortable.

Then Ella brought in the green-mango pie. Doc leaped to his feet and stood at salute, laughing. Aunt Hattie's broad silver pie knife lunged into it reverently. There was thick yellow cream to go over it and I ventured the first bit with becoming awe. Doc eyed me sternly until he saw my expression.

For that was pie! The sweetness of peaches and the tang of pineapple, the vigor of champagne and the goodness of coconut milk—it had all that, and more. It was a taste to remember with yearning whenever you were hungry. It was a taste to make you into a child again, eating with childish abandon. And somehow, as the very idea of green-mango pie had been for us, it was a sign that life was thick-textured and hearty, to be taken with laughter, to be savored fully and with zest. Scraping the last crumb from my plate, I said as much to Doc and his face went brilliant.

After dinner, watching the deft flash of Aunt Hattie's crochet needle, hearing the quiet of the pinelands beyond, we talked a little, she and I, under cover of the men's deeper voices.

"Aren't you worried," I said, "to have Doctor Brownell going back to Gun Cay? Doesn't that sort of thing interfere with his practice?"

She glanced at me, a kindly, shrewd, appraising look.

"Honey," she said, "there's been a Doctor Brownell knocking somewhere around the United States for five generations, nursing sick Indians or patching up sailors or following armies. There never has been a Brownell doctor yet who had a brass plate on a fashionable door in a safe and finished city in his life. Johnny's father died down here taking care of soldiers dying of yellow fever in the Spanish-American War, and if the most dangerous thing Johnny ever does is to go to Gun Cay, where it's his obvious duty to go, I shan't worry much." She paused again and I felt her little brown eyes probe into mine. "Brownell women learn that it's no use worrying over their men during wars or shootings or fires or earthquakes or little things like that. The only time for them to worry is when the men are young, with not enough to do, and the wrong woman gets hold of them—like that girl in Germany."

"Oh, Elsa!" I whispered, startled. "But he promised me in Montenegro he wouldn't go back to her. He promised!"

To my surprise, Aunt Hattie leaned over and pecked me on the cheek, a brisk, birdlike kiss.

"Then it was you that did that," she said. "I guessed it. He came back down here and has worked hard ever since. There was a New York doctor down here who used to know his father, and he said that Johnny was the most remarkable diagnostician he had ever — Johnny, that's the telephone in your office, child."

Through the open door we heard his voice.

"No Doctor Thompson in Redlands, is looking after my practice this week . . . But I can't come I'm pressed for time tonight. . . . How badly burned? . . . Well, you keep on trying to get Doctor Thompson and have someone meet me at the corner of the Ingraham Highway to show me the road. I'll have to hustle. . . . All right."

He came quickly into the light and I saw that he was no longer the boy on a vacation, but a man at work. The steady, rocklike thing I had long ago felt beneath his restlessness now had conquered everything. He looked at me with straight, grave eyes.

"I'm sorry to have to hurry you," he said; "but there's a child badly burned over near Redlands, and if we go fast we'll make it. Maybe the Gun Cay boat won't start just at ten. I'd sure hate to miss it."

Aunt Hattie followed me into her room as I got my hat and kissed me again.

"Come down often, honey," she said. "Johnny never told me what a sweet pretty girl you were."

And on the porch, Uncle Jim patted me on the back. I hated to leave them. But then we were in the car again and it was roaring and rattling and plunging on an unsurfaced road, with the five mango trees swept out of sight behind us and the pine trees growing thicker on each side. I clutched Doc's first-aid bag and he kept his foot on the gas and his hand on the horn. I thought we had gone fast before, but that was nothing to this wild rocketing scrabble, with the car swaying at curves and jolting out of occasional hollows. We turned three corners, raced down a long white road between orange groves, around another corner and out on a hard-surfaced road, oiled black satin under our lights.

Beside the road, as we slowed up, another car was waiting. A hand waved and the car moved ahead of us. Doc followed so closely that the flapping curtain, two sorry ends of fenders and a dusty back, with a half-obliterated number plate, were plainly visible in our lights. After ten minutes of such going, the car ahead turned down a narrow weed-grown track between bedraggled grapefruit trees. It looked like a deserted grove. We came out in a wide patch of broken ground, tall with coarse grass and sandspurs. There was the smell of rotting grapefruit on the wind. The dark mass of a small house faced us.

The other car had turned out its lights and stood silent. No one moved from it. Doc got out with his bag and hurried toward the house, the white disk of his flashlight picking out the path before his feet. It seemed queer to me that there was no light in the house. I heard Doc's feet sound on the steps. His light flashed on a rusty screen door, which he opened. Then he banged on the house door within.

"Hello-hello!" he called. "Hello! It's the doctor!" There was a dead silence. He called again. "Is anyone here? Show a light, can't you?"

Still there was no answer. Suddenly I started up, with little crinkles of chill running down my back. Another car, just a vague blur in the starlight, its lights out, its engine barely throbbing, had crawled up beside the other. There was the lowest possible murmur of men's voices. Doc was banging again at the door.

When three almost indistinguishable figures slipped out of the two cars and moved toward the house, I opened the car door and sneaked out into the grass, my heart pounding with the certainty of my sense of danger to Doc.

On the porch, Doc's light was making alertly shifting splashes of white. Evidently he, too, felt that everything was wrong, for he stopped pounding on the door and I heard his quick step returning. His light, through the screen, swung dimly out. One edge caught one dark figure, vaguely lighted it for a split second and then went out as Doc reached the door. But in that instant gleam I had recognized the tall dirty man of the house by the railroad tracks, and there was a sinister gleam of dark metal in his hand. I saw Doc standing on the top step; I heard my own voice scream, "Doc—oh, look out!"; heard a surprised oath from one of the three. Then, before I could scream again, two pistol shots cracked, stabbing the dark with fire, and Doc fell off the steps to the ground in a shadowy, collapsed huddle. Instantly the men darted back to their engines, and as I ran forward I heard their engines picking up speed down the road.

"Doc—oh, Doc!" I was whispering over and over to myself, feeling the warmth of his chest under my hand, fumbling for the hot sticky stream I was afraid to find. But suddenly his hand gripped my shoulder, and under my exploring palm his lips were caressing. He chuckled and sat up.

"They sure nearly got me, didn't they?" he said cheerfully. "If you hadn't screamed, I would be cold meat right now. I tumbled before they knew it."

"But, Doc—Doc," I said, and now I was shivering a little, "they shot you—they shot you! Sure you're not hurt?"

He got up, his hand on my shoulder. My fingers, on his forearm, found a dreadful wet place. The sleeve was torn. Instantly my shivering stopped.

"But they did get you, here in the arm. Come back to the car quickly. Where's your bandaging?"

He laughed again, audacious laughter.

"Well, darned if they didn't!" He was feeling it. "Just grazed a bit. Certainly is my lucky night."

When, with the car lights on, he had proved to my incredulity that it was really only a flesh wound, and I had it snugly iodined and bandaged under his directions, I saw his face suddenly darken.

"The dirty hounds!" he said. "They made you tear your dress!"

I looked down at myself. I was a sight. My dress was torn where I had stumbled and caught it, it was covered with sandspurs and grass stains and with blood spots where I had knelt by Doc in the dark. But you would have thought I was the one who had been shot at, by the fuss he made.

"If I knew who those scoundrels were ——" he said.

"One was a man I saw at that house by the railroad crossing," I said.

"Tall, skinny, with a horseshoe mustache and a bad eye?"

"That's the one. He had a pistol."

"Hod Vickers," Doc said, staring at me. "He would. He's the Florida end of that bootleg gang at Nassau that got Dave Pinder. He had someone telephone me that fake call. Shooting an unarmed man is just his style. . . . Get in the car."

By a hasty scramble I got into the driving seat before he could and clung to the wheel.

"Get in, yourself," I said, and kicked the starter. "Where do we go from here?"

He stood looking down at me for a moment.

"For a wax figure, you're some snappy worker," he said. "Straight down the road and then to the left. Let's go call on Hod."

The road, under our lights, turned and flashed and flowed as I kept my foot on the gas and clung to the bucking wheel. Now we were on the Ingraham Highway. I knew this filling station, that group of darkened shacks, this stand of pine trees. Somewhere on beyond were the railroad tracks. We slowed up to cross them, peering and listening. And there was Hod Vickers' house.

"Stop your engine," Doc said softly. "Run up on the grass and leave your lights on. I won't be long."

"But, Doc, you're hurt ——"

"I won't be long," he persisted, and swung out on the running board.

I followed the directions anxiously. There was a dilapidated car in the yard. The bent fender was very familiar. One low light was burning in the house. Three men lounging at a filling station opposite turned to look at Doc. I must confess I was cold all over.

For Doc stood full in our lights, so that they illumined startlingly his white shirt with the bloodstains, his bandaged arm, his bristly copper-wire hair. His face with the stubby nose stood out belligerently against the dark. He was a white, dynamic figure.

"Hod! Hod Vickers!" he shouted suddenly. "Come out here! Hod Vickers, come out! I want you!"

His voice must have carried, clear and hard, all the way up and down the road. The loungers at the filling station started and walked nearer. A dog barked shrilly behind one of the houses. From the Vickers' house the puppy answered, a high yip that was turned to a whine by a muffled blow. Doc grinned a little.

"Oh, Hod! Hod Vickers!" he kept on shouting. "Come on out here, Hod Vickers! Come on out! I want you."

The first sign of anything from the house, beyond the sense of uneasy stir within, was a woman's voice, shrill and whiny, from an upper window.

"What you want?" she said. "Vickers ain't home."

"Oh, yes, he is," Doc called. "Oh, yes, he is. Come on out here, Hod! I'll stand here and holler all night. Come on out, Hod Vickers!"

Doc lifted his voice higher and the pine woods gave back the ringing edge of his voice.

A half-grown boy, barefooted, slunk through the Vickers' door and crept to the

(Continued on Page 56)

Whispering Mileage

stays only as long as your oil will let it

LOOK out for the little signs of wear that start in your engine. They may come when you least expect them. They indicate fading power.

After the wear has developed, your oil-consumption and gas consumption increase. Compression suffers. Your engine response is never the same.

With less than Mobiloil protection the little noises of wear can show up and worry you during the first few thousand miles of running. They shouldn't.

With the correct grade of Mobiloil in your crankcase you will secure your full measure of quiet, powerful mileage from your engine.

In quality Mobiloil sets a world standard.

What is AD-sorption?

The real quality or "character" of the lubricant accrues from the presence of certain highly complex compounds within the crude stock used.

These petroleum compounds possess the property of entering into enduring association with the molecules of metal surfaces to be lubricated. This process is termed "AD-sorption."

Adsorption develops a tough semi-permanent lubrication surface independent of the liquid film—almost an amalgam of oil and metal. This definite characteristic of Mobiloil is your real protection against rapid wear when the liquid oil film is unduly stressed by heat, by pressure, by excessive speed, or otherwise.

Not all crude stocks possess these adsorption-creating compounds. And like all petroleum compounds, these, too, can be broken down or "cracked" by many of the refining methods in common use today.

The retention of this valuable property in the finished lubricant requires careful crude selection and guarded manufacturing methods to protect these essential compounds against change or destruction.

More than half a century of experience assures these results and the economies they make possible to Mobiloil users.

Your Dealer Knows

The dealer who displays the Mobiloil sign and puts up the complete Mobiloil Chart on his wall, has exact science at his command. He stands prepared to lengthen the full enjoyment of your car—and to save you money.

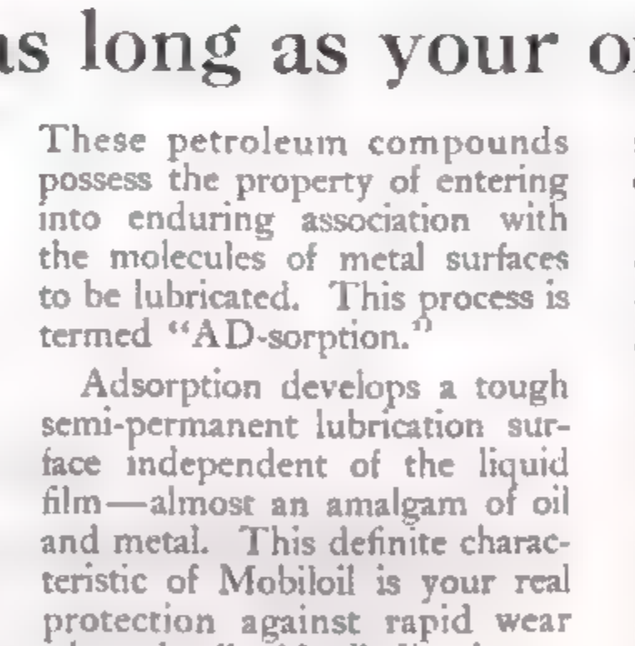
MAKE THIS CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below. If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic."

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32°F (freezing) to 0° F (zero) prevail. Below zero use Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Cars).

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1925		1924		1923		1922	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cadillac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet HB							A	Arc
" (other mod'ls)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chrysler	A	A	A	A				
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Durant 4	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson Super 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jewett	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile 4	...	...	...	...	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile 6	A	Arc	A	Arc			A	A
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Rickenbacker 6	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc.
Rickenbacker 8	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Star	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys Knight 4	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	A	B	A
Willys Knight 6	A	Arc						



Let this sign guide you to Whispering Mileage

Branches in principal cities. Address: New York, Chicago, or Kansas City

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

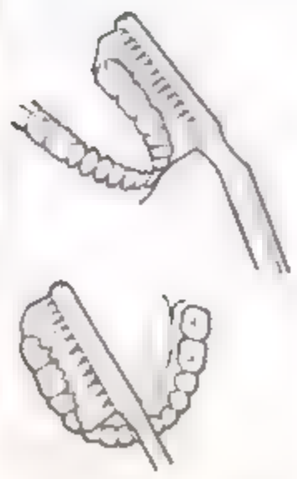
This tooth brush reaches *every* tooth every time you brush

Keep all your teeth clean and you will keep all your teeth-

SCIENCE has created a brush that cleans ALL THE TEETH. It is not just ANY brush made small enough to get into the mouth. It has a curved surface that fits the shape of your jaw. It has saw-tooth bristle-tufts that REACH IN BETWEEN TEETH. It has a large end tuft that helps clean the BACKS of front teeth and the BACKS OF HARD-TO-GET-AT MOLARS. This brush is the Pro-phy-lac-tic.

You can see that the mouths of this man and woman are not as wide as their jaws. The tooth brush has to curve around the jaw or it won't reach their back teeth. Notice the diagram. See how the curved handle and the curved bristle surface help.

DO you know what makes your teeth decay? It is germs. Germs are always in your mouth. They collect upon your teeth. They create lactic acid. This destroys the enamel. The important thing is to keep germs off your teeth—to remove the clinging mucin, which holds the germs fast against them. That requires a brush scientifically designed with a saw-tooth arrangement of bristles. It requires a brush with a large end tuft that can reach the backs of back teeth. There is such a brush—the Pro-phy-lac-tic.



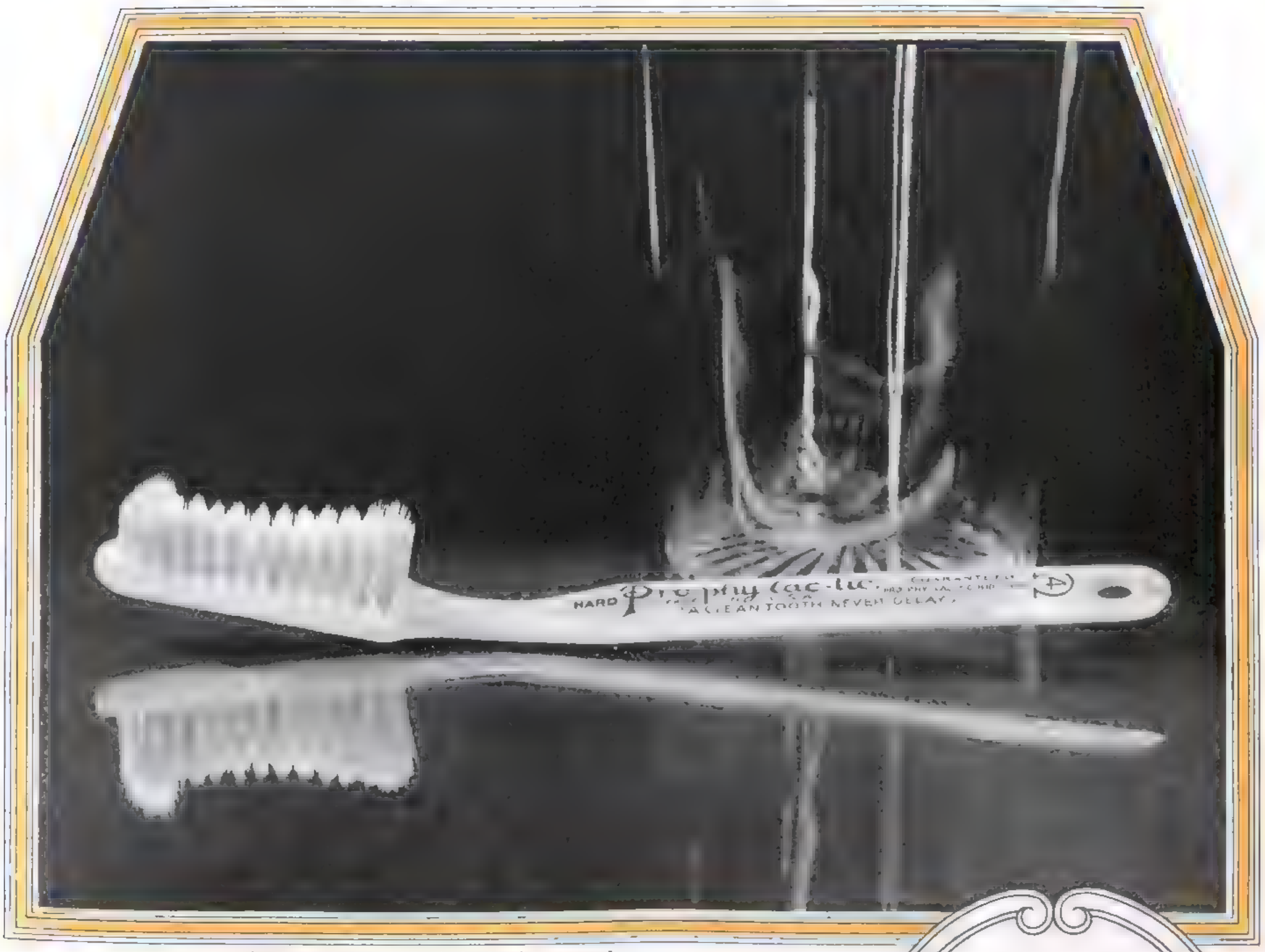
ANY brush will clean a flat surface—but your teeth are not flat. Every tooth has five sides. The saw-tooth, cone-shaped bristles of the Pro-phy-lac-tic clean between teeth.

The large end tuft of the Pro-phy-lac-tic reaches and cleans the backs of the back teeth as shown in the diagrams at the left.

Do you brush your gums when you brush your teeth? You should. See how the center row of bristles on every Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush is sunk below the level of the two outer rows. That is to give your gums the correct and mild massage they need. Brush your gums. They will soon take on a hard and firm appearance, with a light coral pink color which shows that they are healthy. Healthy gums mean healthier teeth. Science designed the Pro-phy-lac-tic to keep gums healthy.

Men and women are better-looking today. Smiles are brighter; teeth glisten. These whiter, prettier teeth you see everywhere. They are teeth that are really clean. They have no coating. The tell-tale marks of decaying food are missing. These teeth owe their beauty to a brush, the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. Millions use it regularly to give their teeth a pearly whiteness.

Do you know it is easy to get teeth clean and beautiful? If you think it isn't, brush once or twice with a Pro-phy-lac-tic. This brush makes the task a simple one. The curved handle, the saw-tooth bristle tufts, the large end tuft, and the tapered and beveled head combine to make brushing amazingly easy. Your teeth are clean in no time. You keep your temper and you save your energy.



There isn't a part of a tooth this brush can't reach

Which do you think would clean teeth more quickly, a brush that touches a few teeth at a time—or a brush that cleans all teeth at once? See how the Pro-phy-lac-tic is curved to fit many teeth at a time. At one stroke of the brush you see the saw-tooth bristles reach into the crevices, while the large end tuft cleans the backs of back teeth. Your Pro-phy-lac-tic saves you time because it is scientifically designed to save you time.

Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and all over the world in three sizes. Prices in the United States are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Also made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium and soft. Always sold in the yellow box that protects from dust and handling.

FREE tooth brushes for life to the reader who helps us with a new headline for this advertisement. The present headline is "This tooth brush reaches *every* tooth every time you brush." After reading the text can you supply a *new* headline? We offer to the writer of the best one submitted four free Pro-phy-lac-tics every year for life. In case of a tie, the same prize will be given to each. Your chance is as good as anyone's. Mail the coupon or write a letter. The winning headline will be selected by the George Batten Company, Inc., Advertising Agents. This offer expires on May 15, 1925.

free—

to one lucky reader of this advertisement—free tooth brushes for the rest of his or her life.

© 1925, P. B. Co.

Made in America by Americans

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.
Dept. 1—B 2

Gentlemen: I suggest the following as a new headline for the advertisement from which this coupon was clipped . . . . . .

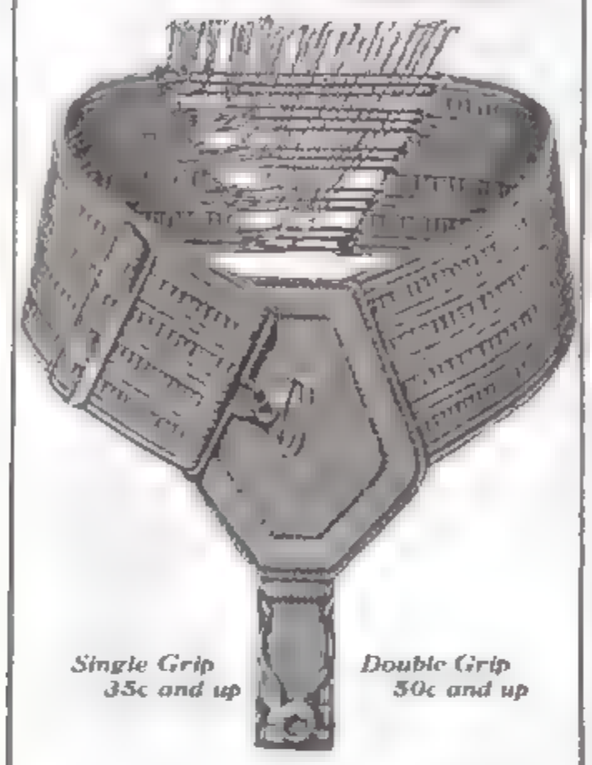
. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Name . . . . . .
(Please print name in full)

Address . . . . .

PIONEER
Brighton
WIDE-WEB
GARTER



Single Grip 35c and up
Double Grip 50c and up

Keep Your Legs Comfortable With Brighton Wide-Webs

IF YOU would have your legs serve you well, keep them comfortable!

Avoid tightness around the legs: give free play to circulation: wear garters that *never bind*—wear Pioneer-Brighton Wide-Webs. Only Brighton Wide-Webs give Brighton comfort. This is because Brighton elastic is made of rubber strands specially cured to give remarkable ease. No tightness; no binding; your legs will never feel the touch of Brighton Wide-Webs.

And each strand of rubber is wrapped with soft yarn to guard against the deadening effects of perspiration and thus insure double the life of ordinary elastic.

If you would secure perfect comfort for your legs, insist on Pioneer-Brighton Wide-Web Garters.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO.
Philadelphia, Pa.

For 48 Years Manufacturers of
Pioneer Suspenders Pioneer Belts
Pioneer-BRIGHTON Garters

Also Sole Makers of
Kazoo Athletic Suspender Waists for Children

(Continued from Page 52)

shadow of a post. A powerful touring car, coming toward us, stopped at the filling station, and two men in evening clothes stuck their heads out and said, "What's going on here?" From the farthest house down the road came the sound of a door slamming. Two men walked up and joined the staring group. Four negroes slouched out of the dark and stood grinning. And still Doc called, with that voice that rang like hard metal, "Hod! Hod Vickers! Come out here! I want you!"

I found myself clenching the wheel until my arms were cramped. There was a mounting tension in all this. Something had to happen soon. Doc's voice was as insistent as a throbbing nerve. Just as if he couldn't stand it any longer, either, from the same upstairs window came a man's long-drawn vicious snarl, "Aw-w, shut up, cantcha? Whatcha want?"

"There you are, Hod Vickers!" Doc's voice was a shout of triumph. "Come on down here, Hod. I want to see you in the light."

"Go on away from here, you crazy fool! I'm not comin'."

"Oh, yes, you are! Don't you make any mistake about that, Hod Vickers! You're coming down, and you're coming down now—right now! Come on, Hod—Hod Vickers!"

A man and a woman crept out the Vickers' door to stand with the boy, peering from the shadow. The men from the big automobile got out and sat on their running board, lighting their cigarettes. More men, three dogs, a woman buttoning up her gray cotton dress as she ran, had joined the filling-station crowd. And still Doc, his hair bristling, his lungs full, shouted, "You're coming down, Hod Vickers! You're coming down right now!"

He came. He stood awkwardly in his front door, looking out from the square of light at the crowd in the road. He shuffled uncertainly across the porch.

"Whatcha want?" he whined again.

"Come on out here, Hod, and I'll tell you."

I stared at his creeping figure. Suppose his hand should flash forward, as I had seen it, with that sinister shine of metal. Doc's figure was square in the light. Nobody could miss a second shot. Suppose ——

"Put your gun down on the top step, Hod," Doc called cheerfully. "I never carry one. Put your gun down and come on out here. I'm waiting."

Incredibly, the lank man did stoop and put something hard on the top step, where it shone dully in the light of the open door. When Hod stood up and had moved down two steps, as if he were drawn in spite of himself, he said, "Why, it's Doc Brownell, ain't it? Ain't seen you in a long time, Doc. Didn't know 'twas you. Whatcha want?"

"Come on out here in the light, Hod Vickers. Come on out here and I'll tell you."

A little shiver of heightened tension ran through the crowd. As if drawn by a gathering string, the whole group swayed nearer as Hod Vickers dragged himself toward Doc and the headlights. I saw them closing in around the two central figures. Faces stood out sharply in the light, grinning or curious or interested or anxious. Eyes shone and glistened, glancing from one to another.

Suddenly Doc took three steps forward, caught Hod Vickers by the shoulder and yanked him into the very center of the blaze of light so that he blinked and grimaced with the glare in his eyeballs. Doc turned to the crowd.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, and his voice was steel-clear in the breathless silence all up and down the dark road, "I've been shouting to Hod Vickers to come out here, for I wanted to see the face and hold the hand of the dirtiest sneak in Dade County."

There was a mutter of anger, covered by the beginning of a chuckle that ran through the crowd like wind in dry grass

"Look at him hard, everybody, so you'll know him again. Hod Vickers, who shoots at unarmed men in the dark; Hod Vickers, who is concerned with more masked beatings and underhanded sneak work than any other man in this part of the country; Hod Vickers, the biggest coward in South Florida. Keep still, Hod, you might get hurt. Look at him hard, folks. His mouth twitches that way because he's scared, and his face is yellow because he's yellow all through. His hands are limp and his knees are weak and his backbone grows in a double cross. Keep still, Hod."

There was the beginning of a scuffle in the center of that clustering crowd which Doc instantly quelled. The men in evening clothes guffawed delightedly. I had one glimpse of Hod Vickers' face as Doc shifted his grip on him, and it was not pretty.

"You leave my husband be," the woman's voice spoke desperately from the porch. "He ain't done nothin' to you."

"You're a better man than he is, Mrs. Vickers. You'd never lie to me about a dying baby and then shoot at me in the dark; but he would. He did. Look at him well, folks. The biggest coward in Dade County. Look at him well, because I am now going to punish him, as sneaks and cowards like him deserve to be punished."

There was a yell from Hod Vickers, a shriek from the woman on the porch. The crowd milled and surged closer. The half-grown boy darted forward to pick up the pistol on the porch floor and fire it wild over the crowd. A man seized it from him, cuffed his ears and threw it on the grass. Clear in the center of the brightly lighted space it looked as if Doc and Hod Vickers were hugging each other. For a moment they were immobile, chest straining chest. Then I saw Doc's foot shoot out, his arm shift its hold suddenly. In a queer sprawl, Hod Vickers fell forward.

There was a roar from the crowd, a roar that was a yell of full-lunged laughter. Men slapped one another on the back. Boys yelled shrilly and whistled. Fingers pointed. Mouths laughed, wide open, with white gleaming teeth. The hound puppy wiggled into the light and yipped excitedly. The crowd melted into one huge laughing joyousness. For the lank form of Hod Vickers was bent, squirming, over Doc Brownell's knee and Doc Brownell's arm and hand, holding Hod's own shoe, were rising and falling in a majestic and deadly effective rhythm. Sharp smacks sounded over the voices. The biggest coward in Dade County was being spanked.

Doc must have held the center of the picture for fully five minutes, with that stinging satire. Then he threw Vickers sprawling and clucking and choking in the dust, hurled his shoe after him, straightened up, dusted off his hands and grinned around him.

"And the next man who shoots at me in the dark will get a good shot of smallpox germs in his moonshine," he drawled cheerfully. "It's my last warning. You can tell all your yellow friends, Hod Vickers, that hereafter Doc Brownell is absolutely and positively not to be interfered with. Do you get that? Answer me!"

Vickers turned at the edge of the light, glanced back at Doc and muttered something.

"Answer louder," Doc said, taking one step toward him. The crack of the whip was in his voice. "And say 'sir.' Understand?"

"Yes—sir," Vickers muttered, and vanished.

The show was over. Doc was back in the car. With the horn honking, I drove through the scattering, cheering, laughing crowd. Doc was oblivious to them, staring at his watch.

Out on the road again, he spoke suddenly: "The boat's been gone two hours."

I waited a long minute, driving and thinking hard.

"Listen, Doc," I said, "does it matter so awfully?"

His voice in my ear was quiet, and yet an immense fatigue lay below it.

"Only that I gave my word," he said.

The car swooped and dived on the gentle swells of the road. The dark miles were a river flowing past us, under a sky brilliant with the late powder of the stars. My breath caught somewhere deep in me. For the first time in hours, my hands tight on the jerking wheel, the whole picture was apparent to me—Doc Brownell, myself, Mrs. Coolley, Eustace. I could look at their world and at his. I could look deep into my own mind and read what was written there. And I saw that the only thing that mattered to me in the world was this word of Doc Brownell's. It was the rock on which his world was built. It was a rock on which a woman could also build. The lights of Miami were in the sky ahead of us when I roused myself to talk.

"I know a speed boat we can get, Doc," I said.

He stirred beside me, out of a long reverie, and sighed like a confused and tired boy, hardly aware of what I said. Ten minutes later, under the porte-cochère at the Coolley house, I got out. Doc looked at me dumbly.

"Stay here a minute," I said.

He said huskily, "You're going in—for good?"

"Wait here," I said. "To make your word good, I've got to break mine. But it's worth it—dear."

When I went quietly into the long drawing-room, it was a hushed, shadowy temple. I walked soundlessly on soft rugs. There was a heavy secret fragrance, like incense. At the other end of the room, under a piano light, Eustace was playing sonorous, saccharine chords. Mrs. Coolley, an immense white satin figure, stared out at a glimpse of bay, her thick majestic hands weighty on the arm of her chair. As if she was annoyed by some foreign presence, Mrs. Coolley's face turned slowly and her small green eyes held mine. I felt a sudden cold weakness creeping over me. This woman had destined me for brilliant things. She had given me everything, and Eustace. The heavy insidious perfume crept to my nostrils, made my firm intention waver. I was conscious of being dirty and torn and disheveled. Mrs. Coolley's eyes were lighting slowly. I put up a hand to push back a dejected lock of hair, feeling exhausted. Eustace caught the motion and a chord crashed in silence as he started up and strode toward me.

"Cicely!" he said thickly, white with anger. "Cicely!"

It was Eustace, my Eustace, Eustace the wonderful, Eustace the perfect lover—Eustace the poor simp. Why, he was nothing but pasteboard! And Mrs. Coolley, the hard stone image, the suave, the unplacable—well, she was only pasteboard too. For all their assurance and hard perfection, I could have reached out then and crumpled them into the waste-paper basket.

"Eustace," I said briskly, "I want you to ask Captain Bill to take Doctor Brownell back to Gun Cay immediately in the Sea Lark."

Eustace turned crimson with horror.

"You are out of your mind, Cicely. What is that person to us?"

"Nothing to you, maybe," I said in loud, vulgar accents. "Only, you see, he gave his word to the boat captain that he'd be back there by daylight, and I'd like him to keep it."

"The word of a vagrant quack to a rum seller ——"

I lost my temper.

"It's more important to me that he keeps his word than that I keep mine to you, Eustace—about marrying you, for example. Mrs. Coolley"—I went over to her quickly—"you know now you've made a mistake about me. I'll leave it to you. Won't you please accept this engagement ring in exchange for a few hours' loan of the Sea Lark? I'm sorry, but I don't think I like life in a glass case. And I'd rather ask you than bribe the captain."

The ring rolled neglected to the floor. Her thick hard face turned on Eustace. Like impartial gods on a high mountain, their eyes communicated solemn and terrible things. Then Mrs. Coolley closed her eyes, and through her lips a chill, suave murmur detached itself.

"Let the boat leave at once," she said, and removed her world from my contaminating presence. But for once the Coolley poise was broken by a shudder, for I leaned over and kissed her fervently on her cool hard cheek before running from the room.

All those years, all these events, all these people, actions, incidents, and especially green-mango pie, were as nothing at all shortly, although they had done this thing. For in the dark forward cockpit of the Sea Lark, thuttering across a black satin sea, with Captain Bill frankly a-grin behind us, Doc and I sat, with his good arm around me and my head on his shoulder. There had been some broken bits of conversation about being married in Nassau in the morning. But all that was really important was that when Doc kissed me my world wheeled tremendously into its proper adjustment at last.

"But—but what is it, Doc?" I was brought to say finally, staring up past his forehead at the stars. "Is it fate or chemistry or affinity or predestination or what?"

"It's a thing they call love," Doc said, running his fingers through my hair. "One and one are two, you know. The old fundamental arithmetic—and the beginning of wisdom."

Considering that that was the first time the word had been mentioned between us, I was satisfied to leave it at that.

News of First National Pictures

Nazimova in "My Son"

"MY SON" is a story of a bit of the old world set in the midst of the new. In a Portuguese fishing colony on the New England coast lived Ana—who loved two men, Felipe, the fisherman, and Parker, the sheriff. But she idolized her son, Tony, the boy who could "do no wrong." And when the crucial moment came Ana placed the love happiness of her son before her own.

Nazimova is featured in the rôle of Ana, and Jack Pickford plays Tony. Hobart Bosworth, Constance Bennett and Ian Keith are other principals. "My Son" is an Edwin Carewe production, a screen version of Martha Stanley's recent stage success.

Above—Ian Keith as Felipe in "My Son"

On the left—Jack Pickford and Constance Bennett in a scene from the same picture

On the right: Barbara La Marr and Conway Tearle in "The Heart of a Siren"

Below—a study of Miss La Marr taken from the same photoplay

Above—Dorothy Mackaill and John Bowers in "Chickie"

"The Heart of a Siren"

BARBARA LA MARR, as the heroine of this picture, moves through the sumptuous play places of Europe as the Spanish beauty who toys with the hearts of all men. But hearts are dangerous toys and even a siren can lose her own when the right man comes along. In "The Heart of a Siren" it happens to be the popular Conway Tearle.

Miss La Marr was never more beautiful than in this picture; never appeared in such a gorgeous variety of gowns, and never had a better story in which to prove her dramatic ability. Harry Morey, Arnold Daly, Ben Finney and Clifton Webb support the picture's two stars.

"Chickie"

HERE is a story of life's contrasts and life's irony. Dorothy Mackaill portrays poignantly the young typist, "Chickie," whose dream of happiness is a millionaire husband. Instead, she falls in love with a poor young lawyer, played by John Bowers. But Chickie's beauty attracts others, and in the gay scenes of luxury and wealth a tangle develops—and Chickie's story will grip you to the final scene.

"Chickie" you will remember was a newspaper serial of immense popularity not so long ago.

Sent FREE
"Stories of the Stars"
Intimate things you have wanted to know about your screen favorites—their personalities, experiences, home life—all in an attractive illustrated booklet with advance news of great pictures coming to your theatre soon.
Simply mail this coupon
----------TEAR OUT HERE----------
First National Pictures Inc.
383 Madison Ave, New York, N.Y.
Please send me my FREE copy of Stories of the Stars
Name ----------
Address ----------

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Grand Duke Horace of Yellowstone

AN IMPRESSION has sprung up among certain of the reading public who are blessed with photographic and retentive memories that Horace M. Albright, superintendent of Yellowstone National Park, has one of those much-to-be-desired soft government jobs, and that the chief requirement of his job is to stand in the midst of a large amount of well-developed scenery and play with a full-grown bear in a lazy and dilatory manner.

Such an impression, which is wholly erroneous, has sprung into being because Horace M. Albright has so many things to do that he cannot oblige amateur or professional photographers by permitting himself to be photographed with animals like the jack rabbit or the hedgehog, which must be chased down holes or up trees before friendly relations can be established.

There are plenty of bears in Yellowstone Park, and all of them are afflicted with a violent and gnawing hunger at all times and with a marked aversion to wasting too much time in hunting for food. A Yellowstone Park bear, five minutes after wrapping himself around thirty-two dollars' worth of ham and eggs, is still consumed by a fierce passionate craving for some real food like half a ton of peanuts and three or four dozen mince pies.

Consequently Yellowstone Park bears are not only easy to approach but insist on being approached. They will chase food-laden automobiles for miles in an attempt to get ahead of the automobiles and be approached. Wherever one turns in the Yellowstone, one finds a bear eagerly waiting to be approached.

Other Yellowstone Park animals are much more reticent than the bears. The fox, for example, runs a mile when a human being attempts to lure him with a doughnut or a discarded waffle. The mountain lion has a marked aversion to being patted on the head. Nobody in his right mind ever tries to pet a skunk, cute little fellow though he is. The squirrel and the mouse and the mountain sheep and the otter are mildly distrustful of strangers and sufficiently energetic to seek out their own provisions.

So, though Horace M. Albright is fond of all the animals in the Yellowstone, the bear is the only animal that is always on hand when he interrupts his activities for photographic or other purposes; and because of his position as the Grand Duke of Yellowstone Park, he is constantly being photographed.

PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE OF THE DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

Horace M. Albright, Grand Duke of Yellowstone, and a Brace of Hungry Bears

Odd Jobs for Idle Hours

IF, THEREFORE, the National Park Service wishes to be fair to Horace M. Albright, it will have to detail an energetic and tireless photographer to follow the said Horace M. Albright around the 3348 square miles of territory over which he holds sway, and take several thousand pictures of him engaged in performing a few of his 33,480 duties; and then it will have to distribute the pictures to all the newspapers and magazines in the country so that people will stop thinking of him as the man who spends all his time playing with bears.

It might be remarked that Yellowstone National Park is some four times larger than the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, and that if Prince Felix of Bourbon-Parma, who rules over Luxemburg with his consort, the Grand Duchess Charlotte, were confronted each day with half the problems that confront Horace M. Albright, he would change his name from Felix, which means Happy, to Fango, which means Mud.

In addition to being kind to bears, as shown in the 572,348 amateur and professional photographs hitherto published, Horace M. Albright has complete charge of all the wild animals in the Park's 3348 square miles, and of all tourists, both wild and tame, who pour in and out of said park to the number of approximately 150,000 each year.

The animals are dumb, so that Grand Duke Horace only has to count the elk, and estimate the antelope, and see to getting hay to hungry deer in the winter time, and wake up any bears that show signs of oversleeping so that they will be all ready to thrill and amuse the tourists when the park opens in the spring, and attend to the planting of 18,000,000 trout, and name all the woodchucks, and locate bee trees, if any, and oversee the extermination of all predatory critters, and count the elk again, and detail rangers to pick the hedgehog quills out of the dogs, and shoo the rabbits out of the truck gardens and so on and so forth.

The 150,000 tourists, however, are gifted, as the saying goes, with speech, whether they bounce into the park in one of the prewar Fords which helped to make a fortune for and a senator out of James Couzens, of Michigan, or whether they roll up smoothly and grandly amid the royal purple aura that surrounds those who have received personal or political letters of introduction from the Secretary of the Interior himself.

They are divinely endowed with the gift of gab; and since they rightly regard themselves as part owners of the Yellowstone and all other national parks, they come right up to the office of the superintendent or catch him on the fly and demand instant information and complete details concerning such items as what made the bear rip the waist off of that girl down at the corner, what's the reason for having the traffic cop make machines run around the bear instead of giving the bear a kick in the slats, how long does it take a letter to get from here to Wiscasset, Maine, how many rangers are there, how much do you pay them, how do you get to be a ranger, will we have any trouble getting to Monterey, is that ranger with the gold tooth and the curly hair married, what are the best kind of pants for a woman to wear when climbing a mountain, how long does it take for a letter to get from Yonkers, New York, to here, what gives a bear such a powerful smell and why are they always hungry, where can you go to hear an eagle scream, and so on and so forth.

These questions must be answered by the Grand Duke of Yellowstone, owing to the fact that nobody else is qualified to answer them; and he has consequently equipped himself to answer them with a maximum of efficiency and a minimum of impatience.

Other Little Duties

WHEN he has disposed of the wild animals and the wild and tame tourists, he is at liberty to perform his other minor tasks, among which may be mentioned visiting the other national parks on tours of inspection for Director Stephen T. Mather of the National Park Service, looking into half a dozen geysers to see whether a plumber ought to inspect them, compiling a budget for all the national parks and taking a run to Washington to defend the budget before the Appropriations Committee, investigating and passing on all legal problems that confront any of the national parks, finding out why the baked beans were too hard at Camp Number 23, arranging a nice trip for Senator Firbolg and a party of friends so that their feet won't hurt them, finding out why the road crew built only five yards of new road yesterday, having signs printed warning tourists not to let bears gnaw at their fingers unless the fingers hold food, sending out a ranger to smooth down the lumps on the camp site to be used by Director Mather's soft-skinned friends, having thirty new telephone poles inserted in inconspicuous places, looking at the sick man down at Number 7 to find out whether his trouble is ptomaine, measles or moonshine; meeting the party of New York editors at the train, smoothing down the young lady who is threatening to get her congressman to introduce a bill unless the bear that tore off her waist is shot, writing letters to eleven publications that want photographs and information about the park, making weekly reports to the director of the National Park Service and daily reports for the park records, inspecting several out-of-the-way corners of the park each day to make sure that nobody is trying to carry off a geyser, looking after the uniforms and deportment and duties of 85 rangers and 348 workmen, removing snowdrifts to make sure that the park opens on the opening day, studying any new books that may be published on the geology, natural history or plant life of the park, taking the temperature of any new hot springs, looking after the movie photographers that swarm into the park each day, and attending to all such problems as those of health, sanitation, policing the park and getting pure water for the public auto camps; to say nothing of shaving, eating, sleeping and writing eighteen or twenty letters on private business every twenty-four hours.

The business of ramping and romping over the surface of the earth comes naturally to the ruler of the Yellowstone; for his grandfather stopped building ships in Belfast, Maine, in 1850 and crossed the Isthmus of Tehauntepec for the then logical reason that he wanted to get on the other side. Not many months later his grandmother broke away from Maine and made the weary journey across the plains to the Pacific. Thirteen years later his grandfather fought his way across the Sierra Nevada range in mid-winter and threw in his lot with the earliest settlers of Nevada.

The youth of the Grand Duke of Yellowstone was spent in the mountains near the Mohave Desert; and at the ripe age of fourteen he was riding the trails of the high Sierras and prowling through the back country of the Yosemite with his friends, the forest rangers. Some skill at dishwashing, tutoring and minor teaching positions provided him with enough money to get through the University of California and to spend a post-graduate year amid the arid intricacies of mining law.

Not content with his knowledge of the subject, he moved to Washington to wallow in the mass of mining-law information that is to be found in the Congressional Library; and to support himself in this unnourishing pastime, he became a law clerk and assistant attorney in the Department of the Interior.

On the Way Up to His Dukedom

IN 1915 Stephen T. Mather was made assistant to the Secretary of the Interior in charge of national parks and young Mr. Albright was assigned to him as legal aid and adviser. Two years later Mather was made director of the National Park Service and Albright was made assistant director; but since Mather fell ill around that time, Albright became acting director of the National Park Service in 1917, at the age of twenty-seven, and continued to hold that position during 1918 and 1919.

His efforts to join the Army were blocked by Secretary Lane; but his efforts in the National Park Service resulted in the entire national-park system being run from four or five small offices with a grand total of twenty-two employes—an efficiency record that has no parallel in the government service.

It might also be added that due to the combined efforts of Grand Duke Horace and Big Chief Mather, the national parks get a yearly appropriation of $396,000 and take in $325,000 in revenue, which is considerably better than a poke in the eye with a pointed stick when one considers that a national park is supposed to please and refresh the eye, but is seldom expected to bring any noticeable revenue into the Federal wallet.

At the end of the war, the greatest problem of organization and business management in the national-park system was the handling of Yellowstone Park. Yellowstone was the largest of the parks, and had been under military superintendents for more than thirty years. It would have been a simple matter to pick a politically desirable country editor or a boyhood friend of the Secretary of the Interior to fill the position of superintendent of Yellowstone; but to the credit of all concerned, Horace M. Albright became the dispenser of high justice, the middle and the low in that broad demesne and at once started to have his picture taken with bears; and it is just as well to remark in closing that although these bear pictures may give some people an erroneous idea of the amount and the sort of work performed by the Grand Duke, they will never keep the Grand Duke from working fourteen hours a day for the bears and everything connected with the park.

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DEAD BIRDS

Continued from Page 40

"Well, I don't mind warning you. If he did, then that furnishes a strong motive."

"Motive for what?"

"Killing Mr. Dodge."

"But why?"

"Because it would have put Barclay under a load of obligation to your father, so that he would have felt that he ought to back any business scheme of the major's if Barclay should get control of his own fortune."

"Ah, I see." Iona nodded. "Well, then father did loan Barclay the money, merely on his I O U."

"The deuce! Well, His Reverence was right for once."

"He wasn't, though, Marsh. Sometimes one can be most horribly wrong by being literally right. It's the motive that counts."

"That's true. Then what about that four-leafed clover you did not find under Mr. Dodge's window?"

Iona gave a short laugh.

"You had better give me a truth-telling dose of scopolamine. I may as well admit that I was eavesdropping and needed some pretext. As I passed under the window I heard you say to Mr. Dodge 'You can search me,' and it gave me a shock. I wondered what could have happened to make you offer to let yourself be searched."

Marsh chuckled.

"You aren't up on American slang. That's to say, 'You can search my mind in vain for the answer to this puzzle.'"

"Really? How silly! You were close to the window, and to save my face when you looked out, I called to Cicely that I had found a four-leaf clover. So I had, but not there."

"The good bishop will be pleased," Marsh said. "Then to proceed with the examination, how did those dead birds get out of the brief case in the car?"

"That was another artful little trick of mine. Mr. Dodge had told me about them. Cicely was cut up at the prospect of McGinty being dismissed, so I thought I might find a way to suppress the evidence. I doubted that Mr. Dodge would give those birds another thought after hearing about Barclay, unless he happened to put his hand in the case.

"It was between us on the seat and a light rug over our knees. I managed to slip the birds out on the floor."

"My word, all things sure were working together for ill! Well, now I wonder what the mischief did kill those birds."

"I think I can guess, Marsh."

"What, then?"

"That little imp of a Doddy, with his air rifle."

"No, I thought about that. It shoots hard; not enough to penetrate, perhaps, but to leave some mark. There wasn't the slightest sign of a bruise. Besides, that air gun makes a sharp pop. We should have been certain to hear it."

"Well," Iona sighed, "let's hope the bishop may not get us indicted. What a perfectly silly mess! 'A little knowledge—' and all that sort of thing. I suppose the next thing he will be charging us with having rigged this robbery. Oh, dear, and now of all times!"

"Why now?"

Iona did not answer. They were, Marsh perceived, attracting the attention of the bishop.

XIII

THE procession reached the house, where the two victims of an assault that might easily have proved fatal to less robust men of their age were put to bed.

Leaving their diagnoses to the doctor, when he should arrive, Marsh followed the bishop into the lair. At first sight there did not appear to be anything they might not have expected to discover. The panel that had cunningly concealed the safe was slid back and the door of the safe itself was open. It was a new and modern safe, stronger than most to be found in even as rich a house as this, one that might be expected to defy for some time the attack of a skilled cracksman.

The bishop walked to it and inspected its contents, or lack of them. A number of papers were strewn about the table. Marsh began to gather these together for replacing. The bishop turned to him a dull face, of which the features sagged a little.

"Stripped clean—money, jewels, whatever it contained that was negotiable—and all the result of my supreme idiocy. Well, thankfully, Providence has endowed me with a good deal more than my share of this world's goods."

Marsh was quick to catch the significance of these words.

"But, Bishop Starr, it wasn't your fault. You acted for the best. Anybody would have done the same."

"That's just the point, young man." The clerical voice was dry. "Anybody would. Anybody's mind would have worked in just that way. But I have always prided—or let us say deluded—myself that in such matters as this my mind was very considerably more keen than that of the average anybody. Pride goeth before a fall. I intend to pay my shot, even to the last farthing of the appraised value of Iona's jewels. That woman, of all persons!"

"Mr. Dodge will never let you, sir. And I say, Bishop Starr, I beg to apologize for the way I've spoken and acted and generally behaved myself this night. I was nervous and wrought up."

The bishop waved his hand.

"Pray don't mention it. Or better, I heartily accept it, and proffer mine in return. This will be a lesson to me in humbleness of soul. I wonder now what the bill tots up to. Lili and Cicely's jewels were very fine, though fortunately only a few of them were in the safe, Cicely tells me. I pumped her a little walking back, as she never guessed what I had in mind. Those pearls worn by Miss Smith-Curran were genuine, I thought. Didn't you?"

"I'm no expert, sir."

The bishop changed the topic.

"Coming back just now I took occasion to tell Cicely that you were stationed there in the hall by my orders, when she saw you as the lights went on."

"Thank you, sir."

"No thanks in order, my boy. Even when sore I try to play the game. It would certainly have been most unfair to let her think that you had taken advantage of an interruption in the current to pay a late call on this young lady." His eyes twinkled. "Unfair to both of you."

"What did Cicely say?"

"Nothing. I'm inclined to think that she may yet say it to you. Well, I think that I shall go up to my room and get down on my knees and thank our heavenly Father for His care and mercy to my dearest friend. Sherrill must have a head like a Senegambian; or what is more rare in a man of his age and the reward of a wholesome and temperate way of living, arteries like a boy of twenty. Surprising in Smith-Curran too. But then he's Irish."

"Bishop, do you still believe him guilty of an attempt at poisoning?"

"I'm not so sure. My faith in my powers of deduction has sustained a harder wallop than Smith-Curran got, and the effects of it will be more lasting, I imagine. Anyhow, you may count me out of it. I retire. I resign the case."

"This present one is not yet clear to me," Marsh said. "Why did those two yeggs beat it for the boat as if the whole force of reserves was after them, hot on their heels? There wasn't anybody."

"I pass, Marsh," said the bishop wearily. "My brain has gone off duty. It has quit firing. It began to miss earlier in the evening. Just now all it can contemplate is the painful duty of handing over to this mysterious young woman guest of Dodge's a considerable sum of money that I had hoped might be expended for the relief of many more worthy persons."

"Mr. Dodge won't let you, sir."

"The transaction shall be made before Sherrill knows anything about it. I trust in you not to tell him. Here comes the doctor."

A rapidly driven car was coming up the drive. The bishop hurried out, leaving the safe still open. Marsh gathered up the remaining papers and shoved them in. He was about to close the safe door when his heel trod on some object under the table desk. It gave out a metallic, clinking sound. Marsh looked round and saw in the shadow of the space for the legs of one sitting at the desk what looked to be an army saddlebag.

He stooped and picked it up. How did that thing get there, he wondered, and what did it contain? He reached into the bag and hauled out a string of lustrous pearls. Encouraged by this venture, he took another chance at the grab bag and hauled out more pearls, and a job lot of diamonds and sapphire and ruby rings and brooches and things. A third venture produced more assorted jewelry, with which came away some new and uncreased bank notes of various denominations.

Marsh's heart stood the test. In fact, the strains to which it had been subjected during that busy night must have had a curative effect, ironed out the fibers that innervated it, for the functional disorder did not return again, then or later.

Perhaps what it required was just some such tonic agent.

At the foot of the stairs the bishop was saying a few words to the doctor. Marsh lifted his voice.

"Bishop Starr! I say, bishop!"

"One moment—one moment," the bishop called a little testily. "Well, I won't keep you any longer, doctor."

"Bring the doctor in here for a second," Marsh called.

"The doctor? What's struck you, Marsh? He's got to see his patient."

"I've got some medicine he might as well take up—for Cicely and Iona—for you, too, sir."

The good bishop must have looked alarmed, for Marsh heard the doctor say, "Off his head? Has he been drinking? I'd better look him over."

They came through into the lair. Marsh was seated on the corner of the big desk, one leg swinging. His body obscured the heap of jewelry, the money. Noting the wild expression of Marsh's eyes, the bishop was conscious of a fresh shock.

"Come, come, my boy, get yourself in hand. What's the matter? What—wha-at ——"

For Marsh had slipped off the table to reveal its heaping hoard. The bishop gave it one look, then raised both hands, the gesture of a prayer for strength.

When the doctor had gone up Marsh sank into a big chair and stared at the prelate.

"Answer me this one, sir."

The bishop shook his head.

"Ask me no more riddles tonight, Marsh. My strength isn't up to it."

"No more is mine. It's harder than the starlings, though we haven't solved that one yet. Now what the deuce stampeded them in such a hurry that they didn't even stoop to grab up this bag? Something must have thrown an awful scare into them. It's supernatural. Did they see a ghost, or what?"

The bishop shook his head.

"I must say, Marsh, it looks as if you'd said it in your last query. It's as if they had seen an angel with a flaming sword, or ——"

"—— or a lean dark gentleman with hoofs and horns and a strong odor of brimstone," Marsh suggested. "Yeggs like that don't drop their swag and bolt for a mere reproving voice. Besides, there wasn't any voice that we're aware of. It's uncanny. Downright spooky, I call it."

"Well, let us not underrate this fresh blessing. Perhaps some of the others can throw some light on it—Cicely or Johnson. I was flashing my light around in the shrubbery on the edge of the drive when we heard your shots. I think the two others were out in front. Let us put all this in the safe and go up and ask them."

But not even what impressed Marsh as a respectable guess was offered. He did not see Cicely again that night, but the bishop put the problem to her with no result. Johnson, whom Marsh sent for and questioned, not only failed in any solution of the mystery but even drew the knots tighter by stating that he had come in at the front door as the bogus policemen plunged out of the lair through the French window. He had heard there a yell as they made their exit, and thinking that they had caught sight of a marauder, Johnson, who was armed, had yelled a warning to Cicely, then dashed out of the house again and run round the northwest end of it, the pair having fled across the lawn on the southeast.

The doctor reported his patients to be suffering no internal lesions so far as could be discovered, and prescribed merely rest and quiet. The household resettled itself for the night; or, to be exact, for the early morning hours. Marsh enjoyed the first good sleep that had been vouchsafed him for weeks—another plea for an occasional dose of strong emotion.

Waking at about eight, he got up, slipped on swimming suit and bath robe and went down to the water for a dip. It was a warm morning and the wind had shifted to bring in a light fog. The Trilby was shrouded in the mist, but this was not very dense over the land. Crossing the lawn, Marsh caught sight of Doddy, playing with a little spaniel somebody had given him. The boy had a length of gardener's line, the sort used to align the edges of path and lawn borders for trimming. The end of it was tied round the middle of a stick, like a toggle. Doddy was trailing this and the spaniel puppy grabbing and tugging at it.

Doddy ran up and greeted Marsh, for whom he now entertained respect as a fellow marksman. It was the first time Marsh had seen the boy without his gun, and he made comment on this fact. Doddy swung his shoulders, dug the toe of his sandal into the turf and answered, "Oh, I got sort of tired shootin', Mr. McQuentin."

Marsh, perceiving embarrassment and suspecting a breach of the Dodge regulations for the preservation of wild game, in which melons were included, did not pursue what he felt might be an unpleasant topic. He resumed his way to the pier, Doddy following to watch him take his plunge. The spaniel puppy also tagged.

Twenty or thirty yards beyond, a flock of starlings flew up from the mist-cobwebbed lawn. Marsh thoughtfully followed their flight. So did Doddy. The spaniel pursued them with yelps.

Still farther on, Marsh came to the concrete jetty. He perceived that the structure had eroded in spots where it met the gravel path, and that workmen had been mending it. There was a little heap of fine sand and a sifter thrown down on it.

This sifter consisted of a parallelogram of plank about six inches wide with wire netting tacked to it, the whole affair about two feet by four.

Marsh paused and stared at it with a gleam in his blue eyes. His mind that morning was receptive and alert. He looked at the gardener's cord, about fifty yards long, with the toggle at the end. He looked at the sieve for sifting sand. Then he glanced over at the starlings which had realighted on the lawn.

"Now I wonder, Doddy ——"

"Wonder what, Mr. McQuentin?"

"That sand sifter reminds me of something I used to do, when I was a boy, with sparrows in the chicken runs. But it might work with starlings."

Doddy shot him a wary look, then glanced down.

"Grandpa's forbid me to bother the birds on this old place."

"So I understand. But you catch my meaning, Doddy?"

"Sure. That's why I tied that stick ——"

He checked himself. Marsh turned away to hide the burning that he felt his eyes must show.

"Still, I suppose you might trap birds off the premises, Doddy."

"Guess so. Grandpa didn't tell McGinty not to trap 'em, though. He just forbid his using cutworm poison."

"I know. But all the same, your grandpa would be pretty sore if he knew that McGinty had been trapping starlings. At least he might have been at the time, but he wouldn't be now. He hates the very sight of starlings."

Doddy's elfin eyes opened wider.

"What makes you think that, Mr. McQuentin?"

"I know it. He told me so. He's changed his mind about them. I think that I could even get you permission to trap or shoot them all you like."

The boy's face lighted.

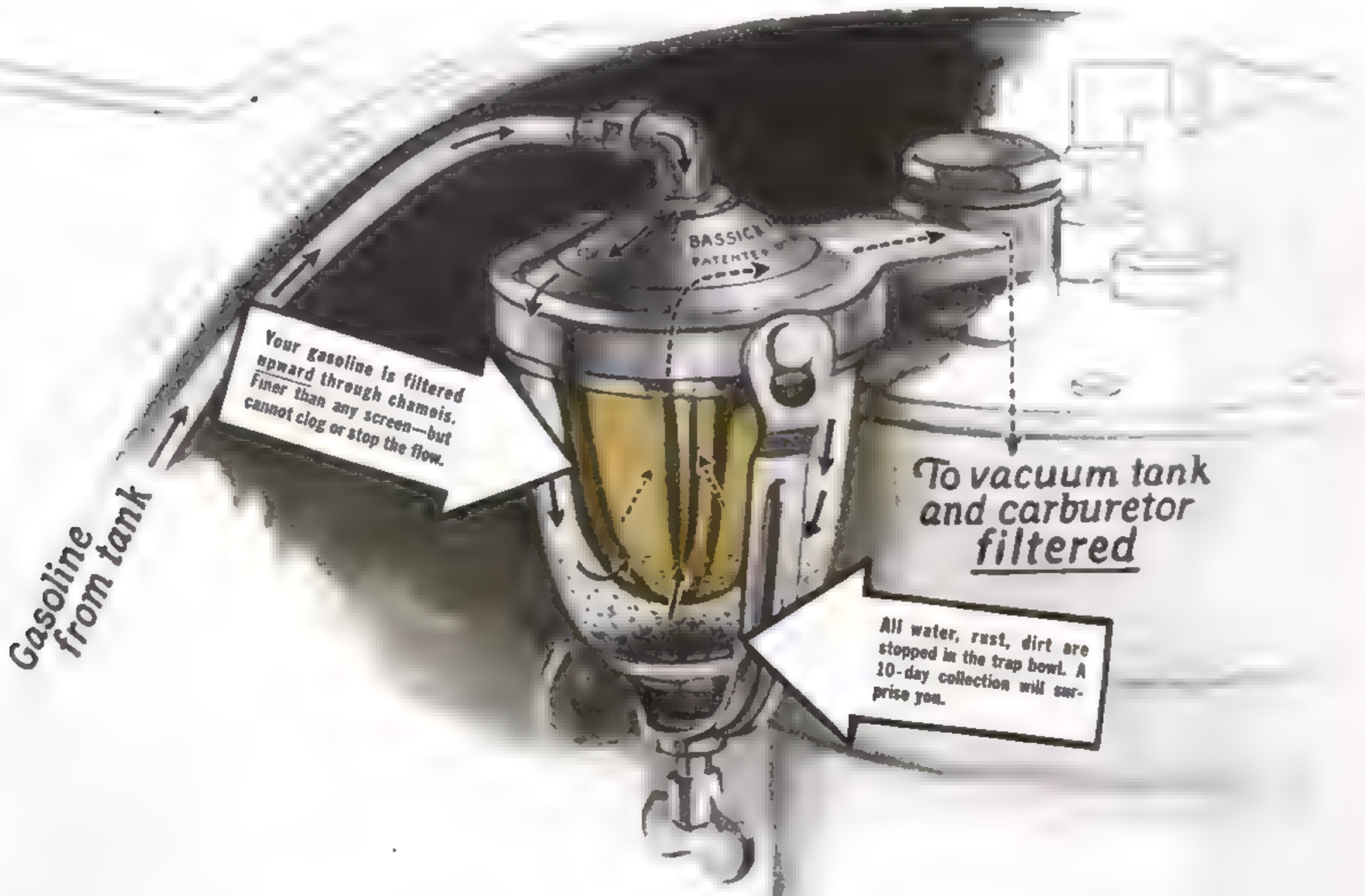
"Really, Mr. McQuentin? Say, how did you guess that McGinty had trapped those starlings for me?"

"Well, I saw that cord you've got, then this sieve. And when your grandpa was bawling out the old bird his face gave him away. I thought he knew something."

Doddy laughed.

"McGinty's all right. Most gardeners would ha' given a guy away. I didn't mean to do 'em any harm, though. Just wanted 'em for pets. McGinty nailed some wire netting on a packing box, and I gave 'em plenty of food and water and grass and things. But they all died. Something in the food, maybe. Salt, I guess."

(Continued on Page 65)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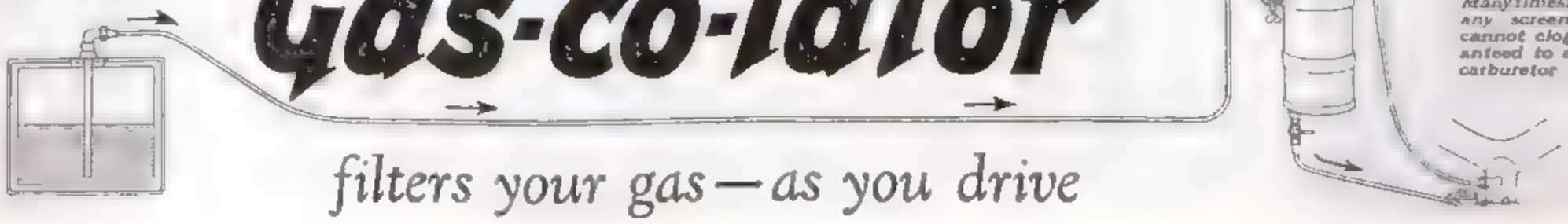

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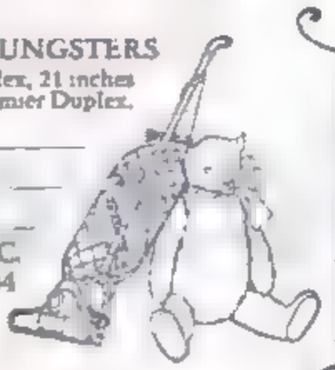

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(Continued from Page 60)

"Birds can't stand salt," Marsh said. "Your sweat is salty, you know, and so even handling their food will fix some wild birds if your hands happen to be sweaty. Did you try to stuff them when they died?"

"No. Say, I never thought of that. Is it hard?"

"Not after a little practice. Why did you put them out on the lawn, right under your grandpa'swindow?" Marsh laughed. "That was just asking for trouble."

"I forgot 'em, Mr. McQuentin. I'd put 'em there late the afternoon before, when you were all in swimmin'. Then mother called me for supper and I forgot to take 'em away."

"Oh, so that's it! Why did you put them there?"

"For decoys. I thought maybe they'd attract the others. I was inside the library window with my gun."

"Lawbreaking, Doddy."

"Yes, I know, Mr. McQuentin. But I can't turn round on this place without breaking some sort of rule, so it might as well be that. Besides, I could see grandpa when he started to walk back up to the house."

"Well, there's something in that," Marsh admitted. His heart was caroling inside him. Poor Bishop Starr!

"Before the starlings died," Doddy volunteered, "McGinty wanted me to tie a string on their legs and hitch 'em to a peg. He said they did that in the old country with larks. But that seemed sort of cruel. All the same, I guess they make snappier decoys when they flutter."

"Most decoys do, Doddy. Well, I guess I'd better take my dive."

"Say, Mr. McQuentin ——"

Doddy showed symptoms of shyness again—worse than that, of some secret dread. As Marsh looked down at him he perceived that the elfin face had turned quite pale.

"Shoot, Doddy."

"I guess you've been a boy yourself."

"Not so very long ago. I used to snipe birds and things, even horses sometimes. I've been known to start a runaway, though it's nothing to boast of."

"Did you ever sting a cop?"

Marsh shook his head.

"No, I don't think I was ever quite game enough for that. I lived in the city, and the running wasn't good enough."

"What'd they do if they caught you?" Doddy asked.

"Lock you up, maybe. The season's always closed on cops, and that game law has a pretty strict penalty attached."

Doddy nodded.

"What if you didn't know it was a cop? What if they were in plain clothes and came into your house and you took 'em for burglars?"

"Hey? What's that?"

Fortunately for Marsh his heart was by this time shockproof, else it might have raced off again.

"Well, that could happen, Mr. McQuentin. What if you woke up and heard voices when you thought everybody'd gone to bed, and you thought of burglars and got up and sneaked down holdin' your breath and saw two men in front of your open safe? Then what if you shot 'em, Mr. McQuentin, and found out afterward they weren't burglars at all, but cops?"

Doddy's voice began to pant. Marsh was breathing heavily too.

"Doddy, where do you sleep?"

Doddy toed the path.

"On the porch of the room over grandpa's lair."

"And you woke up last night and heard these birds?" Doddy stared at him fixedly, then nodded. "What then? You thought the safe was being robbed, and got your air gun?"

"Yes. I been dyin' to tell somebody, but I was scared."

"Tell me all about it, my boy. And look here, Doddy, those two were crooks after all. They passed themselves off as cops, but they were actually yeggs. Now tell me your end."

He sat down on the turf, taking the boy on his knee. Doddy's face shone eagerly.

"Is that straight, Mr. McQuentin? Gee, were they really crooks?"

"Crooked as a rail fence, Doddy, or corkscrew, or any of those things. All you've got coming will get you anything you want, I'll tell the scramble-brained world. Let's have it now. There's no closed season for yeggs. Sometimes there's even a bounty. Tell me the whole story."

"Well, you know how sometimes you wake up in the night, Mr. McQuentin? I woke up that way last night, not scared or nightmarish, but feeling like something was wrong. The porch where I sleep is right over the lair, and just then I heard voices. If they'd been talking out loud I wouldn't have paid any attention, but they sounded low and sort of sneaky.

"I was sure that it was burglars in the lair. Then I heard a little clinking noise, and I was positive."

Marsh thought of the inner compartment of the safe that had contained the jewels and that had been forced.

"Yes, go on, Doddy."

"Well, I thought I'd better make sure before I raised a false alarm and got bawled out, so I took my air rifle and sneaked downstairs and peeked out from behind the portières between the dining room and billiard room. The door of the lair was open and I saw two men in front of the safe. One of 'em said 'That's all,' so I knew there wasn't any time to lose, and that if I went to call anybody they'd get away. So I drew a bead on the nearest one and let him have it right between the shoulders. He gave a jump and yelled 'I'm drilled!'

"I pumped in another shot, and as the other man looked round I gave him one too—in the side of his ribs. He let out a yelp and sort of gasped, 'So'm I! Beat it!' You know an air gun hurts like the very deuce, Mr. McQuentin."

"I'll say it does; worse than a penetrating bullet. They must have thought somebody was potting 'em with a silencer on his gun, and not bothering to take prisoners. What then, my wonder child?"

"They made a rush for the long window. One of 'em slipped on the rug and fell against the desk and I burned him again. Just that moment somebody rushed in the front door and I pulled the portière round me. Then I heard Johnson holler, 'Hey, you cops, what's up?' Before I could think what he meant he hollered, 'Look out, Miss Dodge! Those two detectives have beat it out after somebody,' and he rushed out again. Then, of course, I saw what was up, or at least what I thought was up. There'd been real burglars, and the two men I'd plugged were detectives looking to see if they'd got away with anything. I was scared at what I'd done, so I sneaked back to bed."

Marsh gave the boy a hug.

"You're the real thing, Doddy. What then?"

"Well, I lay wondering there what they'd do to me if they found it out. Then all of a sudden I heard shots, some distance off. That made it worse, because I thought that the cops must be furious and had plugged somebody—Johnson, maybe. I waited and waited, but nothing happened, and then I must have gone to sleep. I didn't wake up until seven o'clock, and then I got dressed and went out to ask McGinty if anything had happened in the night. He said not that he knew about, and asked why. I said 'Oh, nothing; but I thought I'd heard people running around outside,' and McGinty said I must have been dreaming. Johnson had gone off somewhere in the car and I don't like that other guy much, so I thought I'd better keep my mouth shut until I heard somebody say something about it. Gee, but I'm glad you came along, Mr. McQuentin!"

Marsh gave him another hug.

"Doddy boy, you've got a lot coming to you, and it's all good. Now listen, old chap. Don't say a word about this to anybody. We will have a grand old showdown a little later in the morning. I want to set the stage a little. You keep right on playing round. I'll call you when the time comes. And, Doddy, if there's anything you'd like to have particularly—a pony or sailboat or long-distance radio set of your own—I'm here to say you're going to get it. Now I'd better take my swim."

Doddy looked round.

"Here comes Aunt Cis."

Cicely was coming toward them across the lawn. Like Marsh, she was in swimming suit and peignoir. She raised her eyebrows a little to find him and her mischievous elf of a nephew in such close accord, then greeted him pleasantly, if warily. Cicely, Marsh opined, had done a little thinking since he had seen her last. Doddy ran off as she approached. The spaniel puppy also ran.

"Lili," said Cicely, "would like to have a snapshot of that. She claims that none of us appreciate her angel child. I think she'd fall in love with whoever did."

"In that case," Marsh answered, "your sister is due to conceive a grand passion for my unworthy self. How are the patients?"

"Astonishingly fit. Both are clamoring for food. You look rather better yourself."

"I feel better. My mind is relieved of a great load—two loads." He glanced at her smiling face and added, "Three."

"Really?" She gave him a quizzical look. "Well, to add to this unburdening, I may as well admit that I took a foolish powder day before yesterday, but did not get the full effect of it until last night—about the time the lights went on again. I'm sorry, Marsh."

"Let's forget it, Cicely. As the screen imprints say, 'Joy cometh in the morning,' and likewise, 'It's another day. Something tells me it's my day.' Shall we wash away our misunderstandings where they began—in yonder flood?"

"Let's. This time, if you need an animated life buoy, sing out."

"I'm apt to do that thing, and keep on singing—even after we get ashore, perhaps. Shall we swim off to the yacht?"

To his considerable astonishment, Cicely answered calmly, "Why, yes, if you think you're up to it. I'll set a gentler pace."

"If you stick to that, I'm up to anything; the distant shore—the end of the world, so long as we're together."

"Some trip! We could get there at that, I think, if your patience was not so snappy as your detecting."

"You don't know the half of it. There's a bad time ahead for the bishop, though."

"What do you mean? He's already had it, I should say. Further developments, or what?"

Marsh merely chanted an old ditty, substituting for Mr. Bluebeard:

I'm sorry for Mr. Bishop. I hates for to cause 'im pain;
But the hell of a spree there's sure to be, when I come back again.

Cicely gave him a puzzled look. They reached the end of the jetty and shed their peignoirs. Marsh stepped up onto the concrete rampart. Cicely surveyed his strong trim figure with a look that Marsh would have been pleased to see, then got up beside him. Marsh turned and for a moment their eyes met in a look of full accord. At the same moment the sun that had been burning its way through the thinning mist shone down on them in soft white radiance, like a benediction.

"This is better, Cicely."

"Lots better, Marsh. I've learned something—not to jump at conclusions, not to convict on circumstantial evidence. Let's go. In mind and body we seem very much undressed."

"All right. Down to the sea in slips."

He took a clean dive. Cicely followed him. They breasted the little wavelets that had sprung up with the new breeze and started to swim out to the yacht, of which fabric only the topmasts were visible, although the fog had cleared over the land.

Halfway out to the schooner Marsh slackened his strokes.

Then—"Help! Help!" He began to let himself sink. "Where's that life buoy?"

"You old fraud! I'll show you, though. Stop paddling now." Marsh stopped paddling. Cicely's round arm flashed out and her hand closed in a strong grip, not on his shoulder strap but on his black wavy and sufficient hair. "Now I've got you."

"Yes, and I've got you, you darling."

His arms encircled her. That is the danger with persons who for the moment lose their heads in the clutch of brine—or beauty. This madness seized Marsh. He drew Cicely close. She loosed her grip of his hair and ceased struggling. Her head fell back and her lips parted slightly as Marsh crushed his own against them in a Triton kiss.

From treading water, they trod for a few seconds on pink and rosy clouds. These being unstable, they began to sink. That first kiss was finished a foot or two under water. But as such exercise entails the holding of one's breath even on a mountain top, neither suffered from the brief immersion. A strong stroke and the black head and golden one broke the surface in a long gasp for air.

"Oh, Marsh, that was—that was ——"

"—— paradise gained. We needn't sink, though. Like this, and this."

"That will do. I shan't try to rescue you again. Come, swim back."

They turned for the shore. Glancing then at the house, by this time in bright

(Continued on Page 67)

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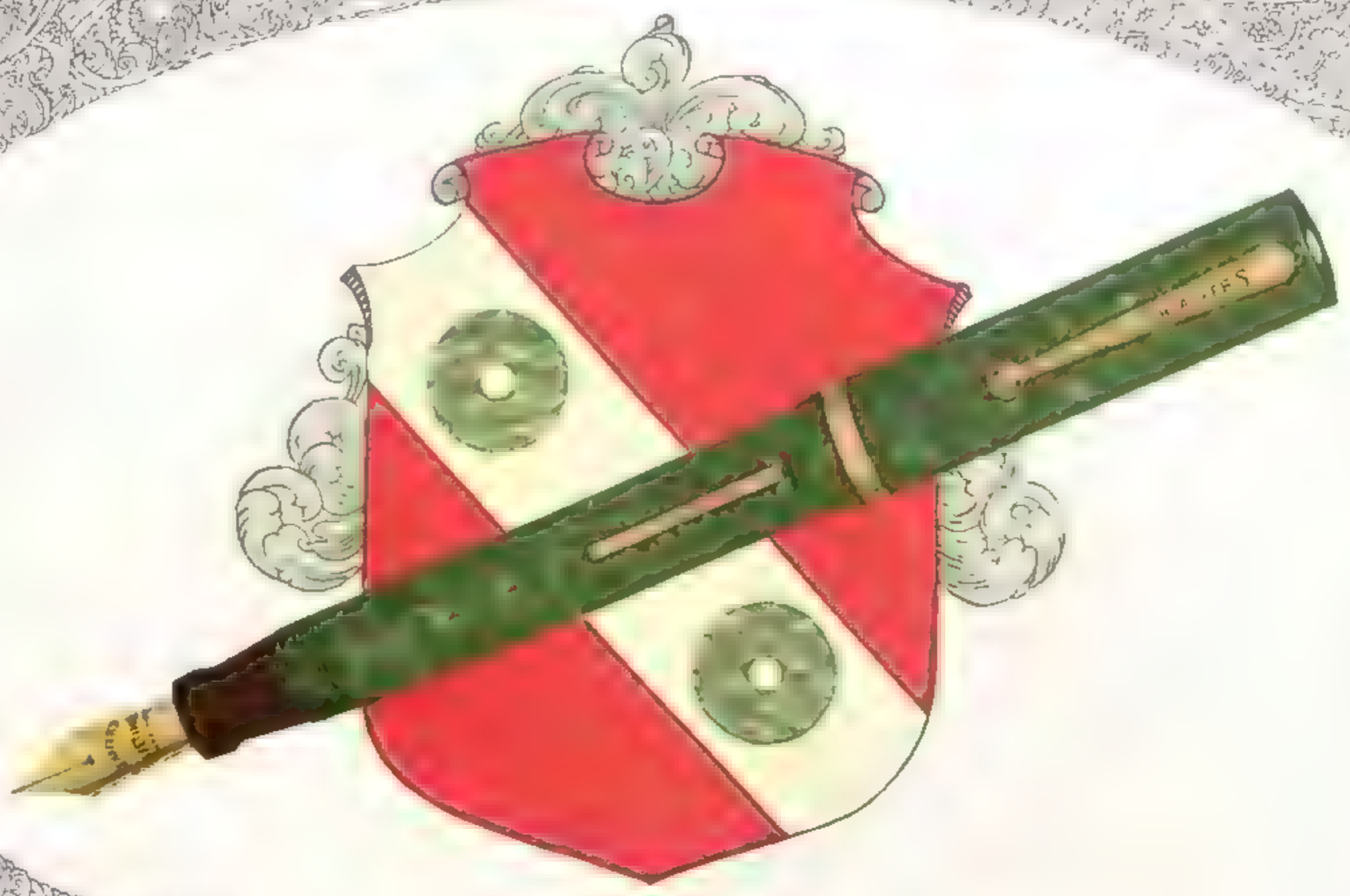

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(Continued from Page 65

sunshine, Marsh caught a heliographic flash from the window of the room he was able to identify as that of the bishop, such a vivid gleam as would come from the fore lens of a binocular. Marsh chuckled to himself. The anxious bishop, he imagined, had got an eyeful.

XIV

MARSH, after breakfast, led the radiant Cicely for a stroll along the shore. Coming presently to a secluded spot under the shade of a big oak, Marsh put her in possession of all the facts of the starling case. That about the flight of the two thieves he withheld as a pièce de résistance, to come later. It is not well to overcrowd the youthful brain, and Cicely had already a good deal on hers.

Having been up to this time entirely ignorant of the starling affair in its relation to the Smith-Currans, Cicely was, as might have been expected, startled, shocked, and finally astonished. As was also to be expected, these emotions were at the end dissolved in admiration for the perspicacity of her fiancé. Marsh, as time pressed, collected her tribute to this latter only in part.

"The question is this, darling girl: Is it better to let the major know that we suspected him of being a potential assassin of the vilest sort, or not? How is he going to take it?"

Cicely pondered for a moment.

"If it wasn't that Iona knew, I'd advise suppressing it," she said. "But since she does know, I'd ask her what she thinks you ought to do."

Wherefore, on their return a little later, Marsh laid the matter before Iona. Once recovered in some measure from her astonishment and delight at the true answer to the problem, she wept a few hot tears, then laughed.

"I wouldn't have poor old dad know for worlds that he'd been suspected of murder, Marsh. Besides, it might lead him to commit one. You've told Cicely and me, so now go tell Mr. Dodge and Bishop Starr, then let's all try to erase the beastly business from our minds. Now that it's all cleared up, why upset poor dad about it?"

Marsh therefore made his deposition as to the starlings *in camera* to the bishop and Mr. Dodge. Their astonishment and the remorse of the bishop need not be recorded. His movement that the whole wretched and ridiculous affair be dropped into an *oubliette* was unanimously carried.

"Proceeding to the next and less important problem that confronted us," Marsh then said with a twinkle in his eyes, "I should like to ask Mrs. Williams, Cicely, Iona and Major Smith-Curran to hear just how it happened that these thugs saw fit to beat it without their booty. We might also have Johnson in."

These persons were therefore summoned. Marsh had first intended that Doddy should tell the story himself. But reflecting on the shyness and sensitiveness of the little boy, Marsh was for one thing unwilling to subject him to an ordeal that might result in some nervous reaction, while for another he decided that he could do better justice to Doddy's act than the child could do himself.

Before his recital was half finished, he was very glad that he had chosen the latter course. Mrs. Williams was nearly in hysterics, sobbing, laughing, and alternating fervent expressions of thanksgiving and praise at her son's escape from destruction, with none too filial or sisterly observations anent the stupid lack of appreciation hitherto shown the boy by those who should have seen that he was no mere mortal child, but a celestial visitant. The bishop managed to quiet her, however, before letting her rush out for a demonstration over Doddy that all present felt would be a poor return for his distinguished gallantry.

Johnson, the chauffeur, was also then excused, and he went out as Doddy's inspired domestic press agent. Then, as the others were discussing the incident more quietly, Iona, who, as Marsh had noticed, was very pale, threw her father a meaning glance. The valiant major looked very badly rattled, turned a turkey-cock red—alarming in a man who had the night before been sandbagged—then with a tremendous effort pulled himself together. Tugged down his tunic, as one might say, straightened his sword belt, smoothed his gloves, cleared his throat inside and out, of dryness and a tight collar, and generally got set as if to order that the military execution be carried on.

Marsh, watching him in a good deal of astonishment, wondered what the deuce was coming. He had not long to wait. If the major's preliminaries were a little painful, his fire was rapid and smack on the target; the bang-speaking-of-guns sort to be expected of a soldier.

"I say, all you good people, it's jolly awkward to slam in another shock just when we're all tuned up to high tension, gettin' back our wind from the last down, so to speak. Might as well cough it up though. It's about the object of our visit here. 'Fraid I've funked it till now. First I'd heard of it was three days before we sailed, when my daughter Iona came and told me that Barclay was in a bad jam and had to haul twelve thousand pounds right off the reel or get posted. Always liked the laddy, and the chances are I'd have pulled him through anyhow. Perfectly safe bet for me, looked at from any slant. But Iona thought I seemed to hang fire, so she went and popped it out. Fact is they're married—been married six months, she tells me."

The sputtering bomb had burst. Marsh, recovering from his first shock, looked anxiously at Mr. Dodge. There was no surprise at all to be observed on the face of that gentleman. Moreover, his lips seemed writhing in a smile; the smile, Marsh thought probable, of the Spartan boy's father on being told that his only son had let a fox tear out his insides rather than squeal.

Also, perhaps not. The bishop looked sad but resigned. They must have had a cable from Barclay, Marsh decided.

Dodge now confirmed this by saying pleasantly, "I received a long letter from Barclay giving me this news in the morning's mail, major—that and other gratifying reports. Permit me to express my pleasure and that of Barclay's sisters that he should have chosen so wisely, and his suit been approved."

The major turned even redder, and bowed from the hips, like a Prussian guardsman. Marsh scarcely followed what he said in answer, but felt that it was officially correct. He was staring at Iona, who wafted back to him a look that was edged with a sort of mocking malice. Cicely looked distressed and was trying to hide it. Major Smith-Curran continued, less explosively: "Well, then that's all right. Barclay's a fine upstanding chap, and now that he's taken oath never to gamble away another bob, he hasn't got a vice that I know of. Iona will see that he keeps it. Takes after her mother, who was the Honorable Audrey Fitzhugh. It was no bother to me to pay Barclay's shot, as I happen to have oodles of money. Staked a Greek Jew of Smyrna in the shipping business the spring of 1913 and he shot square. Iona can tell you why they kept their marriage secret."

He glared around him as if surprised that the ordeal was over with and no fuss. Iona hesitated.

"Were you afraid I would object?" Dodge asked.

"No." She looked at her father and laughed. "I think I can tell with safety now. Poor daddy was squirming in the clutches of a woman I loathed just then. She's a rich and titled she-devil, to call things by name. I knew perfectly well that I was all that stood between dad and a fate worse than death. He was only holding off on my account, not to see me struck adrift. So I persuaded Barclay to a secret marriage."

"That's what bowled the lad," Smith-Curran said. "Fed up on secrecy and playin' clandestine lover to his wife and all that sort of thing. Besides"—he looked at Dodge "he wasn't half sure how you were going to take it. Thought you might order him back home and put him on K. P. No way to treat a youngster of spirit, if you don't mind my saying so. As soon as reported to me I booked for the next boat and came over to talk things over with you. Hoped you might see your way to match the ten thousand a year I mean to settle on my daughter—pounds, not dollars. They'll need all that if they're going to stick on in diplomacy."

Dodge nodded.

"I think that can be managed, major," he said dryly. "Barclay is on his way, and the chances are we'll be able to get out a good working plan." He glanced at Cicely, Iona, Marsh. "Now suppose you children trot out and send Doddy up here. We three want to talk to him a little."

"Why didn't Barclay tell his family who you two really were?" Marsh asked Iona crossly, a little later. "For all they knew you might have been what for a little while we thought you were."

"That's taboo, Marsh. Makes me shiver. Barclay hates swank as much as he does flocking with the wrong people. Besides, he wanted them to judge us on our merits. That's what put the chip on my shoulder. I felt the—well, cold wave. Dad's Irish and wild, and I've got a Spanish streak in me. We're not insulated English. Then we've been some years in the Far East. It's no wonder we looked a little fishy."

The bishop, with Cicely in tow, came up in time to hear the last word.

"Did you say fishy, Iona? I am the one to blame for that; the poor fish in the balanced aquarium. Because a little boy traps some starlings, I build up synthetic bugaboos that nearly become destructive jinn. It was like a word spelled correctly, but with the wrong meaning applied. One might as well insist that b-e-a-r could only be a ferocious animal, when the meaning of the word was to carry a cross or bring a child into the world. One always finds bogies when keeping them in mind.

"Dear, dear, what danger in the best intentioned of meddlers! But this has been a lasting lesson, not only to myself but to all of us, I hope. To the Chinese maxim of 'See no evil, speak no evil, hear no evil,' should be added also 'Think no evil,' if that could be depicted. And let the cobbler stick to his last."

(THE END)

Mr. Backhome—"Purty Good Scarecrow, Ain't It, Mandy?"

Watch This Column

RUPERT JULIAN

RUPERT JULIAN, who directed Universal's great production ***"The Phantom of the Opera,"*** also the very successful ***"Merry Go Round,"*** is a director of fine artistic perception and an actor of unusual ability. In ***"The Phantom"*** his imagination has been given free rein, with the result that he has invested Gaston Leroux' famous story with thrills that will live long in your memory. It may even outrival ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame."***

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Carl Laemmle
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(To be continued next week)

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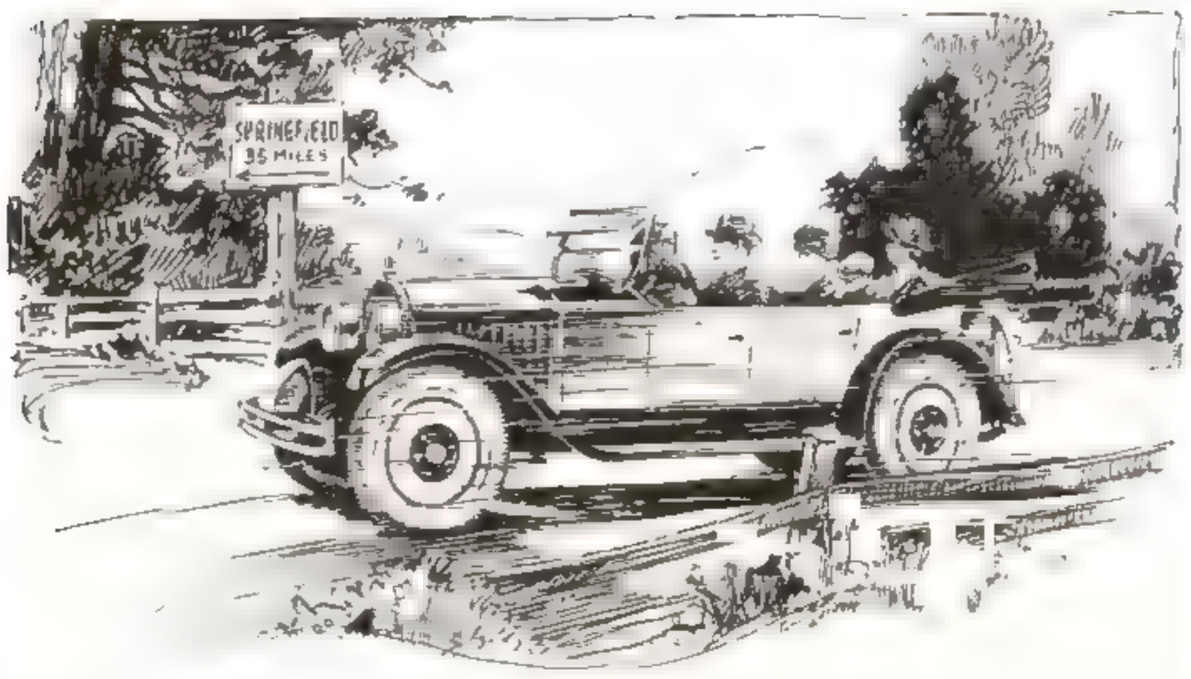

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THIRTY YEARS LATE

(Continued from Page 9)

straighter, more and more sleepless, his bridle arm lifted, his right fallen limp, as if he were in the saddle. Slim had to wear his belt tight or it would drop down over his hips. One had a feeling that it could be pulled up over his shoulders without loosening a notch. "Why couldn't it be?" he wanted to know in a louder tone.

"You're breaking in on my rest," Cal murmured.

Slim straightened out his legs and helped himself to his feet with both hands. Taking a quart cup from his mess case, he went back to the cook wagon and returned with it full of hot coffee.

"This ain't no night for rest; this ain't no country for us, Cal. I've been making forty dollars a month so long anybody'd think I was keepin' up a twenty-year endowment policy."

The big one bent over to Elbert, whispering, "I shore hoped he was over them spells. Six months since Slim's been took like this. Sad, ain't it?"

But Elbert saw a reddish flare in Cal's eyes, usually so icy gray and cool. Something queer was taking place in himself at the same time, a wild hope—the last chance on earth. But he couldn't miss that he was forgotten now, the pair more and more involved in each other as the tension grew.

"You'll admit we're dyin' off here," said Slim.

"Not so loud! Hush yourself!" said Cal. "We ain't got no grudge against Heaslep's. We don't want to start a stampede of hands just as round-up's comin' on."

"That's so," Slim muttered.

Elbert suddenly found the eyes of both men boring into his.

"You won't tell 'em anything about this, will you? We ain't got nothing against old Frost-Face," said Slim.

"I shore would hate to see this outfit left short-handed through any abrupt transformations takin' place between me and Slim," added Cal.

"I won't say anything," Elbert declared, but the sound of his own voice was strange and unsteady. A moment later he strolled off into the dark. He couldn't stand it—felt himself dying for this final chance, but he would be the last one on the ranch asked.

"Elbert!" in Cal's easy tones.

He went back.

"Anything eatin' you?"

"No."

"You ain't figurin' ——"

"No, I won't tell Frost-Face or anyone."

"It ain't that. Slim and me sort of forgot ourselves. Bein' married a long time, it works that way. Can't be you're honin' to go, Elbert?"

"Wouldn't I slow you up?"

"We thought of that, but concluded we could do with a balancer."

"I sure want to go."

"It'll be a blow to Frost-Face. Speak Mexican?"

"No; all I know is Latin."

"Lord, does that run in your family, Elbert?"

"I speak Mexican," Slim reminded in the tone of one wronged.

Cal squinted at the fire.

"Sure, I forgot. Slim eats her."

Elbert looked up at the stars. They had suddenly blazed out friendly, and over the cattle came a warm wind and folded him in.

"Excuse me," Cal added. "I've got some very close work to do right now, threadin' a needle to tack my war sack together."

They crossed the border at Nogales, Cal riding old Chester, Slim on his Indian and Elbert astride the rat-tailed gray. A few minutes before sundown they entered the small pueblo of Cienega. Six hours in the saddle; Elbert was tired, athirst; the April sunlight had been burning as July; but except for the occasional oppressive fear that his presence slowed up the adventuring of Cal and Slim, an extraordinary elation possessed him; as if part of his lungs that had never known air before had quietly opened, alive at last. The moment of fastening the horses at the hitching rack in the sleepy sandy street, before the little cantina in Cienega, was memorable from all others in life. There was a dust cloud in the low dobe doorway. Such was the stillness and deep ease in the air that each grain of dust hung in enticing suspense, a meaning and purpose Elbert was sure of and needn't try to think out.

"Tequila," said Slim as they entered.

"Same here," said Cal.

It was like the hold of a ship in a way; the smell of dried orange peel; a range of barrels with Spanish writing on them, a breath of coolness; shelves of canned and bottled goods, wines and catchup and pickles resting together in dusty composure.

"I will too," Elbert said.

The little fat man of the place had been trimming his oil lamp, pouring in coal oil from a large glass jar. He drew out a second piece of glassware from under the counter, slightly smaller, but of similar shape to the first. The contents of the two jars were of identical color.

"Here goes," said Slim, and the three small glasses were raised.

For a second Elbert thought he had been shot in the neck. Out of the pandemonium of his faculties then formed the suspicion that either they burned tequila in the lamps or else that was the Mexican name for kerosene.

"The first one always hits me where I ain't lookin'," Cal remarked. "Suppose we go through the formalities of three more."

Elbert braced to do it again. He felt himself standing very straight, only there was a curious illusion that his spine extended clear through to the top of his head. The reverberations of the second shot having died away, Elbert was conscious of a faint aroma, as if all the dried fruits and tubers and woodwork had blended in enticing fragrance. A horse nickered from afar down the street and their three ponies at the hitching rail raised their heads to answer. A kind of union and interplay in all things—glint of drift and daring in Cal Monroid's eyes. The little fat man was shaking his match box. It really wouldn't do for the lamp to be lighted just yet. Elbert spoke up.

"We might risk one more," he said with slow care.

Now Cal and Slim took his invitation in a queer way. They pawed each other and kept saying, "I told you so." Could they mean they weren't regretting they had let him come?

"I like it here," said Slim.

"I feel like stayin'," said Cal. "I could eat some of these here dried herrin' and pickles standin' up, but I suggest we saunter to a table somewhere and feed on somethin' firm. I could stay all night."

Elbert, standing very straight, turned away to the doorway that last moment before the lamp was lighted, and there he beheld his crimson foam—the whole West, over the horses' heads, shot with Indian red. It was worth the winter at Heaslep's, worth the prolonged struggle with Fortitude, worth the years of school. Only he mustn't fall to telling how happy he was. Meanwhile Slim and the little fat man were having words. The former turned to Cal with a wronged look.

"What you goin' to do with a fellow like this? He keeps hornin' in with English. Says I called him a horse. Says I mean *caballero*, not *caballo*. Wants to know if we'll have our chickens boiled or fried."

"Quickest for me," said Cal. "Only tell him I ain't broke off with beans."

After supper Cal suggested that they go out to the corral to see if the horses were making out as well as they were. Elbert sat back against a stone. The straw smelled dry and clean; the sky was close and velvety; the three horses were grinding sun-parched corn, a soothing sound; everything expansive and exactly right, only a persistent tendency to be reminiscent, which Elbert checked. Finally, at his right, a chuckle from Cal.

"Slim ——"

"Yep?"

"For a tenderfoot, I'm sayin' our young friend Elbert holds his fire water aloft some successful, don't you think?"

Slim allowed that, and Elbert's face turned away to the dark so his exultation might not be seen. He felt on the eve of a mysterious graduation ceremony.

Toward midafternoon two days later they entered the pueblo of Nacimiento, and two thin dogs skulked across the road ahead of their horses. An old man, beyond human speech, was sitting in the sun against a wall, and a little farther on, another. That seemed the end of life, as they paused before a fonda marked, El Cajon. The sandy

(Continued on Page 70)

The KELLY FLEXIBLE CORD

The Peregrinations of the Pecks

After a delightful trip across country from Pinehurst, the Pecks have arrived in St. Louis, where we see them stopping for a few minutes on the picturesque waterfront to allow Jim the younger to add one of the famous Mississippi River steamboats to his collection of snapshots. The two young Pecks are getting a liberal education, father is having a wonderful time and the change of scene and release from housework are doing mother a world of good. The whole family, therefore, is enjoying the trip immensely.

THE KELLY FLEXIBLE CORD is the *only* tire in which the bead is built in as an integral part. Since it is this new Integral Bead construction that makes the flexibility possible, it follows that no tire built by the ordinary method can offer the same combination of mileage *and* comfort.

Rugged, dependable and easy-riding, here is indeed the best tire that even Kelly has ever built.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRES

Make their breakfast a delightful game

Fairy grains—children think they're confections
You know they're whole wheat

IT'S the unusual in food that tempts the childish appetite; food that's different from the ordinary. Serve it, and you'll never need coax a child to eat.

Quaker Puffed Wheat is whole wheat, steam exploded to 8 times its normal size—every food cell broken to make digestion easy. Crisp and toasty grains, luscious and richly appetizing.

The flavor is like nut-meats; grain food with the enticement of a confection. Bran, minerals, carbohydrates you have here in balanced combination. And when served with milk, the vitamines, all three.

For a delightful change, serve this most delightful of grain foods. Then note the new delight it offers the children—how, too, it attracts the adults of the family.

Serve with milk and cream, or in bowls of half and half. Try with fresh and cooked fruits, as a garnishment with ice cream, as a between-meal tid-bit to take the place of sweets. Today, order a package of your grocer.

Puffed Rice, too

Rice steam exploded like the wheat—"The Enchanted Breakfast" in a million homes; a delightful alternate with Puffed Wheat.

The Quaker Oats Company

(Continued from Page 68)

road at this point was beaten with many pony tracks.

"Looks as if a troop of calvary had halted here," Slim said in a hushed tone.

A moment of rich promise to Elbert. He wished he didn't feel so played out. They entered the deserted wine room. Slim drew a finger over the bar board and left his mark in the dust. A lame boy finally came out from the shadows behind. No mistake about his gestures; they were urged to move on.

"What do you think we're up against?" Cal inquired. "Yellow fever or war?"

"Can't say," said Slim; "only far from home—far from home."

"We might keep on going to Burton's oil wells at San Pasquali. Can't be more than eighteen miles from here, but it would take the edge off the horses; also what little nape of Elbert's as ain't wore off already."

"Oh, I'm all right," Elbert hastened to say; "whatever you think best."

At the end of town they heard a phonograph, the twisty piping tones of El Chocolo. In a doorway presently appeared a barefooted old woman with a broom in one hand and a pair of castanets in the other. Slim uncorked his Spanish. It sounded to Elbert as if he were asking for rooms with bath. The señora's mouth opened, but no sound came. She raised one foot and clicked the castanets, finally coördinating, "No sabe, señor."

Slim repeated.

The other foot vanished; the castanets vibrated and a single word shot forth. "*Baños*" was the nature of it, the señora pointing to a tin washtub under the eaves. At this point Elbert had to attend to Rat-Tail. The old range horse wasn't taking to the señora and her castanets. His feet were planted firmly against advance to the hitching rack, and a long tremulous wheeze poured out of his nostrils, signifying distrust, alarm.

"I'll love her up," said Slim, dismounting. He bowed low before the señora, who couldn't resist, and bade them enter. Rat-Tail relaxed as the Mexican woman turned into the doorway. The three followed into a flowered patio, where the señora brought pans of water for them to wash and then began stirring in the ashes of the ancient fireplace.

"I'm takin' on hope," Cal breathed. "She's fixin' to boil something, if it's only grool."

"*Frijoles*," lightly called Slim. "Also, *huevos*, señora; also *tortillas tom bien*."

Her back was turned their way, but her hand shot up, registering the orders on the castanets.

At this instant something began to be wrong in the air. A far-off sound took the heart out of Elbert; hatefully familiar, spoiling at once all the mysterious warnings of deserted Nacimiento—the chug-chug of an earth eater, high powered and coming fast.

A small square vined window in the patio faced the road. Elbert moved to it, Cal and Slim following. The three heads looked out, a hush fallen upon them. A cherry-colored sedan, dust of Mexico unable to cover its incredible modernity, halted before the señora's door and three queer boyish figures hopped out.

"They're white," whispered Slim. "They're play actors."

Then from Cal: "What kind of little boys would you say them were, Elbert?"

"I wouldn't. They're girls in hikin' clothes. Don't you see their vanities?"

"Short hair and short pants, Elbert—where do you look for them points you speak of? Oh, you mean the little satchels!"

Mexico had petered out; hope dead.

"You go in first, Elbert. I never coped with nothin' like them," Cal murmured.

They followed the señora into the front room. A chunky black-haired girl, who had sat in the driver's seat of the sedan, was letting it be known that she and her two friends had stopped for refreshments on their way to San Pasquali. Her voice was resonant, and she tried to make volume do, having no Spanish.

The señora held up her empty hand; her mouth opened, no sound. Slim hurried back to the fireplace to fetch her clappers.

The black-haired one stamped her foot. She was used to getting what she wanted.

"Oh, can't you see we're hungry, thirsty—something to eat and drink?" She had muscle and big blue eyes.

"Put your hand on your belt, miss," Cal called. "Make signs of bein' caved in."

"Hush up, Cal. That ain't no language to use," said Slim, stepping up from the sideline. "Allow me to interperate for you, lady."

"Thanks, if you please."

At this point Elbert's hand touched a hand at his left. He turned and said "Excuse me," in severe tones. A swift shy smile met his eyes—the face of one unmistakably frightened, but handling it—a girl who could cry engagingly, but only after everything was over. Her tones had a curious way of not disturbing the stillness.

"I think we made a mistake in coming—an awful mistake," she laughed. "I told Florabel we ought to turn round and go back, but she wouldn't hear to it."

Elbert turned to Florabel, whose blue eyes were flashing up to Cal's.

"I'm Miss Burton, and I'm going to San Pasquali to surprise papa."

"Won't you, though?" enthused Cal.

The third of the girls was smaller, younger—a whitish wide-eyed face, hovering above a large and high-colored necktie. Slim had taken over this little one, but she was slow to soothe, her eyes getting wider, the white of her skin fading into colorless fear. Meanwhile, in shy tones, Elbert was hearing the story of their coming from the girl at his left.

"We're from Miss Van Whipple's finishing school in Tucson. It's spring vacation now, and we were sight-seeing in Nogales this morning, when Florabel got the idea to rush down here and see her father. It was only seventy miles, she said, and wouldn't take more than three hours. I'm afraid we've made a terrible mistake."

"I'm afraid you have," said Elbert. He was used to a houseful of sisters and he carried no heartstrings whatsoever for passing winds to flap.

Her name was Mary Gertling. Her short hair was neither black nor blond, but there was a roll to it, down over her temples, that Elbert remembered as a sort of aim of all his sisters' girl friends before he left. He forgot what Mary was saying for a minute, studying the creamy light through her skin. It made him remember the thin bowl of alabaster on the ceiling of the dining room at home. She didn't seem to mind his severe ways. She just couldn't seem to believe it of him. He recalled the ominous signs which attended his riding into Nacimiento with Cal and Slim—the myriad pony tracks.

"If I were you I'd ask Miss Burton to turn around and go back," he said.

"But Florabel never would! She never turns back—in anything. She says her father is less than twenty miles from here."

She talked up to him so trustingly. The little fawn-skin coat covering her shoulders had that texture which draws the hand to touch. Her ways were swift and still; but Elbert had lost his revolution and his heart held hard as flint.

"Come on, Mary!" called Miss Florabel. The three girls followed the señora into the patio. Elbert stood in deep thought a moment before he realized that Cal and Slim had closed in upon him.

"Our little Elbert ain't no hosstipath," said Slim. "I've seen smoother hands all around with hosses, but for women and motortrucks he's faster than a coiled whip."

"Faster than the human eye," said Cal. "They belong to the Van Whipple finishin' school up in Tucson," Elbert said thoughtfully.

"So we draws."

"It's vacation. They were sight-seeing in Nogales. They ought to be sent back."

"We heard you tell her!"

"It's all this Burton girl's fault."

"Slim," said Cal, unheeding, "you and me ain't got no sway with this finishin' school if Elbert ain't."

"We've got to have some sway," said Slim, "or it's goin' to be the plumb finish."

"What do you think our duty is?" Elbert asked absently.

"Our duty, I'd say, by these finishers," Slim whispered with considerable weight—"our duty is to stay with 'em, whether they like it or not, and I'm meanin' to do just that; only"—he pointed to an empty place in the room where the littlest of the girls had stood—"only, every time I takes a step to her, this little one with the rainbow necktie and the ruffle on her uniform, she looks as if she's goin' to stagnate down and die. I shore expects a bleat out of her, my next step, and all the time I see Elbert out of the corner of my eye, gettin' closer and closer and talkin' lower and faster."

(Continued on Page 72)

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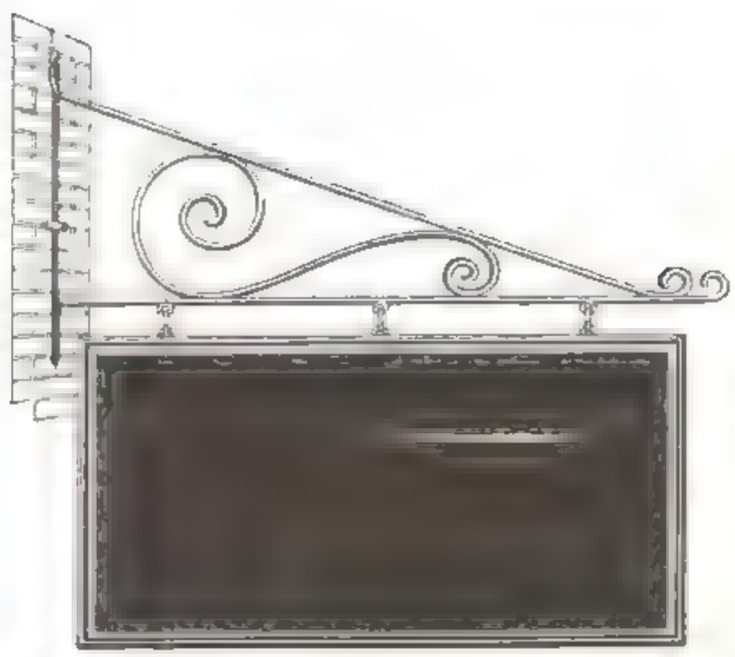

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(Continued from Page 70)

"Must be some perfume he has on," said Cal.

"I didn't take it she was particular afraid of my advance," modified Slim; "just generally hos-tile. I sure drew the outlaw, though."

"Perhaps," suggested Cal, "if we turn over Little Rainbow to Elbert we could manage the other two."

"That is as Nature fixes it, Cal. We'd have some trouble right now, tearin' that little Mary person away from Elbert, the inroads he's made. But no use standin' here. I'm goin' to get a pair of knives and whetstone out of my war bags an' freshen up for supper."

"You don't mean to shave, Slim?"

"That's the presumption."

Elbert rustled hay from the shed and carried it out to the hitching rack, the señora's house being suspiciously short-handed. Halfway between the corral and the kitchen door he sat down and moodily watched the señora getting supper. She did her work on the run, back and forth in the old stone kitchen, castanets off. Her bare feet seemed to roll up under her as she sped, one at a time reappearing to give the stone floor a shove. It was like a double-action paddle wheel. Curious sizzlings reached his ears from the open fire, also fascinating scents. He was sure sliced onions were curling and browning on the pan.

Supper was set for six. Elbert found Mary Gertling seated at his left. He rose from the table to get a glass of water, but the señora prevented, thrusting red wine in his hands.

"*Vino tinto! Vino tinto!*" she exclaimed.

"I'm s'prised, Elbert," Slim corrected. "Didn't you know water is for horses?"

"Isn't everything wonderful?" whispered Mary Gertling.

"Do you think so?" Elbert inquired.

"*Dulzura!*" flamed Slim; then Cal's easy voice as he monopolized the attention of Florabel Burton: "So your father hasn't written to you none, miss, that there's a mixture of politics going on about his oil wells?"

"Oh, yes, papa always allows for that. He says it wouldn't be Mexico if there wasn't some trouble in the air."

"No special trouble lately—things comin' to a head?"

"Oh, let's go back!" trembled the voice from behind the big necktie.

"Just take it easy, lady"—in Slim's gentlest corral tones.

"Things are always coming to a head down here," said Miss Burton.

"I know," said Cal; "I can understand just how you feel. But we're concerned, especially Elbert here. If you knew that boy as well as I do, you'd seen by his face that he's sick with concern right now."

"Oh, Florabel," said Mary Gertling, "can't we ask them to go with us? I'll breathe so much easier."

"Oh, let's"—faintly from the little one, whom they called Imogen.

"Why, we'll be down there in an hour, before it's really dark!" Florabel objected, but finally gave way.

Elbert smelled gas as he rode behind the sedan. It had always been so; gas belonged to the deep fatigue of his bones. One of the keenest minutes he had ever lived was that in which Slim had leaned down toward the wide tangle of tracks in front of El Cajon—all able-bodied men gone from Nacimiento—and then his old enemy had come roaring down the dirt road. Girls—everything spoiled—Cal and Slim all changed around.

The sedan was just rolling forward, but it kept the ponies at a lope. It seemed hours; the sliver of a moon had sunk out of the sky. Florabel's resonant voice reached him from the car. No secret now why Mexicali Burton dared to stand off Northern Sonora for his oil wells—the father of this girl would be like that. Cal loomed in the dark, having waited for Rat-Tail to come up.

"Your lady friend's got her mind made up to sit a horse for a ways, Elbert. I figure she'd better try old Chester, but you sort of ride close and keep him consoled and her camped in the right place."

"How about you, Cal?"

"Nothin' else will do but I'm to test my morals in the little red buggy."

The transfer was made. Elbert rode on through the thick April dark with Mary Gertling at his left.

"I've been on a horse before," she said. No answer. "I'm afraid you think I'm being a trouble."

Still Elbert's lips were locked. He couldn't see her clearly, but her hands certainly were not in sight. Nobody with any sense of a horse would leave her hands in her lap.

"Oh, I'm afraid you don't like to have me here!" reached him in the stillness.

"Sure! Pick up your reins. We're fallin' back."

"But he bumps so."

"They don't make horses any smoother than he is. Want to get back in the car?"

"No-o."

"You're doing all right."

He had lied in spite of himself, and this didn't make him feel any better. Old Chester, tired as he was, couldn't be expected to keep his feet trim, with no hand of authority communicating with the bit. Heat increased under Elbert's collar. A heave in the road and his left hand shot out before he thought. It was clutched. Warm, small, firm. The two horses pulled apart a little, but the hand didn't let go. He was afraid of yanking her out of the saddle.

"I'm so sorry to make you cross. I think it was awful for Florabel to think of coming —— Oh, I'm falling!"

The hand slid out of his. He hurriedly dismounted. Mary was hanging sideways, both hands on the pommel. Elbert knew the abused look of Chester's head, hanging low in the dark. He pushed her back up in the saddle.

"Need any help?" Slim sang back from in front.

"No."

"Why, Elbert, I never heard such tones as them spoke from you before."

"Oh, please don't be cross!"—in a whisper from his side. "I don't know what I'd ever have done —"

"Oh, that's all right."

The miles were the longest in his experience. During the last twenty minutes the horses had trudged uphill, the motor making noisy business of the grade. Then the ridge and lights below—San Pasquali, doubtless. Elbert fancied he smelled the oil wells. He would never get away from gasoline.

"Hadn't you better get into the car?" he remarked to Mary Gertling.

Cal was back on old Chester. The sedan had just started down grade, when Elbert saw three red perforations in the dark ahead. The fraction of a second later, three separate concussions shocked his ears—not gas explosions, guns! There was one scream—from the little one—and Cal's yell directed toward the car as he spurred forward:

"Better turn back, miss—they may have the town surrounded!"

Slim's Indian and Rat-Tail had settled down after Chester. Shouts of Mexicans sounded beyond the car just as Elbert's gray came to abrupt stop. The sedan had halted, too, but the headlights still pointed straight ahead. Florabel wasn't making the turn; she was either shocked helpless or her engine stalled. In the wide fling of the headlights Elbert saw armed Mexicans standing across the road. Then they started this way—six or seven figures running toward them, hands upraised, rifles held aloft. For once Cal's voice lost its drawl.

"Get in the car, kid! Let your horse go!"

Elbert's leg lifted out of the stirrup to obey, but that very second the lights of the car went out. There was one clear call from Mary Gertling, deadened by a blasting roar from the sedan's exhaust at the very knees of his mount. Too much for old Rat-Tail. He went straight up and tried to keep going. Elbert at the very top, arms around the gray's throat at the narrowest, as the darkened sedan gouged forward like a speed boat. Then Cal's voice reached him:

"That Burton girl—she's shootin' the lines! Come on, Slim, it means us, too! Come on, kid!"

Elbert reached the saddle the long way round. His gray was now taking after his two mates. Shots in the air—shots from ahead and behind—Mexicans on the ground—at his side.

There was a jerk under him as if someone had given his horse an ugly cut with a whip; then he lost all sense of the road—up and down, back and forth, Rat-Tail weaving, out of control.

"Say, something's the matter!" he called, and that was the second the old gray and the ground met. Elbert shot forward from the saddle, plowing for several feet through the sand. He knew no more until

(Continued on Page 74)

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The fine mohair upholstery has an attractive alternation of taupe and black stripes. Frosted silver fittings of Old Empire design add their note of charm.

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(1463)

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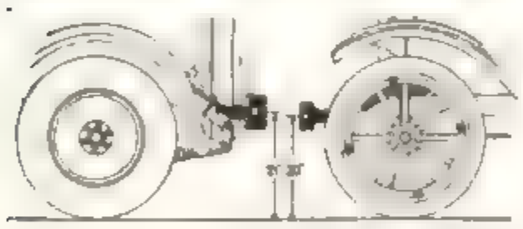
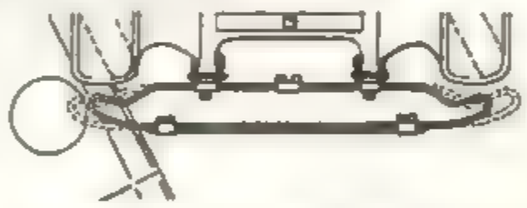


There's correct design. This means first, proper height. WEED Fittings place all bars "at the bumper line" so they will *meet* bumpers on other cars instead of slipping over or under them.

Note in the diagram how WEED Rear Bars curve outward to allow room for the spare in the rear. Yet the curved ends sweep inward near the car for compactness, ease of handling in close work and parking, to prevent hooking in traffic.



Correct length is important. Note how WEED Bumpers are just long enough to give full fender protection without striking obstructions.

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WEED BUMPERS

Sensible Protection Fore and Aft

(Continued from Page 72)

he was being lifted and heard Cal's low tones.

"It's all right, kid. Chester's good for both of us."

For a time, in spite of that, he thought he still had Rat-Tail around the neck, but it was Cal's ample chest, Slim's Indian in an easy gallop alongside.

"Where's the sedan?" he finally mumbled.

"Lord, kid, she's surprised papa by this time!"

Elbert kept shaking his head; no bones broken there or elsewhere, but seemingly no end to the phases of his coming to. It dawned on him there had been a blank from the time Rat-Tail went down until he found himself here on Chester with Cal. He regretted missing that part in there—going through the Mexican lines. . . . Now Elbert gradually made out that they were in Mexicali Burton's oil town. They had been halted—first a voice in Mexican, then American, Cal answering quietly. He saw the darkened sedan. There was one cabin door from which light streamed, and in the aperture a blocky bareheaded man appeared, legs planted wide apart, the air suddenly burned by withering profanities.

"—— bringin' three young women through Vallejo's lines! Sapheads, you fellows! It's runnin' out of your ears!"

Cal mildly broke in:

"Now as to that, mister ——"

"Can't you see we've got a war on? Can't you see they're twenty to one and tryin' to get our oil wells?" The face had turned sidewise; light fell upon the uncovered, close-cropped head—massive jaw, thin lips and startlingly familiar blue eyes. Around that roaring neck from behind, a pair of white arms were flung at this instant. Mexicali's fury shut off.

"But, papa, I keep telling you it was all my fault!"

Florabel had the floor, but another figure had moved into the light behind her.

"You see, Mr. Burton, when we three wouldn't turn back they rode along with us to protect us." That was Mary Gertling.

Elbert was still confused. Slim broke in for the first time, his voice stern with dignity.

"If my friend Elbert here hadn't lost his horse and saddle while engaged in protectin'—otherwise we might ride on ——"

Another rip.

"Ride on what? Ride on where? Don't you see we're surrounded?"

"Papa!"

Mexicali slowed down to bellow orders to his men, Mexicans as well as Americans hurrying in and out. He rang bells in both languages. Meanwhile Cal and Slim had entered the lamplit quarters, and Elbert followed, meeting the eyes of Mary Gertling. Still they hadn't broken into tears; even now that inexplicable stillness around her, the same faint trace of a smile, as in the first moment in Nacimiento.

Now Mexicali Burton and Cal Monroid were facing each other like two chiefs—one instantaneous look. All they had seemed to need was this one look in the lamplight. Each knew a man. It was a moment of romantic fulfillment to Elbert, and one of the strangest things, too, the way the fighting face of Mexicali Burton suddenly softened and turned in appeal to the other.

"It was bad enough before," he said slowly, "but what can a man do with three girls on his hands?"

A whimsical smile was on Cal's lips, which formed to answer, but the words were never spoken.

That was the instant the gods of North America undertook to get a flash-light photograph of the lower end—stupefying flash and crash, blinding glare, heaving darkness, falling timbers, the scream of one horse.

Elbert was on his knees, eyes and nostrils choked with dust; certain new business and nothing else in his brain. In that unbelievable glare, he had seen the face of Mary Gertling. The light hadn't shone upon her face, it had flowed into it. He had seen the secret of her stillness; and though he couldn't recall the nature of it now, he was perfectly aware that an explosion like that might breed another and he must somehow get to her before it happened again. He was calling, and she called back just once. He was groping for her now. His hand touched objects, but they had nothing to do with what he groped for. His ears were filled with voices, but he was really listening only for one. His fingers touched the little fawn-skin jacket, and beneath his face as he knelt, there was the queerest low sob; one arm came up and held him, and the words: "You shouldn't have been quite so long."

At his side was the distracting rattle of a match box, the strike of the stick. A face appeared—Mexicali Burton—all below the eyes a gleaming black of blood.

"Florabel!"

"Papa!"

"You and the other two—get into the sedan before they explode the second powder house. One of my own natives probably. Get into—get into the sedan"—subdued, sincere, not an extra syllable. Father and daughter—they had found each other. Cal and Slim had found each other. Elbert bent.

"I didn't mean to be so long," he said.

The one arm tightened round him. Another match was struck. Florabel screamed at the sight of her father's face. Mexicali drew the hollow of his sleeve down over it.

"Shut up, Flo'," he said in the same subdued way. "Just a scratch. Pile into the sedan."

"I can't move."

"You must —— Who's this lyin' across your lap?"

"That's Imogen. She's fainted. She did it before."

"I'll put her into the sedan. Come on."

"I can't."

"I'll lift you in."

"I can't drive." The sentences shot back and forth; even Cal Monroid spoke:

"Speakin' of drivin'—that's the kid's job"—all while the second match burned.

"Sure, Elbert'll drive"—from Slim.

Elbert bent again.

"We've got to go to the sedan."

"Yes"—from under his lips, but she did not stir.

"Come on. Won't you help me?"

"Oh, yes."

"Can you walk?"

"Yes."

"Come then; they're putting Imogen in."

"But you ——"

"I'm going with you."

"Oh!"

He felt the queer uncertainty of her body as she gained her feet, yet she seemed trying to help him. Yes, she had promised to help; her one hand was actually trying to lift him, at the same time holding on.

Florabel and Imogen were in the back of the car. He couldn't see if they were rightly in the seats. Elbert took the wheel and drew Mary Gertling in after him. Her hand didn't feel right. Another hand was now thrust in through the door after Mary was seated—Mexicali's—wet and hot, huge, hairy.

"You've got to get there, young fellow!"

"Yes, sir."

"Clear through to Nogales!"

"Yes, sir."

"I'll vouch for Elbert," came from Cal, who seemed standing just behind Burton.

"You can't take the road you came by—not for a ways," the latter was saying thickly. "Keep on the way you're headed now. Follow the wheel tracks among the derricks; they'll work you back to the main road later. Use your lamps when you have to."

"Papa ——"

"Don't bother me!" The voice was thick, as if Mexicali's throat was filling with blood. "We're stayin' here; but these oil wells aren't a hell of a lot, compared to the baggage you're carryin'. Clean through to Nogales—do you hear?"

"He'll get through, mister," said Cal; and then the same voice trailed, "So long, kid."

Elbert's mind didn't steady down at once to the wheel. A moaning kept up from behind. That was Imogen. Part of him seemed listening for Florabel's voice; he had expected her to drive from the back seat, as his sisters used to, but not a word. . . . "Gasoline. . . . Girls. . . . Thirty years late. . . . Tequila—coal oil—*vino tinto*. . . . Water is for horses."

Thus his mind kept churning, as if to get a certain harrowing review out of the way before he took up the matter at hand. Certainly matters at hand—the wheel, the girl at his side. He expected her hand to rise out of the dark and tangle him further, but it didn't come. Queer to have her on his right. She had always been on his left before.

He was following the wheel tracks among the derricks, using his lights when he had to. Perhaps he was getting close to the

(Continued on Page 76)

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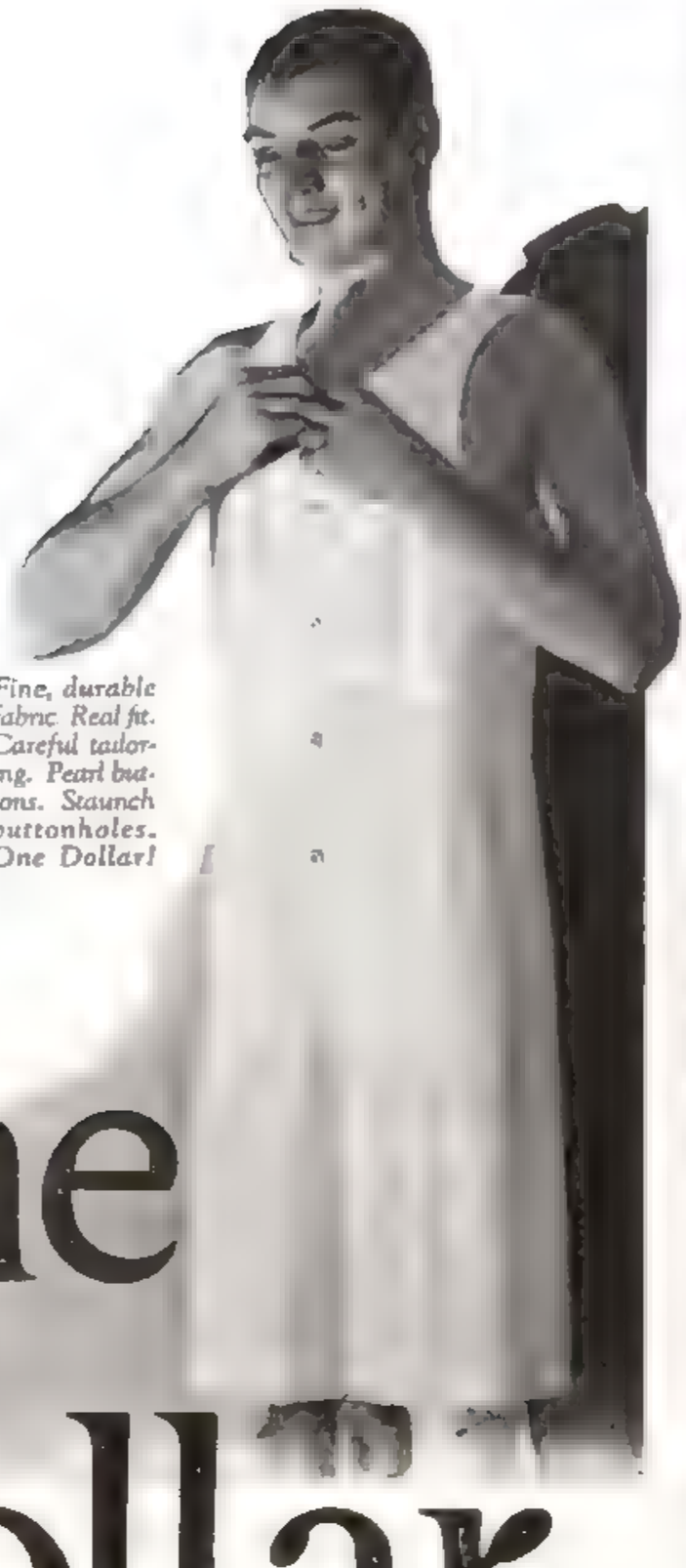

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(Continued from Page 74)

second powder house; anyway, he was doing what he was told. . . . He wasn't exactly right; he had to stop to think that he wasn't back in Old Fortitude's stiff-backed seat. A voice shouted from ahead - Mexican—part of Vallejo's cordon. Now he had to get down to business. He had baggage. He had to get through.

All was black ahead. He was holding the sedan to a mental picture of the dirt road, impressed upon his memory an instant ago when he turned on the lights; but the black scaffoldings of the derricks wove crazily before his eyes, the chance of a smash taking his breath. He felt the wheel jerk as it left the tire grooves. A row of rifle flashes showed ahead; glass splintered around them.

"Get down—way down!" he gasped.

He pressed the throttle, holding the wheel toward the guns; the engine roared underfoot. The firing was from behind now, but he kept going into the blackness, until he couldn't risk another second; the sense of leaping off into an abyss of darkness was so keen.

Lights showed the wheel tracks; still the derricks on either hand. Not a sound or a touch from his side. More rifles cracked ahead. It had to be done again.

"Get down—way down!" he called.

Again the car shot forward through the flashes. This time hands touched the outside; bumps of metal, more splintered glass. The wheel jerked out of his hand; the sedan ditched, but didn't overturn. In the flash of one rifle, he saw a second figure, mouth open, pistol raised. He seemed to look right into that open mouth and belching muzzle.

The fenders on the same side screeched against stone. He had to throw his body forward on the wheel to hold it as he turned on the lights—only the right hand working. He was back in the wheel tracks, but the car kept fighting away from him—a flat tire. He felt an absurd need to explain, "It was that left front tire that threw me." But she wasn't listening. His foot sank upon the throttle.

Now Elbert was badly mixed about that left front tire and his own left side—both flat. He had to hurry now while his right arm lasted.

"I'll vouch for Elbert. He'll get through, mister. . . . So long, kid."

The wheel tracks had circled back to the main road. His right foot steadied down. He had to hold the wheel with all his strength to make up for the retard on the left. . . . Not a touch or a sound from his side. Thirst was stealing into him like the cold. Maybe she was thirsty. Maybe, they wouldn't know which was which—tequila, coal oil. . . . "I've been on a horse before. . . . He bumps so." . . . "Thirty years late." . . . He had lights; he held to the highway, his foot pressed to the floor. . . . She wasn't helping—not a touch; or did she mean to help by keeping still?

Days afterward and very vaguely Elbert heard low words like this: "He doesn't relax. He keeps listening for a voice. The rest of the time he seems to think he's driving something—a horse or a car. It's not always clear. If he could only stop driving himself every time he comes to and get some rest"—a strange woman's voice.

"Put him to sleep again," a man replied from the far side of the room. "I'll answer his father's telegram; but if I satisfied these newspaper men, I wouldn't have time for anything else."

Of course, they didn't understand. He had to get through. He had to keep on while his right arm lasted—clear through to Nogales. . . . There was a pricking in his right arm right now, but no sound from that side, not a word—everything muffled and getting farther away, until Cal's easy tones really began to set him straight:

"Take it easy, kid. You got 'em here—right here in Nogales! You brought 'em through. Listen, kid, you don't need to drive no more!"

That voice always straightened things out. He felt himself moving softly after that, into an altogether different zone of sleep. But where ——

Cal came again, and finally with Slim, but it was a dreary time before they let him ask questions. They told him everything but what he wanted especially to know. Yes, Mexicali, with a crushed jaw, had kept on his pins all through that night of the explosion until relief came.

"He's here in Nogales right now—jaw in a sling," added Cal.

It must have been because Elbert was anxious for word of another that he asked about Florabel.

"She got broke somewhere—I didn't hear where," said Slim.

"Not so she ain't goin' to recover," finished Cal.

Elbert's lips forced him to say, "And Little Rainbow?"

"Not a scratch," said Slim. "She just fainted and wasn't there to get hurt when that explosure took place."

Elbert was silent. Cal's voice took up the story:

"As for that little Mary woman, I'm holdin' a letter for you she left before her parents took her up to Tucson."

It was like splintered glass the way Slim broke in: "We'd better go, Cal. Elbert ain't lookin' as well as he should."

Cal arose.

"She got all right before she left, except for one broken arm."

Several seconds ticked, before the question: "Which arm?"

"Now it was the left arm, as I recall."

"Oh, I see, she couldn't ——"

Elbert halted with a jerk. It seemed they never would go.

They had put out the lights. Even the night light at the far end of the hall was turned low; but sentences wrote themselves out on the ceiling of the hospital room; a pause, then a sentence; a pause, then another:

"Could it have been the wine she gave us at supper—the barefooted old woman? I was so very thirsty. . . . I can't understand. I can't believe, yet I distinctly remember insisting that I ride that horse. . . . I was so horribly frightened—except when I was near you. . . . I couldn't help seeing how the others turned to you. . . . Won't you please believe I never acted like that before? It was because you were so firm—that I could breathe better where you were. . . . And in the car —— Oh, won't you get word to me that you forgive?"

Such a stillness around each sentence.

He was sitting up when Cal and Slim came again.

That was the day of the telegram that his father was leaving the East and would be in Tucson in three days more. Also there were more Tucson and border papers with a lot extra to say about Vallejo's attack on the San Pasquali oil wells; of the rescue of the American party by Mexican government troops; but especially of the motor drive of one white man through the rebel's lines—seventy miles north, clear through to Nogales—how the car had been found at dawn at the edge of town, the driver close to death from a gunshot wound in his left side, two American girls unconscious in the car and another unhurt, but too scared to talk.

"Not a drop of gas in the tank or you'd have rammed her right into the border, Elbert," Cal said.

"You sure stepped on the oats," said Slim.

"We didn't get to stay in Mexico," Elbert complained after a time. "We had to come right back."

Cal and Slim looked at each other, faces long and grave.

"He didn't get to stay," said Cal.

"Only one horse shot under him," said Slim. "Only one powder house blew up. only hit by one forty-five ——"

"Had to come right back," said Cal.

"I thought I'd get to ride," said Elbert, "but I had to drive that car."

Cal inquired, after a moment, "Do you reckon we might take Elbert along again sometime?"

"I ain't a well man. I ain't ready to state as to that right now," said Slim. "I need to be babied along at Heaslep's, where they ain't rough and talk gentle."

"He wants to hear about old hoof-and-mouth," Cal suggested.

"They're going to let me out of here tomorrow," said Elbert. "I'll be goin' up to Tucson—to meet my father."

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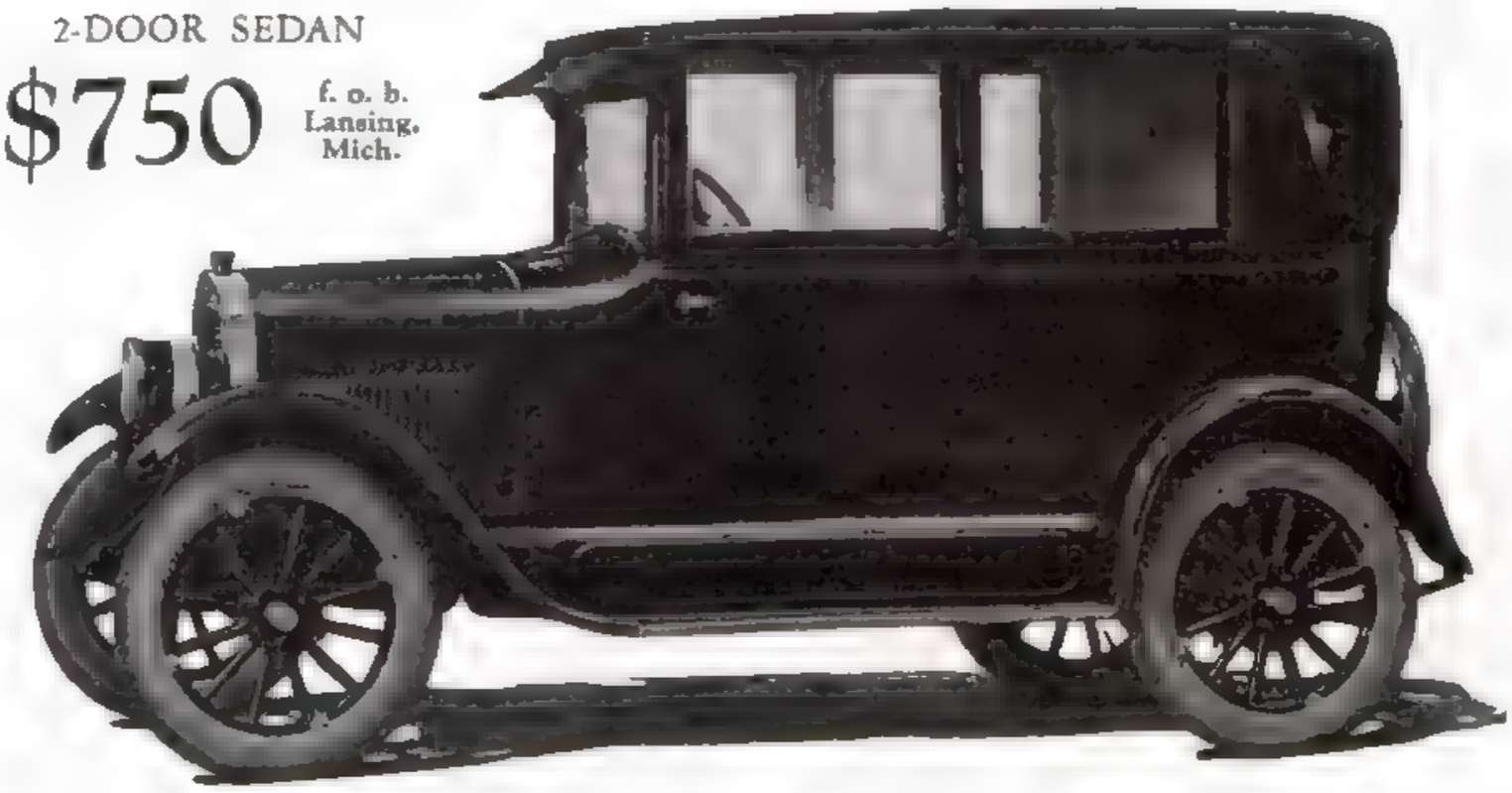

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ONCE IN THE SADDLE

Continued from Page 29

Either they wanted to toll me out here where they could kill me convenient, or else your uncle made some kind of a slip-up when he patented his place. Malloch, he claims he don't hold with killing, and some way I believe him. I don't like one hair of his head, but he's got points—Malloch. On the other hand, he'd do any dirty trick for money—anything the law would back him up in doing—and naturally he judges other people by himself, same as we all do. He wanted me out of the way at Webb and he thought this would turn the trick. So I guess Rainy's ranch is jumpable, all right."

"But how? He's made his final proof and got his papers. How can it be jumped?"

"I've studied on this till I was black in the face, Mr. Ford," said Mullins. "There isn't but one way for it to happen. Jim has got muddled up on the surveyor's markings on his corner stone. He was an old-timer, and that kind knows a few things right from the ground up, but they never learn anything else. You said a mouthful there. So Jimmy has went and homesteaded his water hole, lived on it, made his improvements and proved up—but his title deeds will be calling for another piece of ground, alongside. You'll see."

"It doesn't seem possible," said Ford.

"There ain't nothing else possible. I tell you, I've been thinking my damnedest on this proposition, and that's the only answer. You know this corner stone, just where it is—the one with the section number on it?"

Pinky stared.

"I know every stone in these hills, and every soap weed," he said, "and all the lizards except the younger set. Why, gee whiz, man, what do you think I'm doing with my eyes—readin' books?"

"All right then, we'll saddle up and go see. Do you happen to remember the section numbers on that patent?"

"Sure! The northwest one-fourth of Section Eight, Range Three east ——"

"Never mind the rest," interrupted Pliny. "When we go to that stone and cipher out the marks you'll find that your description calls for the hundred and sixty right next to the place Jimmy wanted. I reckon he let his mind wander just at the one important minute; studyin' about drawin' the joker to a bobtail flush, or the last girl he seen in the settlements, likely."

"Let's drive down," said Ford. "I've got to haul up water anyhow. You can hobble your horse while I get my team."

"You want paper and a pencil," advised Pliny as they harnessed up. "If I'm right, as I always am, you want to put some kind of location papers on that spring this very day, with me for one witness and some trusty man for another. How about Lafe Yancey?"

"Lafe'll stand hitched," said Pinky. "Any lies he tells, he'll stick to 'em. Couldn't get a better witness pro tem. All the same, next time I go to Yeltes after grub I'll bring me out a real witness to sign up, just to make it more binding. But won't the land office straighten that out, Mr. Mullins—seein' Uncle Jim was actin' in good faith all along? Looks like they might. They could cancel the first papers and give him title to his own land that he wanted."

"That's good sense, but I don't know about the law," Mullins answered. "I never heard much about law being sensible. You might try, and, of course, Jim Day will want to do just that, bigger'n a wolf. But in the meantime, kid, you want to nail your claim to that water this very day. Jumping your own place—that's something new too. Have you put up any notice on your dam yet?"

"No; I expect to homestead it. But I figured that if anybody looked right close they'd notice that I was living here, without any paper."

"You'll have to desert-claim the dam, I guess," said Pliny, "and homestead the spring—in case Jimmy can't get the land office to amend the record."

"I guess that will be the way," said Ford regretfully. "But I did want this place for a homestead and a home. And it will be awkward, too, living at the springs and leaving all that good grass. But I couldn't desert-claim the spring. That's in the roughs where I couldn't make good on the plowing part. But the tank—why, I aimed to have me a little old orchard below the dam anyway." He brightened up, planning anew. "No trouble to desert-claim that. All I'd have to do would be to fence off a strip of that level made ground and put in a patch of alfalfa and millet, maybe. How is it—five acres in crops for every forty claimed? Humph! I'd have to have ten acres fenced. One forty wouldn't cover the house and tank both. There, let's go."

"Lordy, I don't know about desert claims," said Pliny as he climbed into the wagon. He smiled across at the driver. "Son, you don't seem very much cast down, do you? And this is quite some mix-up for a boy too."

"Oh, boy here and boy there! I attained my majority," stated Pinky pridefully, "at the ripe age of twelve years, and I've been doin' a man's work ever since. So I reckon I can make out to bear up for a few stanzas. Been ruined once, too, and I can't see where it did me any great harm. When dad died he left me a nice little bunch of mares. I fell to, working like a major, and built 'em up till I had five or six hundred head. And then, what with electricity and what all, the bottom dropped out. For six thousand years horses had been good safe property—till I got me a mess of 'em. Then they went kerflooey overnight and I was left holdin' the sack. Went to bed wealthy and got up broke. . . . Hey! Do you see that, Mr. Mullins—that thunderhead peeping up over Black Mountain? Golly, I do believe it's going to rain at last! Smell the air? Man, but won't the cattle be tickled, and everybody?"

They came to the summit, where the watershed drained three ways, to the southeast, to the north and down the westering slope they had climbed from the dam. They turned southward down a plunging valley between the hills, a valley that narrowed to a draw, to a deep curving cañon between huddled hills. The road clambered over pitch and curving detour; it took to the steep hillside on man-made cuts and grades; so came at last to Sweetwater Spring. They tied the team and climbed the wild hillside to the corner stone.

Far below, Sweetwater lay between gray and red. The hill to south and west was warm cinnabar, banded with cedar thickets; the massive and mightier slope to northward, cliff crowned, was bastion to a wild gray range of crags and splintered pinnacles. It was a breathless and forbidding steep they climbed, gaunt and bare and gray, bristling with serried spears of sotol, tangled with rock-born briers, cactus, *ocatilla* and a thousand thorn bearers.

The stone stood upright, a sturdy slab of limestone, its base firmly wedged between other stones set flatwise in a pit and well tamped down. Already the wilderness was closing in upon it; a brown greasewood branched around it, a tall sotol leaned above it, a dagger crowded at its base, a prickly pear reached thorny arms toward it. Pliny shoved aside the greasewood and pointed.

On the southeast side was a lightly chiseled record, R 3 E S 8.

"Range Three east, Section Eight," interpreted Pliny. "Jesso. And here"—he bent to look at the southwest side—"S 7—Section Seven. Never mind the two other sides. They tell about Sections Five and Six, behind us, and the township number."

"Township Twelve south—I remember that from the papers," said Pinky. "And?"

Pliny stood up and faced the south. Under them, on his right hand as he stood, the strong corrals of Sweetwater Ranch, looped about by the deep graveled wash, filled all the narrow level between hill and hill; on the hill slope beyond, overlooking the corrals, the house peered through a clearing of evergreens. Below the ranch the cañon plunged headlong, twisting to dark mysterious depths between higher tangled mountains in the east. Pliny extended his hand as in benediction over the silent ranch.

"There," he remarked, "is the northeast one-fourth of Section Seven. Nice little place, spring and improvements, all wide open for location." He looked to the left, up the thorny and matted steeps, where armies of sotol hung threatening above them. "And up here—son, it sure looks like your Uncle Jim had done gypped you. This is your estate—the northwest one-fourth of Section Eight."

Pinky Ford straddled on a drift of loose stones, pushed his battered hat to the back of his head, cocked a bright eye along that gashed and grim hillside, and surveyed his holdings without enthusiasm; he waved his hand hospitably toward the prickly pear.

"Sit down," he said. "Make yourself at home."

V

"YOU eat your own beef, I see," remarked Pliny at the supper table.

"Yes," said Ford apologetically. "Uncle Jim, he said that was the best way."

"Some do," said Pliny.

"Yes; but how could you tell? Is my fair young face so pure and eloquent as all that?"

Pliny poured himself a cup of steaming coffee; he broke a hot biscuit and reached for the bowl of jerky.

"Far from it. I pounded up the jerky to make this gravy, and it was tough and stringy. Fat, tender yearlin's is what you kill when they're other people's stuff."

"This was an old mossback," confessed Pinky. "Five-year-old steer that I never could get when I wanted to sell him. It's so far to Yeltes that we never ship except in the rainy season—and then there's water in the rocks here. Then this old coot and half a dozen more would hide out up on Hardscrabble. Trying to start a wild bunch on me. I'm goin' to beef 'em all. Don't want no wild cattle in the DAY brand."

"How many cows do you run? We didn't see many today."

"Oh, about five hundred. No, they're mostly in the big roughs below Sweetwater. The deer, too. On the steep north hillsides where the sun don't dry it out, the grass has got considerable life to it yet. Nothing much up this way but the tenderfooted ones and right old ones, and a few that's willin' to travel twelve miles from water to get at them mesquite beans you saw down on the ridge of the plain."

"Wouldn't sell a half interest, ranch and brand, spot cash, to the right man—if I was him?" asked Pliny.

"Why, I reckon not," said the boy. "Not now anyhow. Got all the money I need. Money wouldn't be any particular use to me. Look now, you mustn't think I don't appreciate what you just did for me—or rather for Uncle Jim. But you act mainly like a bachelor to me. Are you married?"

"What few girls I've ever met have all been right sensible," said Pliny. "Living out in the wilderness, they get their wits sharpened up, seems like."

"Yeltes, now," said Pinky—"Yeltes is plumb civilized. And there's a girl in Yeltes ——" He paused, hesitant.

"Only one girl? I thought Yeltes was a sizable town."

"I never saw the others," explained Pinky. "So if you was ever to marry, you might come back and name that trade to me again. Uncle Jim's wife—oh, yes, I suppose she's my aunt; but, gosh, I hated to see him leave! Uncle Jim's wife she claimed it was lonesome here. Of course, Lookout is sightly—that's this place, Lookout Tank—where Sweetwater is most mighty like living in a crack in a rock. But a pardner with a nice lively family would be quite different from just a poor bachelor man. You see that yourself."

"I see. But," said Pliny, "either you'll have to put off the happy day for quite some time, or else that girl in Yeltes will have to put up with Sweetwater. Goin' to find it troublesome to manage your saddle horses down there too."

"Oh, damn the saddle horses!" cried Pinky, tangling his fingers in his mop of black hair. "Say, I've a good mind to bend my gun over Cal Pelly's head!"

"You forget about that gun," said Mullins. "You've got your notice on the ranch, and the whole United States is back of you now, and Malloch or no one else can take it away from you. There was a time when a gun was the only way you could hold a ranch. But we got the law now, and that's a heap better."

Young Ford's eye traveled slowly to the wall, where Pliny's belt and gun hung from a pair of deer antlers; he arched an eyebrow slightly.

"Yes, yes—but even old-timers can learn a little sense sometimes," said Pliny, answering the unspoken retort. "You, young and well-started, good rep, fine ranch, nice little bunch of stock and that girl in Yeltes, making a silly talk about guns—tut-tut! Oh, fie! For shame! Pelly's only done you a service anyhow ——"

"Thanks to you."

(Continued on Page 80)

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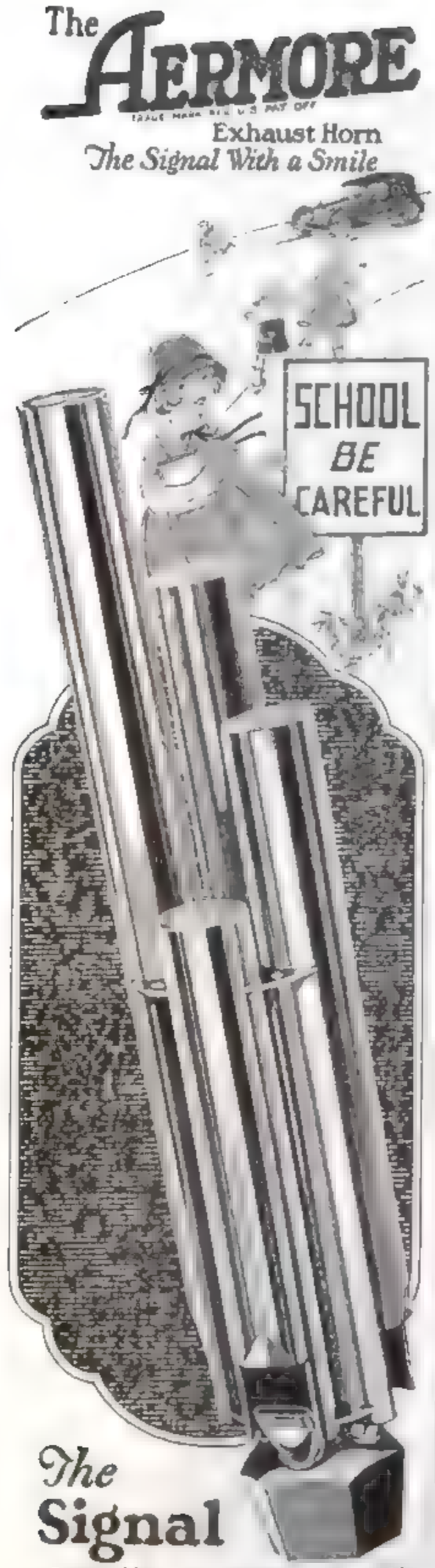

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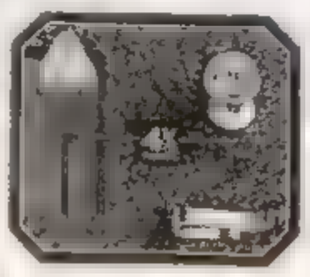

THE FULTON CO.
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Automotive Equipment
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(Continued from Page 78)

"Thanks to me. You're welcome. You've found the flaw in your title in time to tinker it up. Now you let Pelly alone. You just forget them out-of-date ideas about shooting people whenever they don't do just to suit you. That's bad stuff, gun play is."

"But there's a lot that ought to be killed. You know it."

"Now, now!" expostulated Pliny. "You can't go running around killing everybody that needs it. Somebody's got to work the stock. You let Pelly alone. You haven't been harmed any.

"You've got your place yet."

"Yes, I have, and going to keep it," said Pinky cheerfully. "Again, thanks to you. Pelly ought to be grateful to you too. All the same, it's going to be a bore, living at Sweetwater, or going through the motions, when my work is here and I want to live here. And keeping saddle horses down there on short grass, after the snap we've had up here—it's going to be quite a chore."

He mixed the sour-dough sponge for the morning's bread and set it on the hearth; Pliny washed up the dishes.

"That's a pretty smooth fireplace you've got there," said Pliny. "Soapstone, isn't it?"

"Yes, all but the hearthstone. Hauled that soapstone seven miles, but the ledge run small stuff. Nothing nigh big enough for a hearthstone. So me and Melquiades used this big slab of sandstone, not knowin' any better. It was a whopper—just one piece, reached clear under the walls of the fireplace and out here where you see—over six foot square and maybe ten inches thick. We made a sled out of poles, crowbarred the cussed slab on the sled, hitched on the team and dragged it down here and built the fireplace right on top of it. First time we built a fire we thought there was a box of cartridges burning. When that miserable red rock got good and hot it exploded and it kept on exploding. Splintered and broke up every time we made a fire; she shelled the place with little pieces of sharp rock—zing-g! So there I was. I didn't want to take down the fireplace, and I didn't want to lay another rock on top of that, 'cause it was just high enough. So I had to take a pick and a hammer and a gad and work out all that blasted rock back where it was busted with the fire, just leaving this part out in front for a hearthstone. Filled in the hole with 'dobe dirt. That's the only botched job in the house, too," said Pinky regretfully.

Mullins went to the door to throw out the dishwater.

"Pshaw now, I do believe it's clearing off, after all," he grumbled. "And we felt two or three drops, sure and certain, as we drove back. Dear, dear!"

The boy came to the door. A few clouds, heavy and dark, hung on the far summit of Rueda Peak; overhead others, light and scattered, drifted idly by; but for the most part, starshine was soft and bright across the sky.

"Looks bad, but it may rain yet," said Pliny as he went back.

The boy lingered at the door, looking out into the night, as if to see, beyond the hills and the broad plain and the great mountain wall beyond that plain, the luring lights of Yeltes—that lit the world for him.

"Hey, Mr. Mullins, wake up! By heck, it's a-rainin' right!"

Pliny scrambled from his bunk in the thin daylight. A thin chill was in the air. Massive black clouds banked low and level against Rueda, against Long Mountain, against the red eastern hills, hiding the summits; thin tenuous streamers floated out across the dull and leaden sky, and all the valley was filled with a slanting steel-gray drizzle.

"A general storm," pronounced the older man. "Shoes for the baby."

"Rainin' gold pieces," yelped Pinky. "Say, one month more and half the boys would have been stony broke. Whoop-ee!" He dressed in joyous excitement and grabbed a slicker from a peg. "You start breakfast, Mr. Mullins, whilst I rush out and milk the cows before it rains any harder." He was back an instant later, thrusting a laughing face through the doorway. "Say, look out of the window a minute. Them calves never saw a rain before, and they don't know what to make of it."

Pliny looked. The two milk-pen calves frisked about their small inclosure, tails up, blatting uncertainly, half in pleasurable excitement, half in fear of this strange new thing; beyond the fence, the picture of complacence, the two mothers mooed reassurance to their agitated offspring.

"This is goin' to be a regular old soaker," announced Pinky later over a steaming breakfast. "'Course, it ain't raining hard yet, but it's comin' steady. It's tolable dry under my front-porch juniper, and I'm going to shoe up a couple of my saddle horses. Been lettin' 'em run barefoot, me not using 'em much, and it dry. But now their hoofs'll get all soaked up and soft so they couldn't stand no riding. And I'm sure going to be one busy *hombre*, once it clears up."

"Branding up the calves when the cattle come up to the open country?"

"No, that'll wait. All branded up except the least ones, anyhow. First off, I have to go over on Prairie Mountain to help fight the sheep off. The Circle M will send a man. Pelly comes himself, generally." Pinky stopped to frown at this thought. "You see, there's a heap of sheep over east, and they pour in over Prairie Mountain—it not being rim-rocked like all the other hills here—whenever it rains, unless we're there to turn 'em back. If they'd just stay on Prairie, we wouldn't care, and we wouldn't bother 'em any. It's one mighty long, wide hill too. Nigh sixty miles around it, lots of grazing, and good grazing. Our cattle don't never use it except in the rainy season, because there's no permanent water on this side; and when it rains we got plenty of grass of our own, and we'd just as lief our stock wouldn't use Prairie at all. I got plenty, wet or dry, myself, but I don't want sheep to get no habit of slippin' over on D A Y range. Think they'd take what they was welcome to and stop, wouldn't you? No, sir; let 'em have Prairie Mountain and they come down this side to water at Soldier Hole; let 'em have Soldier Hole and they drive right on to the home range. So we make the watershed the dividing line, and when they come on this side we smoke 'em."

"Where do you bury your dead?" asked Mullins.

Ford grinned.

"They ain't never shot back yet. Nor we haven't had to shoot anyways close to them either, so far. They're real biddable. We just sort of signal to 'em a few times—so far off that they can't swear to us. Then they drag it."

"Well now," said Pliny, "don't you have any words with Pinto Pelly if he comes."

"Pinto?"

"All red and white, when he's yellow," explained Pliny. "Don't you let on that you're wise to his little enterprise. Don't name my name to him either. He might mistrust something."

"Oh, I won't bother him. He don't amount to much, anyhow. Old Malloch is the big hog. Pelly'll be the one to come, pretty sure. It's kind of personal, shooin' sheep. Safer to do it yourself. Hard bunch, them Circle M peelers. Pelly can't trust 'em—nobody can. If one of 'em got anything on Pelly he'd most likely make him pony up hush money. Your friend, the law, is tolerable severe about shooin' sheep. Claims sheep has as good a right to Uncle Sam's grass as cows. They have, too—if they can make it stick."

"Yes," said Pliny, "and you'd better keep an eye on Pelly if you sight any sheep. He's yellow, but he's got a mean eye, and it's fixed on your Sweetwater place. You don't want him coming in town to report that the sheep herders shot back—and got you."

"He's harmless," laughed Pinky. "He ain't got the credentials. But I'll keep my eyes open, just in case. Here's where I miss Melquiades. I'll have to turn my little old milk-pen calves loose with their mammies. No tellin' when I'll be back. And my saddle stuff and team, they'll go down to the mesquite belt and the Lord knows where. Look, Mr. Mullins, I don't suppose you care to take on for a spell of work?"

"I'd stay for accommodation if you really need me, but not for wages," said Pliny. "You be the judge."

"Oh, it's not important. Just the stuff getting scattered, like I said. I've got to go to Yeltes and get me a man, anyway, soon as I get back, so as to push work on the dam while I work the cattle. Round-up's pretty quick now."

"Me for Salamanca, then. You see, I've got a man drilling a well for me," said Pliny. "Not only that but there's a pay day at Webb the fifteenth—that's day after tomorrow, ain't it? And they do say that the storekeeper at Webb and one or two of the foremen, they drop into Salamanca soon after pay day. So there'll be a big game on, these Webb men havin' inaccurate ideas about what's what. So when the storm breaks, I'd better be riding. But how are you going to work on your dam? Your barrow pit will be full, won't it?"

"I sure hope so. But when that happens I plan to plow out the ridge, where the spillway will be, and scrape that down into the dam. That way, in order to get enough dirt for the dam; I'll be obliged to make the spillway plenty big, whether I'm wise enough or not. I counted on that. Say, Mr. Mullins, there'll be water in my cistern already, coming off that bare rock. I'll slip over and get a few stanzas of it and we'll nicely set on a pot of frijoles. Can't cook beans in spring water; it's too hard. And I sure do love them Mexican strawberries."

"I'll be bringing in the horses, then; Epidemic might not let you take off the hobbles."

"Look behind them coats in the corner and get yourself a slicker."

Pliny went to the corner and fumbled through the miscellany that hung there—overcoats, overalls, and among other things, a saddle and a rifle with its scabbard, swinging high against the ceiling from spikes in the *viga*.

"Extensive wardrobe you keep up," sniffed Pliny. "Town clothes on a stretcher, two overcoats—my, my!"

"Uncle Jim left his outfit," said Pinky. "So I got two of everything—two saddles, two pairs of chaps, two overcoats, rifles, slickers, everything. Keeping 'em; he might come back. And, by jings, I'll write that gentleman a letter tonight that'll make his hair curl. Wow! Him and his Section Eight!"

VI

BETWEEN flurries of rain, Ford shod two horses all around, Mullins assisting; Dollar, a blood bay, and Snapdragon, a tawny dun with black-barred legs and a black stripe down his backbone. Drizzle and gusty showers swelled to a brisk and businesslike downfall. Epidemic was hobbled again, the other horses turned loose; together they made for the shelter of the cedar brakes. By noon the clouds banked low and level, the rain fell in shudders, it drenched in blinding sheets, it settled at last to a steady, merciless downpour. And yet so thirsty and spongelike was the drought-parched earth that dark was closing in before the first red muddy water came foaming down the draw to whirl and eddy in the little fenced reservoir and the great barrow pit of Lookout Tank.

But morning broke clear and golden, the warm sun kindling through a disordered rout of clouds that streamed in broken squadrons across the east. The sky was washed and clean, the hills sparkled and shone; the valley air was thronged and swirling with music and mingled echoes, the sound of falling waters from the hills, high darting lyrics of rejoicing bird song; and through all, above all, beyond all, ubiquitous, swelling, sinking, unceasing, rolling in rhythmic hymn, the frogs thanked God.

Young Ford folded a single blanket, rolled it tightly, wrapped it in a slicker and tied the slender roll behind his saddle; he put a little bread and jerky in a flour sack and tied it to the saddle horn.

"Me and them frawgs is feelin' pretty good," he said. "There, I'm all organized. No, I'm not; got to wind my little old eight-day clock," he said. "Probably be back tonight, for I don't exactly hanker after much of Pelly's company; but you never can tell. If he comes he'll be apt to bring a pack horse—it's more his business than mine. One good thing, I won't have to strain my rigging, acting friendly. Him and me was never more than civil, the best of times. Sure you don't want to side me to Prairie Mountain, Mr. Mullins?"

"No, I'd better drift along," said Pliny, saddling up.

"You come again any time you can," urged the boy. "We'll have a deer hunt—bear hunt, if you say so. Lookout is yours, as Melquiades says. You'd better take Uncle Jim's slicker, Mr. Mullins. You might need it. Long jaunt to Salamanca, and plenty liable to rain this afternoon."

"I'll do that," said Pliny, and did. He swung into the saddle. "Well, so long, friend. See you next time."

"So long, friend," said Pinky. "*Hasta luego!*"

Pinky Ford rode gay and glad, smiling, spurs a-jingle. At the summit he reined in for a backward glance over Lookout Valley,

(Continued on Page 83)

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(Continued from Page 80)

the low red ramp of the dam, the little house under the trees.

"One fine little ranch!" he said, and flung up his arm, exultant. "Come on, Dollar."

He turned down a long valley to the left, threaded a mazed checkerboard of red hills, crossed another and wider valley, another range of hills, and came at last to a long tawny mountain, guarded by rambling cañons and long outlying ridges, winding slow and slow. This was Prairie Mountain; a low mountain in seeming, because it was long and wide and featureless, with no bold knobs or peaks on the rolling crest, no desperate steeps or cliff-crowned promontories on the twisting smooth approaches; but it was really higher than the eye-filling and fantastic neighbors whose flaunting beauties left Prairie Mountain unseen, insignificant, a wallflower among hills.

Dollar was not deceived. He climbed slowly, with frequent stops; yet halfway up he was afoam with sweat. Pinky dismounted and lit a dead sotol for a signal fire. A few minutes later an answering fire blazed out, higher than Pinky's resting place and four or five miles to northward; Pelly, or another, toiled up one of the hundred ridges of Prairie Mountain. When the fire burned out, Dollar resumed the attack. They found Pelly waiting on the sidelong shelf where the cañons headed, paving-stone country, where Dollar slipped and skated on the smooth bare rock, crevice-grown with mescal and mahogany brush.

"Oh, cowboy, didn't we have one fine rain?" said Pinky.

"I'll tell a man! None too soon either. And ain't the cows just a-snuffin' though? Far as I could see, as I come up, was just long streaks of cattle, leggin' it for the high grass, away from the wells. I bet there's a thousand at Soldier's Hole right now. Some coming up here already, halfway up the hill."

"No sheep?"

"Not a blat so far," said Pelly. "I hardly look for them yet. Didn't bring a pack, even. Just a snack. Let's go to the top before we eat. This is a dismal place right here."

They climbed from that inhospitable shelf to the grass-grown summit country, open flinty levels and little waves of rolling land, hardly more than ground swells, with here and there a thin clump of dwarfish cedars and scrub oak.

Pacing slowly along the crest, they came soon upon the fresh track of a single horse heading to southward.

"Oh, they aim to come up all right," grinned Pelly. "Man up here scouting already this morning. Let's see where he went to."

They followed the track to southward, deep in soft wet earth of the intervales, dim and troublesome on flinty barrens, plain where dead grass was crushed and bent, faint scratches on the devil's pavement of brown sandstone. On a high bump of ground they found a little plot of trampled earth and cropped grass, where the horse had been allowed to graze for a space; close at hand a man's boot tracks under a little tree, with fresh and closely smoked butts of two brown-paper cigarettes. From there the horseman had turned sharply eastward, without turning to right or left; his trail left the crest and turned down a plunging ridge on the steeper eastern side of Prairie Mountain.

"He saw our fires and went back to report signs of bad luck," smiled Pinky. "That'll be all for today."

Pelly scowled.

"Yes, we might as well go back. But *mañana*, or day after, they'll try it again. I'll have to camp at Soldier's Hole and snipe 'em back, I guess. I'd like mighty well to send a man up and go to Salamanca myself. Big game after pay day at the coal mines—that's tomorrow. But I reckon I'd better come myself and let the game slide. Well, let's drift."

They recrossed the levels of summit and the bleak unfriendly paved country; they rode slowly down a midway ridge. Not friendly, they were still pleased, in this lonesome land, to ride together as far as might be.

"Why not come over to Lookout with me tonight?" said Pinky. "It's closer than your place."

"No, I'll go home, I guess. I want to start some of the boys ——"

The sentence was never finished. There was a swift shock of sound, a glint of color, a crash of breaking brush, drum fire of hoofs on stone; a little bunch of cattle broke from cover, flashes of red and white hurtling through the brush. Dollar leaped to eager pursuit. Pinky leaned over his neck, laughing; he ducked under branches to this side or that, they dodged between scrub oak and mahogany, swerved from candle cactus and flaming maguey. Dollar gained on the fugitive; the boy's sharp eye singled out a DAY cow, a long-eared yearling that followed her; he shook out his rope. Black Dollar jumped a cat's-claw barrier, a flat stone tipped under his flying feet, he fell headlong, turning in the air. Falling beside the horse, not under him, Pinky came clear. His head struck on the corner of a sharp-edged rock; the horse slid by. Pelly was far behind. When he came up, black Dollar had scrambled to his feet, bruised and trembling; but Pinky Ford lay where he had fallen. One arm was twisted under him, his hand still held the half-made loop. Pelly leaped down, calling his name, ran to raise him. His body was limp. A gush of blood spread on the gray rock; his temple was crushed in.

"Dead!" cried Pelly. "Dead! One minute ago alive—and now! Oh, God! Killed, like that, laughing!" Shuddering, he felt the shattered temple; the boy's head lay on his knee. Tears were in Pelly's eyes and his lips were pale with pity. "Oh, poor boy!" he sobbed. "Poor boy!"

He loosened the clutching fingers from the rope; tenderly he lowered the limp body to the ground. He stood up, unnerved, shaking, sick; his head was a-whirl. The most lonesome place in the world! Nobody ever came here, not in a year. Just us—and the sheep herders. Could he blindfold the Dollar horse, lift the body into the saddle, tie it fast there, take it to the Circle M, or the sheep herders? Find the sheep herders; they would be nearest; they would help him

The lonesomest place in the world! And tomorrow Malloch's paymaster would come to Webb!

The black thought shook him. His mouth was dry, his trembling knees refused to support him. He sat down; his eyes turned through the western passes, toward Webb; and there, beside the dead man, the vile thought shaped and grew:

The lonesomest spot in the world! The body would never be found. It wasn't possible. Not one chance in a million. Unless the sheep herders—in the next few days, while the crows—and even if the sheep herders found it —— Not a chance. But if they did, why, it would be for them to explain. Cowman found dead by sheepmen—that would take a lot of explaining! And the paymaster, old Tom Taylor, would come with the cash tomorrow! The Circle M boys will think I am staying with Ford at Lookout! Safe and sure!

He sat there a long time. Black Dollar limped to Pelly's horse for sympathy; they munched the grass at their feet; they moved a little, tentatively, to reach more grass; no one objecting, they fell to busy grazing.

Pelly rose at last. His face was hardened and set. He left the dead man without a backward look. That dead man's rope, tied fast to the horn, trailed from Dollar's saddle. Pelly tied it around black Dollar's neck; riding his own horse and leading Dollar, he went back up the ridge to the paving-stone country; turned north here, where slow and cautious riding would leave almost no track or trace. When he came to the ridge Pinky Ford had climbed that morning he tied Dollar to a tree; he rode his own horse half a mile farther on to a small hole in the rocks holding the matter of half a barrel of rain water.

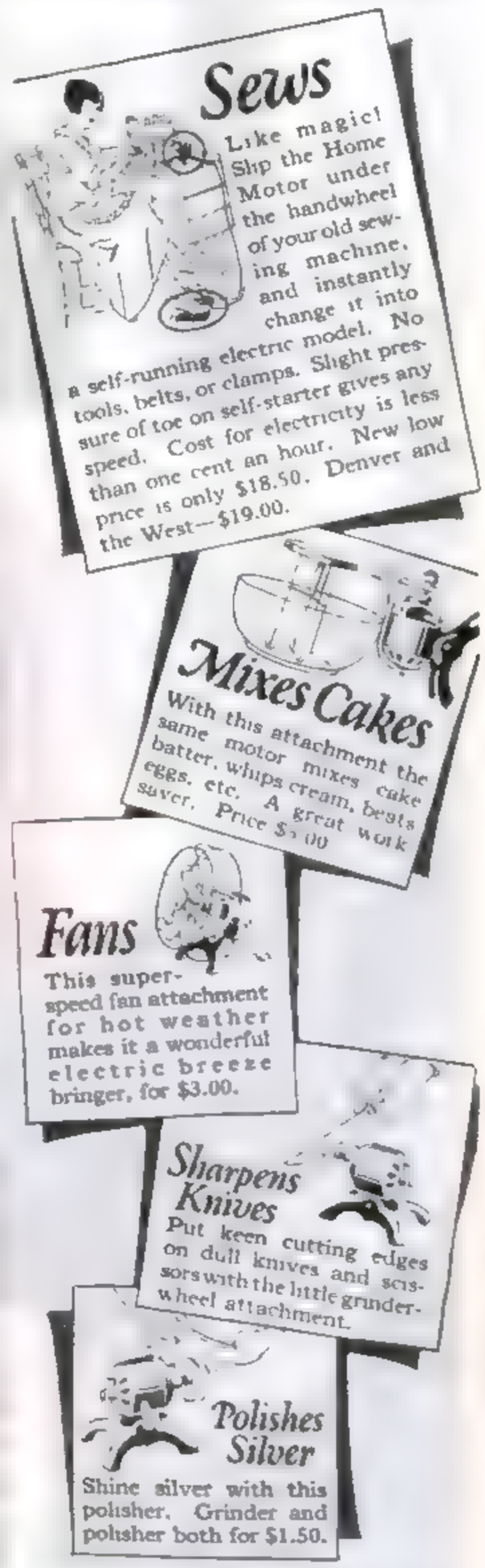
He let his horse drink there and then plunged down into a deep brush-covered cañon beyond, slowly, carefully, striving to leave no tracks. There, in a deep pocket of the hills, a grassy shelf among the scrub oaks, he unsaddled, hung the saddle in a tree beyond the reach of coyotes, and staked his horse in the dead gray grass. Carefully, cautiously, stepping from rock to rock, he climbed to the paving-stone country again and made his way back to Dollar. Mounting, he turned down the long slope up which Pinky Ford had ridden, alive and laughing, a few hours before.

Sweetwater? Later, perhaps. The Webb money first. Nearly twenty thousand. The body will never be found. Not a chance! Sweetwater? Maybe not. That man Day is a bad one. Better let well enough alone.

Dollar made slow work of it, limping and groaning. It was nearly sundown when Pelly reached Lookout Tank. He drove the horses down from the hill and tied dun Snapdragon, as the only one that was shod. He made a hasty supper; he took the flour sack in which Pinky had carried bread and jerky and stored it again with whatever came to hand—jerky, scraps of bread, a chance can of corn; he saddled Snapdragon and followed the Yeltes road. Once clear of the mountains, he left the wagon road, turned across the plain and rode through the night for Webb and Salamanca.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

An electric home helper


Sews
Like magic! Slip the Home Motor under the handwheel of your old sewing machine, and instantly change it into a self-running electric model. No tools, belts, or clamps. Slight pressure of toe on self-starter gives any speed. Cost for electricity is less than one cent an hour. New low price is only $18.50. Denver and the West—$19.00.
Mixes Cakes
With this attachment the same motor mixes cake batter, whips cream, beats eggs, etc. A great work saver. Price $5.00
Fans
This super-speed fan attachment for hot weather makes it a wonderful electric breeze bringer, for $3.00.
Sharpens Knives
Put keen cutting edges on dull knives and scissors with the little grinder-wheel attachment.
Polishes Silver
Shine silver with this polisher. Grinder and polisher both for $1.50.

Sold and guaranteed by Electrical, Hardware, Department and Sewing Machine stores

Hamilton Beach
Home Motor

HAMILTON BEACH MFG. CO., *Racine, Wis.*

Deer Lake, 40 Miles From Spokane, Washington

PHOTO BY U. S. CHRISTIANS

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Do you know that every operator of a Fry Visible Pump is anxious to see that you get full measure when you buy your gasoline? ¶ That is why he so carefully selects this well known pump. He knows that in order to attract and hold your business he must serve you with the best. That is why he chose the Fry. ¶ Such a man is a good man to patronize. ¶ Buy from a Fry—millions do.

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"Always Accurate"

There's
one close
by
FRY

Color—rich and vivid, or soft and dainty—is everywhere in the modern home. Think how much this room would lack in charm with an ordinary floor. The soft clouded design is Belfor Inlaid Pattern No. 7103 1

A lovely floor and so economical

BEDROOMS become so much brighter and daintier when given the colorful charm of *Belfor* Inlaid. And the most surprising part of it is that this new Nairn Flooring is extremely low in price.

The soft, clouded effects are duplicated in no other flooring. A lovely *Belfor* pattern in hues that blend with walls and furnishings produces the newest and richest of decorative effects. Old, worn-looking floors disappear forever.

And what rugged, lasting service *Belfor* Inlaid gives you. It is made from the same quality materials as used in all the other Nairn Inlaid Linoleums—goods whose value and durability have stood unsurpassed for nearly forty years.

No refinishing is needed, the colors are permanent. They go clear through to the burlap back. An occasional waxing keeps them fresh and clear.

Noiseless and comfortable underfoot—warm in winter, cool in summer—*Belfor* Inlaid is the perfect flooring for every room.

And from its wealth of artistic patterns, you'll have no difficulty in securing just the effects you want at a price that means real economy.

Write for the folder showing Nairn *Belfor* Inlaid in actual colors. Then ask the Nairn dealer to show you the goods "in the piece."

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Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago
Kansas City San Francisco Atlanta Minneapolis
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"A Quality Product Since 1888"

This Three Thistle trade mark is on the back of every yard of

NAIRN LINOLEUM

Belfor Inlaid—a new line of 46 prismatic pattern effects of rare beauty. Made in light and heavy weights.
Straight Line Inlaid—clean cut inlaid tile patterns, machine inlaid.
Dutch Tiles and Moulded Inlaids—the mottled colors merge slightly to produce softened outlines.
Mosaic Inlaid—a rich two-tone, all-over effect.
Granite and Mosaique Inlaids—popular all-over mottled effects.

The edge shows you that its inlaid patterns are permanent, extending through to the burlap back.

Battleship Linoleum—heavyweight plain linoleum—made to meet U. S. Gov't specifications. In five colors.
Plain Linoleum—lighter weights of Battleship Linoleum. In six colors.
Cork Carpet—an extra resilient and quiet plain-colored flooring.
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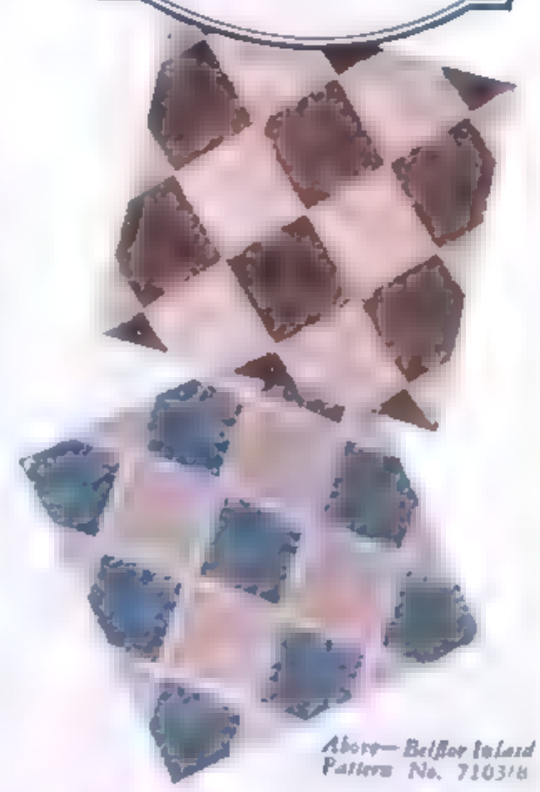

Above—Belfor Inlaid Pattern No. 710316

Below—Belfor Inlaid Pattern No. 710313

NAIRN INLAID LINOLEUM

FROM AN OLD HOUSE

(Continued from Page 44.)

warmed by the sun, was hidden, and I always—but seldom with success—tried to find it. The apple trees ended, there was a short steep ascent, and Chester County lay beyond the crown of the hill. The slope beyond, the immediate valley, was planted with wheat, with a farmhouse and barn on the right; and then hill after hill, grove after grove, the countryside retreated to the sky. The successive hills were softly rounded, verdant or purple from the plow, they flowed one into the other in a harmony of color uninterrupted like their forms. I couldn't decide at which hour of the day it was the most beautiful:

Perhaps in August, under a declining sun, when the valleys were cups of pure mauve shadow and the hills amber; the long shadows from the groves of trees lay like rich carpets over the distant land. When I found that retired ground I'd sit with the feeling that I was looking out over the world, I couldn't conceive that anything but dim space waited beyond the farthest hills; there wasn't a particle of need for more. I saw houses and water and planted fields, orchards and tall chestnut trees, broad oaks, grazing, the coveys of brown quail. The rotation of crops, of birth and love and death, was secure. It was, perhaps, a being without sensibilities, it lacked the most valued qualities of civilization; mentally it was inert, it was empty of æsthetic pleasure; but those were traits I'd gladly surrender for only the sleep that pervaded the rooms of farmhouses, that instantaneously blotted out the life of the farms.

That, anyway, was my feeling, looking across a landscape silent and golden beneath the summer sun; and it was an emotion which immensely benefited me. I could forget, there, the insuperable difficulties of writing, the humiliations of an existence which began to have the aspects of failure. And, for that reason, I wanted to have an apple orchard beside the Dower House; I wanted to find again, if possible, a place where time had no power, and from where I could gaze over all the world: for that, I'd require an old orchard, a gray orchard, and a hill with rock thrust through a rough sod. But the realization of it would be precarious—I might, at last standing on it, be able now to see nothing but the paved highroad, the third putting green of the golf course and the clubhouse with its iron flagpole above. The magic, probably, had resided in a young and harassed imagination—I could dream of so much because I had had so little. That day, I was afraid, had fled when I'd contentedly sit by trees, indifferent to the passage of dinner. Now it would be no more than an artificial act; in addition, someone, Dorothy or William, would come for me. I could see William, would come for me. I could see William appearing, his white coat coming nearer and nearer, I could see his doubtful smile, Dinner is ready.

If I had said, I don't want any, my subsequent tranquillity would have been destroyed by a sense of the conversation between Dorothy and William that would have followed my self-denial: Mr. Joe is sitting under an apple tree and says he doesn't want his dinner. I told him you were waiting. At once she would have asked if I had seemed well. He looked all right. Then, with a touch of impatience, she'd come after me. William says you don't want dinner? I could reply that he had been right, but, at a loss before Dorothy's simple demand, Why not? Well, I'm—I'm not hungry. But you must eat something, she would insist; and it's specially nice tonight; there are two things you like. It would be useless. Or I might be truthful—I don't want dinner because I'd rather stay here and look out at the world, I like what I'm remembering better than anything to eat. You see, I am free from time.

That was no longer possible. But then, my memory was stored with idyllic scenes and moments; I could bring hundreds of them to consciousness, backgrounds of hills and foregrounds of meadows. In cities, at dinner, I could lose the iron-bound clamor, trivial voices, for a pastoral quiet; I could walk from galleries into certain painted landscapes, follow the path around a mill dam, cross a plank over the stream, and enter the space behind the canvas; the influence of the sustained moment would envelop and draw me into itself, substituting its peacefulness for an actual noise. An accomplishment as unfortunate as it was fortunate, since it took away from warm reality, from the exchange of human affection. I was, in consequence, awkward in any but the most familiar and limited company; it was clear to everyone that I was a sort of intruder trying without success to cover his deficiencies of understanding and an attendant lack of sympathy. That simulation of a community of interests would, against all contrary necessity, desert me, and I'd be left exposed to a scrutiny as unfavorable as it was, probably, deserved. Or it might easily have been that my resourceful solitude followed rather than preceded a general opinion which made such a retreat advisable.

It was a great pity that the early, the vital, fervors of emotion couldn't be had at once with the technical excellence of experience, a combination of the hurried passion with which first pages were written and the deliberation, the balance, of later paragraphs. But that would be perfection. And there was an appropriateness of lyrical poetry to youth missing when the middle-aged wrote poems of love. The subject of love belonged to youth, and older men could write about it only in memory, as a reminiscence. Yet there were mitigating circumstances after forty, subjects which belonged to that age, and I hoped that Balisand was one with them—a book of love remembered rather than enjoyed.

I suppose it could be said that, in middle age, men moved from the actual performance of the romance of existence into the audience; they deserted the stage, the costumes and paint and heroic lines for the contemplative and critical rows of chairs. They went out during the curtains and smoked, interested or fatigued with the bright spectacle they were witnessing, until the ultimate taxicabs bore them away. But no one wanted to look at a play forever. The ameliorations, the rewards, of old age I knew nothing about.

Our intention had been, through summer, to have dinner out on the flagged terrace, at a small table where we'd sit smoking until the candles had burned to their ends, or even in the summerhouse at the farther side of the sodded oval, but we never did. We'd think of it on Wednesday, William's day off, or Thursday, when Martha was free; a thunderstorm would roll up—countless little similar obstructions occur to keep us in the dining room. There was an indescribable charm in dining under the sky, and suppers on the grass by brooks were enticing; but picnics, too, we had lost the habit of. They required so much preparation. There was a quarry outside West Chester, with high vertical rock walls, where we swam; and it had been customary to have supper on the bluff above it. That at first, with a few people, had been successful; but, as the numbers increased, the pleasure fled. Dancing and games and a crowded restlessness drove away the attractions of early evening—a period not adapted to activity and noise. With the coming of dusk, the fading of the west through primrose yellow to quiet blue set with faint stars, a tranquillity, a contentment with fate, stilled the spirit. The dusk, the truth was, touched the mind with the gray preliminary fingers of night; it was an hour for the peaceful company of affectionately held familiars, or for the closeness of half-strange romantic shapes.

There was, too, a general misunderstanding of the things to eat proper for those occations. I had been guilty of providing ice cream—with a dipper that gathered it for the edible holders called cones—but ice cream, in heavy wooden tubs of rock salt, wasn't appropriate. For a picnic, which made no effort to copy the realities of camping, cooking, I insisted, broiling and coffee in blackened pots, was out of place. A delicate air of artificiality, incongruous to the natural setting, was desirable: fragile sandwiches, caviar, minute scarlet tomatoes, immense flushed peaches that broke away cleanly from their stones, salted cashew nuts, glazed cakes like candies.

And, though clear spring water was superlative to drink, there needed to be something more—a Madeira cup, perhaps, with the mouth of the pitcher filled with spearmint; or champagne—an hour in the brook would bring it to an admirable temperature—dashed with angostura bitters and modified by a few crystals of sugar. Unlike the situation above the quarry, the view should not be extended; it ought to reach, beyond the running water, no farther than a fringe of willows, with, at the back, the road hidden. The grass must be deep and fragrant, scattered in flowers; the banks of the brook dark with moss and its bottom white-sanded, or else no wading would be proposed.

Then with so much the company should not be less engaging—men reclining with loose-crossed knees in flannels, their hands laced behind their heads, and women in ruffled dresses sprigged, like the grass, with flowers, and heaped hair pinned with jeweled pins, held by high combs. As the evening advanced they'd draw brilliant shawls, vivid Spanish mantóns, about their powdered shoulders. Their voices would be low, like the murmur of the water along the moss.

We never, either, served tea in the Philadelphia silver tea set; it wasn't moved, except when William polished it, from the tray on the sideboard. For one thing, afternoon calling had become a thing of the past; the people in West Chester no longer went, with the correct number of visiting cards, to see anyone. I had some memory of a card bent across the corner, of cards inscribed with the letters P. P. C., but it was faint; I hadn't seen one for ten years. I could recall, too, the bowls of visiting cards that once stood in entrance halls; they were all endowed with a remarkable influence—the names of the most impressive callers were invariably on the top. It was a lapsed custom, short formal visiting, that I didn't lament; it was far better to have agreeable people stay at the Dower House; to return from writing and find them, in ornamental clothes, idly looking at the books and prepared to be entertaining. Everybody was at his best then, from the middle of afternoon until the middle of night. Responsibilities were put away.

Light graceful conversation was one of the most difficult and desirable of accomplishments: I had, for example, no wish to learn exactly what, or all, people thought of me; I wanted the best presented in the most favorable manner possible; I didn't know a man who resented an adroit period of what was condemned as flattery. But flattery was a word of inexact meaning; it had an admirable as well as a reprehensible side. The cause of truth, I felt, could be very little helped by my hearing, in a general conversation, that I wrote wretched books. I'd have no thought of further pleasant relationship with a man, in my place, to whom I had expressed a similar conviction. There were times when the uncomfortable truth was inescapable, but it was wiser to avoid such occasions than to seek them. For those reasons conversations ought to be light and worldly-wise, gilding the charms of women and magnifying the eminence of men; and when that was no longer possible it should be stopped.

I had learned this painfully, from a process, a series, of mistakes; blinded by assurance that the integrity of my own beliefs was excessively important, I took my integrity, my vanity of perception, into situations where it was as becoming as a rhinoceros in an opera box. Expressing sentiments the reverse of favorable I still idiotically expected favor. I knew better. I continually admonished myself to a more reasonable conduct; but at the next opportunity I would fatuously preserve without tarnish the metal of my unrequested beliefs.

In America, particularly, where levity was thought to be something of a crime, there was, enough that was serious. Too much! A feeling possessed the United States that politeness was an admission of inferiority, subversive to morals. The extraordinary material value of courtesy, its power to improve opportunity, was amazingly overlooked. Or independence, it might be, was incompatible with politeness. The latter certainly had no large approval among people in circumstances of small but unassailable freedom. I couldn't count the number of dealers in antiques who had told me, in their bearing or by so many words, to take their wares or go to the devil. Usually, their independence was so supreme I took what they had and managed to ignore their manner.

The art of being serious, an honest bluntness, was applauded, and charm was held in contempt; women, where preëminently

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DOWN where the sunshine's a little warmer—where the sky's a little bluer and the air is washed by the ocean—that's where FRALINGER's comes from.

Around each tender taffy is a dust-proof wrapper that seals in the sea air, the sunshine, and the "goodness." Remove the wrapper and release the tasty joys of real candy. There's an indescribable something about FRALINGER's that makes you reach for more and—by the way—you can eat all you want. FRALINGER's actually stimulates digestion. It won't affect your complexion or steal your appetite.

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You can buy FRALINGER's 'most everywhere. If your favorite candy counter does not have it, send us sixty cents and the name of your dealer and we will mail you postpaid a full pound box of FRALINGER's—25 pure, tempting flavors.

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A Giant Safety Net For Highways

Cyclone Road-Guard Fence provides scientific protection along roadways —at dangerous curves, along steep embankments, at bridge and culvert approaches, at highway terminals. This advanced type of highway fence forms a great elastic net which catches cars, holds them safely, minimizes the impact. Never has been broken through.

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FOR SAFER HIGHWAYS

it belonged, it seemed to me, had given it up. But not altogether, not in all places. In Virginia they cultivated it still, assisted by musical voices made a little languid by the perceptible warmth of climate; they weren't brisk, the most damnable of all qualities in women. They didn't excel in games that demanded an excessive activity, and they were, on all occasions, polite. Whether or not they meant what they said was unimportant; it had the right sound—a ring of cordiality, the suggestion of a concealed but budding personal interest, which gave the whole State an air of special graciousness. It was nothing for a girl in Virginia to engage herself in marriage to a dozen men—and not always singly—rather than, by a curt refusal, damage their pride; a charity understood, at least by the girls, to be totally other than the prosaic business of marriage.

But my concern was with Pennsylvania, where the climate and temperaments of women were variable, and the Dower House; once more I was almost at the end of a book. I had begun with November and I was finishing with January; three months; that was an unusually long time for me to spend on sixty thousand words. Although, now, the part called Summer occupied me, the frozen ground was powdered with a dry snow swept into uneasy heaps by the wind under a sky like an arch of dull metal. When the last word was written, after what still remained here of the manuscript was sent, with its illustrations, I was going south to lands, an island and peninsulas, different in everything from all that had engaged my pen and thoughts. They, the tropics, knew nothing of the forces which had made and maintained the Dower House, binding it with snow and ice and beating on it with bitter winds.

That was why the walls were so thick, the stone foundations set so deeply in earth; the winter had brought about the fireplaces and heavy chimneys, the small windows glazed with many panes. Today the cypress eaves were hung with glittering icicles, the path Andrew had shoveled over the lawn, from High Street, was, on both sides, immaculately banked. The house, because of the bareness of the trees, was very evident at the top of the ground's slope. It seemed harsh, severe in line, almost like a fort. The stone, in the brilliancy of light, had little color but gray. It was chaste, puritanical, hiding the simple beauties within. In that, though, it was faithful to its tradition, to the habit of the land. That, to a great extent, was lost elsewhere, but not from the Dower House; it preserved its memories, the stamp of solidity the years had been powerless to undermine.

I was deserting it, I hoped temporarily, in search of days which required less from men and took more: yet however far I went I wouldn't see another place as fine, or any other I could care for. It would stay in my memory, in my heart, as a standard and an unreachable mark of comparison. People who saw me away from it underestimated my possessions, the position lent me as the owner of so much dignity; absent from it I was diminished. I might, as some men carried pictures of children, take photographs with me, exhibit them in a legitimate vanity, but I wouldn't. It wasn't a house to be viewed with the careless attention turned upon pictorial postcards. I was too jealous of its fineness. Rather than praise it I chose to say that I had a small and, for America, an old stone house. Yes, it was conveniently arranged; there was some walnut furniture, a little glass, but practically no china.

Yet, contradicting that, I had written a book about it; but whoever read its pages of description might, free from any obligation, arrive undisturbed at his own conclusions. He could say, decidedly, I wouldn't have it. Or, the bare walls would be cold; the furniture somber. That was his privilege and, I felt, his mistake. I hadn't the necessity or desire to create an admiration for the Dower House; there were other subjects for my support; I wanted to write about it principally for my own happiness and then for the people who would, if they actually knew it, value it. And there were those, familiar with it, whose affection almost matched mine. Hazleton Mirkil was one—he had lived there—and John Hemphill was another. They were younger than I, probably their consciousness of it would last longer than mine; and, no matter who lived there, asking permission—they were neither of them offhanded—they would walk through the gardens, gaze in at the rooms where we had laughed together, and go away, their minds thronged with memories of older pleasant times. They'd recall Hob and Marlow, exceptional dogs, and William and Martha, Charlie and Andrew and Masterson. Hazleton would remember the winter day when he had flooded the cellar with water from the pipe of the steam heater, John his high-hatted youth.

Nothing I had written was exaggerated, lacking the least in accuracy; all failure of presentation came from the limitations of my descriptive powers. The Dower House was exactly as I had represented it, old and lovely and serene. And where it touched and formed and rewarded me, I had written that, too. But only as it had been involved in a house. The emotions and ideas which had seemed to be mine had been colored and restrained by it; it had corrected and cooled me to the extent that I was amenable to correction. But, perhaps, it had, as well, made me arrogant: the possession of perfect things didn't work for the improvement of humility. Yet it was largely a vicarious arrogance, one I tried to keep closely within me.

When I saw pretentious places, celebrated estates, I didn't insult them with a counter disdain; my satisfaction, my surety, were too deep for that. I said to myself that, in so many days, I would be back in the Dower House.

I left it under compulsion, thought of it gratefully, and returned with ardor. And, together with all this, I realized how beautifully Dorothy kept it. I had this advantage of her, that my feeling was articulate, I could express it in a comprehensible medium. She knew her aspects of our house more intimately than anyone else alive; she knew it in an exact detail that, absentmindedly, I missed: no servant was allowed to arrange the flowers, she laid most of the fires on the hearths and kept them bright with flame, she put the candles on the dinner table and brought out the linen for downstairs and up. Her pride in it betrayed her into supporting my inexcusable extravagances:

I had given a house nearly all that I had made—no woman had ever been more lavishly adorned. But no woman could have given so much—and so quietly—back. To other men, maybe; but not to me. My needs were peculiar. I had increasingly come to require a place of retreat from life rather than life itself; it was better for me to deal with it from a slight distance; as it were at second hand. I had poured myself into the books I had written; with their many faults they were a selected, a select, representation of their source; aside from them, except for a very few people, it was wise for me to remain in relative obscurity. In reality I was a thickly-built, impatient, middle-aged man, the victim of prejudices and a thoughtless temper; there was small correspondence between my exterior, my objective personality, and that passion for imaginative writing which had, incongruously, chosen me for its seat.

I was, more often than not, puzzled by that ability; it had grown in me upon such unfavorable soil. The early opinion of my family—that I promised to be a total loss to society and to it—had a reasonable base. Looking back at my father and grandfather I had every sympathy with the cause for their pessimism. I couldn't, with any justice, condemn the most procrastinating youth brought before my attention. He was invariably so much more promising than I had been. There was hope, I was forced to believe, for everyone; almost, I had nearly added, for young writers. My arrogance, as well, was aimed at myself rather than the world: it was necessary in order to realize that what had happened had happened.

When I returned—an inherent Presbyterian doubt had prompted me to write if—from the City of Mexico the winter, the snow, would be gone, and the April lawn a beginning yellow flare of jonquils; the robins would have sounded their notes, the meadows loud with frogs. Almost at once I'd start on another book, with a fresh pen in the holder, a new pile of thin blankbooks at my elbow. At each successive novel my handwriting grew more cramped, obscured in meaning; and, in the next room, Miss McLeary would pause longer in her transcription: she'd be forced to ask me with a greater frequency what the crabbed lines of a word were. That book would follow the course of my late journey undertaken in

Continued on Page 90

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Everywhere, the Bonded Real Silk Representative is becoming more and more a permanent part of the great system of personal service which now is almost indispensable to the efficient conduct of the American home.

Everywhere, men and women are depending more and more on Real Silk Hosiery Service—the new way of getting silk hosiery direct from the mills at a saving.

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TUNG-SOL LAMP WORKS, Newark, NEW JERSEY

Licensed Under General Electric Company's Incandescent Lamp Patents

(Continued from Page 88)

that hurry which was my inescapable fate and it would include nothing of the Dower House. I'd never write about it again.

Well, enough certainly had been recorded. It was full and it hadn't been easy; it was too close to me yet for any understanding of what, precisely, it was like; if it were, because of its admirable subject, as good as I hoped. Probably not, for my hopes were high, the subject limitless. But then, all subjects were bigger than their possible treatment in words or paint or sound; although some gave a dignity to even the most unskilled hands. The Dower House especially:

It held the history of a country and the impression of generations of lives; it preserved a lost age and it formed a contrast, afforded a criticism, for the one now existing. It went back farther still, into England; it had been carried from England in the affections of alienated men. And this, in the Dower House, wasn't academic, a mere exercise of the imagination—it showed its beginnings, it retained the influences that had made it. I was only an incident in its stability, its endurance. The things I had collected, worked for, it had demanded; it had reached out through me and secured them, one by one: the hunting board and sideboard, the chairs and tables and serpentine chest of drawers, the colored glass and pewter and primitive rugs.

We had a roll of fine Persian rugs, woven in an Oriental symbolism as dark and rich as the interiors of mosques; and, in a spirit of assertive economy, we had laid them on the oak floors, spread them on the poplar floors above. But they hadn't remained there long—within an hour, beaten by the white and silent protest of rooms, we had taken them up. The Dower House, like a cherished woman, wouldn't submit to mere convenience or the unbecoming. It was like that with people, to some it was foreign; it was useless for them to pretend admiration, to assume a knowledge of the furnishings; the house would stay remote from them, cold and inhospitable; and we never made the mistake of having them return.

I moved furniture, a Queen Anne desk and a Pennsylvania-Dutch table in curly walnut, to the rooms where I wrote, and there, too, they distilled the peace they had absorbed; going from the street into their presence gave me a sense of familiar ease. I was, it seemed, again in the Dower House. But the age of the building where I had my rooms assisted that, and the grass, or the snow, which lay below my windows. It would have been an agreeable conceit to believe that I had created that atmosphere, but I couldn't have told it even to myself, it was too palpably false. I hadn't brought it about any more than I had been responsible, by an act of virtue or determination, for my books; it had all been showered upon me by a magnificently careless and incomprehensible hand.

I complained at times about the painful labor of writing, objecting to its imposed monotony and strain; but any offer to relieve me of it, to substitute another and easier activity, I would have ignored. It was even more difficult than I had indicated, more hopeless; but the returns for a very small degree of success were disproportionately great—not alone in material but in immaterial ways. It was, for one thing, highly regarded; its prestige was enormous. The mere amount of talk that descended upon it was deafening; and, while many people underestimated its problems, there were others who gave it a greater concern than it deserved, its enemies were hardly less enthralling than its friends; its mistakes were as clearly heralded by train dispatchers as its excellences, and, of the two, the former had a clearer use.

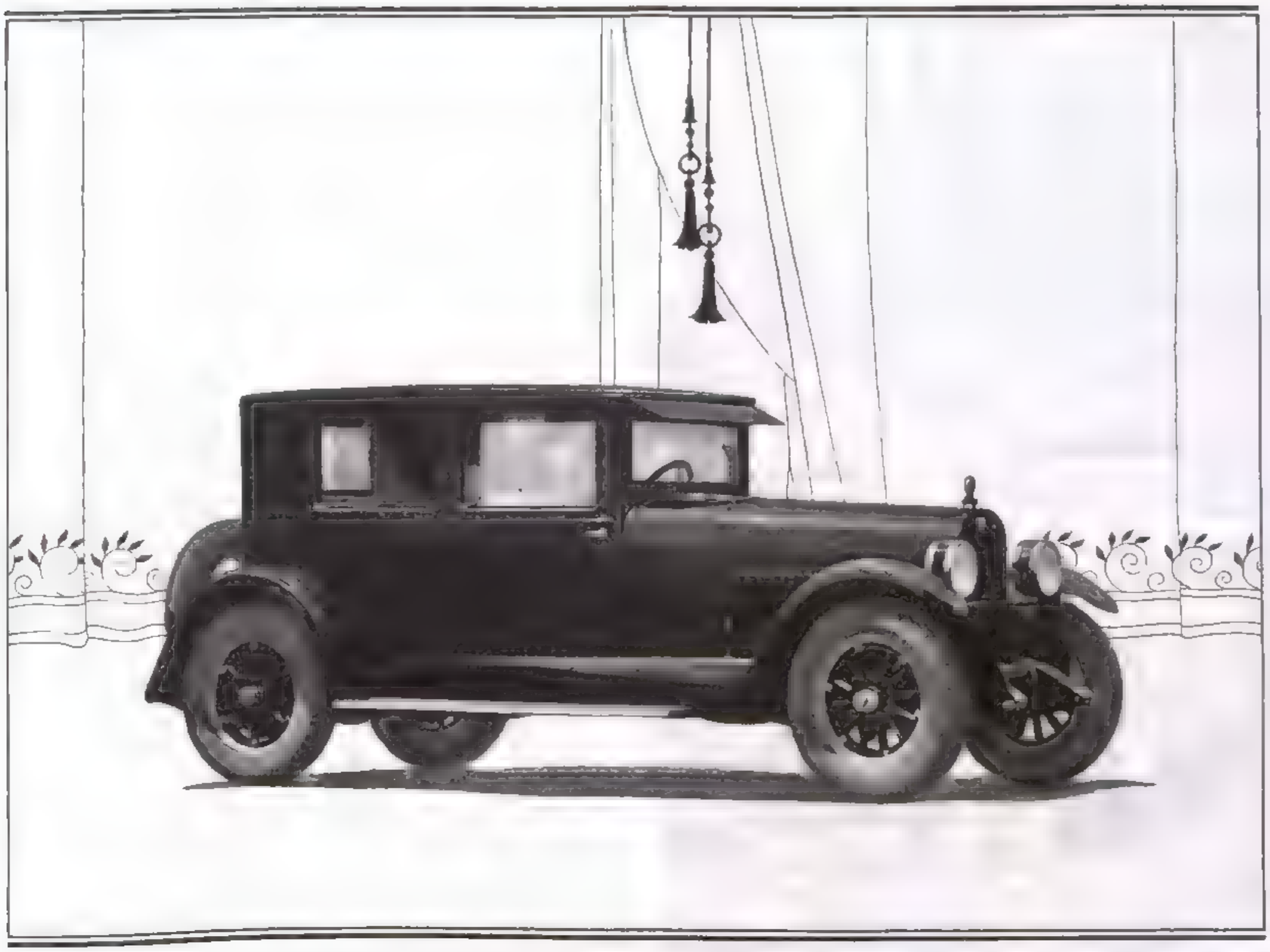
I was so fortunate that I didn't care to invite disaster by a too palpable recognition of my luck; as though, knowing all the while that it couldn't be for me, I had opened a chest of rare silks left by an error at my house. I intended to keep it if drawing down the blinds would help me. The sole consideration on the other side was the work I put into it, the whole devotion of an entire maturity. Nothing—the Dower House was a part of my creation—competed with it, nothing could steal an hour of its time. If I went to Mexico it was because the book I had been writing was finished, the last period affixed. It was superior to love and contentment and long life; and the very fact that I was so illy prepared increased, in my eyes, its value.

It was, now, night, the windows were black squares of glass reflecting the room, the town was still and the box of Balkan cigarettes empty. I had written all day, returning from the Dower House immediately after dinner, in the obscure fear that some unforeseen accident would yet prevent me from coming to the end; but that could hardly happen within the scope of the few hundred words, not more than three, which remained. Fifteen lines to the bottom of the page and then one more page. My shirts were in a pile, my handkerchiefs compactly ironed, straw hats with wide brims and narrow bands were discarded—there was no time for cleaning them—on the Chippendale sofa, white linen coats, in winter, had been pressed.

Everywhere signs of departure; Hob and Marlow were restless. And I didn't like travel. However, this was unavoidable. Palm Beach, with the gold of America poured on its sand, and Cuba—a white marble city, the gardens of a casino and a race track, set in a jungle on an indigo sea. It was Mexico, though, that was taking me away; a country I had dreamed about but never seen. I was going there, actually, in the interest of the Dower House, that obsession like an exacting mistress: the dry sound of the wind in palm trees, the stir on the Alameda, I hoped to weave into pictures and words, put them, at last, changed into the materials of life, within my own walls.

I would have left behind me the book I wanted, above any other, to write; about the road that went past my house to the old West, the cornfields which had been cut to make a place for a game, the house I had come to, poor and harassed in mind. I had, as far as I was able, made the acknowledgment of an immeasurable debt. I had been more than happy—I had been swept into an engagement so profound that the passage of youth, of life, went on unnoticed; even failure or success were, compared to that, unimportant. It was the lot, at best, of men; and I had a house to live in that upheld me with an inviolable whispered calm.

Sunset, Bras d'Or Lakes, Nova Scotia



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OLD THINGS

(Continued from Page 19)

"As soon would I throw every piece into the river!" said he. "And for half as much ——"

For less, he would jump in with them; but he left the words unspoken because another person happened to be in the room. Against the wall, overspreading a high-legged chair, sat the grossest round body of a man, with fat pad shoes comfortably squared apart on the foot ledge, heel to heel, toes winging east and west. He wore a quilted jacket of Nile-green silk, dreamed upward at the roof, and as if without a care in this world smoked a gigantic Manila cigar with a gilt band.

"Good night then," said the clerk suavely.

"Good night, sir."

Yu crammed the treasures down his leather pouch and made for the door. He was hardly gone through it when a voice murmured in his ear.

"Stay."

Very nimbly the fat lounger must have hopped from the chair, to be so close at heel, grinning.

"I would not do it, brother."

"What?" said Yu; sharply, for the advice made his hair creep. It came in reply to what he had left unspoken. "Do what?"

The fat man chuckled, and with easy extravagance threw his length of Manila tobacco into the dark, where a passing beggar caught, extinguished and carried it off.

"Never mind what. The river's cold. Let me lend you the cash."

Faint, legweary, unable to deal with eavesdropping jokers, Yu leaned against the front of the shop and groaned.

"Here it is." His tormentor's face in the half light shone as if oiled—a face marred by too much grand living, puffy like the quilt of his jacket, but full of reckless good humor. "Here you are. I counted while you were talking, inside."

Yu remembered this tun of flesh now. It was a figure notorious about the city, a rich man, his nickname Chubby Little Plum, who seemed to do nothing but play the wag all day and the gamester all night.

"Give me your pouch. Take the money. There! We can exchange memoranda, if you like, afterward. But go first and eat, for you look hollow."

The youngster found his hand stuffed with paper, a lump of tallowy bank notes.

"On the fourth night from now," said Little Plum, "at about this hour, come to the shop of the Divine Fecundity. It will be closed, of course, but knock at the door. Now don't fail. You may see—some new thing for a change."

The fat man laughed and moved away.

"Oh, yes!" He turned to bawl an afterthought. "Wear your best clothes, for luck!"

With that he was gone down the gloom of the street, waving Yu's pouch airily by the cord. To a critic his behavior might have seemed rough, loud, not wholly sober; but at the end of so much barren formalism, so much niggling and haggling, it had one great virtue—warmth of heart.

"I'll be there!"

The wad of paper in hand, the sweaty loan, was more than enough. Before the first child scampered with a gloaming lantern, or the earliest bad debtor, cheating his clock, began to shout "*Kung-hei!*" and explode firecrackers on a threshold here and there for the ridicule of neighbors, Yu had paid everything he owed.

"Clean! Wiped out! Not a dollar in pocket; but mother and father will approve so much of a bad job."

From all the wreck he had saved, in their camphor box, his father and grandfather's best lavender brocade. This, three nights later, he put on. As all men of the Chun family were slender, of good height and carriage, the gorgeous heirloom fitted; but his own shabby outdoor jacket, when cast over, made it laughable.

"Silk and tatters. The rag-bag king," he thought. "An omen? Well, you can do no more. Show respect, or try to."

Noise, a holiday uproar, filled the air. Gongs crashed and rang, drums beat a tight clack-clack in rapid rhythm, squibs flew banging like musketry. The street was a rift choking with burnt gunpowder, lights, hidden music from above, people who hurried, talk and laughter. Chun Yu had hard work to discover the shop of the Divine Fecundity. It was nothing but blank shutters and door. In duty bound, humble, frightened, yet curious to know, he raised his knuckles and tapped. No one answered. He tapped again.

"Come!" sang a voice, louder than all the hubbub. "Come!"

Obeying, he stepped into gloom and silence—a cavern-like obscurity walled with tier on tier of parcels, neat gray squares labeled in red, above which from the topmost shelf high into the dark glimmered a rampage of gilt scrollwork, flowers, pointed leaves and birds. Burning incense gave the air a faint sweetness, and in the haze of this across the room a low shaded lamp hung its cone of bluish light over a table, where two men sat playing chess.

"A happy New Year, abounding prosperity," murmured Yu; and as one of them, a stranger, had white mustaches over his mouth, it was but polite to add, "Happy New Year, bringing you a grandchild, sir."

They greeted him, then bent to their game in silence. By his globular body, wide comic face and twinkling eyes, the younger of the pair was Little Plum. After long study among the pieces he moved a "cannon" up to the "river," leaned away, sighed and beckoned their caller to draw near.

"Upstairs, out in the balcony," he whispered. "Then on your left, take a peep next door, through the spikes."

This nonsense being a queer kind of welcome, Chun Yu did not budge.

"There, there!" Reading the thought, replying by a grin of astute intelligence, extracting himself from between table and chair, Plum bounded up as light and easy, for all his flesh, as a kitten. "There, never mind. Pardon our lack of ceremony." He buzzed in Yu's ear, with a gesture down that implored silence for play. "My uncle, who is very old, loves nothing but chess now. Let us talk afterward, therefore. Come quickly."

Under an arch of more gilded scrolls, he led the way to a far corner at the bottom of a stair.

"Leave me your jacket," he begged, "for you are at home here; you do not need it." And with great courtesy taking from the youngster that threadbare garment, he wagged his head in admiration of the lavender brocade. "Superb color! They cannot make such dye any more. Up with you, my friend, look through the spikes, and bring me word of what you see there."

Without a sound, his dumpy form rolled back to the table and slid into its chair. The aged lover of chess had not lifted an eye or felt his nephew's absence.

Yu, mystified, went climbing in the dark. Twice the narrow stair crooked about; on the landing a thread of light shone under a door, which yielded to his groping; and the draft as this door swung behind him fluttered a night-watch lamp, an oily drop of fire imprisoned where a tumbler sat cocking in a brass bowl full of sand. Yu halted over it and looked. He saw nothing but a great cold room or warehouse loft heaped high with bales, rattan chairs, green crockery lions, pigskin boxes daubed scarlet and gold—new junk, all for the exporting trade—and through them a lane of passage. He followed the lane, met another door, unbarred it and stepped into carnival roar on a balcony.

"Not a soul! What wild errand is this," thought Yu, "to come spy on nothing?"

The place, dim, forlorn, held only a pair of lanterns overhead, and these not lighted. Other balconies almost within reach across the way, though bright with lamps, were vacant. Yu stepped to the rail, and looking down saw the crowd pour thickly under the haze of fog and smoke which glowed with illumination and throbbed with noise like rapid fire in battle.

"The fat man has played me a trick."

He was leaving the rail, when he caught sight of two faces below, upturned, motionless in all the current. One face was that of a man, elderly, broad and impassive; the other, of a woman who seemed to be grinning; both stared not at his dark balcony but somewhere toward the left, and both suddenly became known faces.

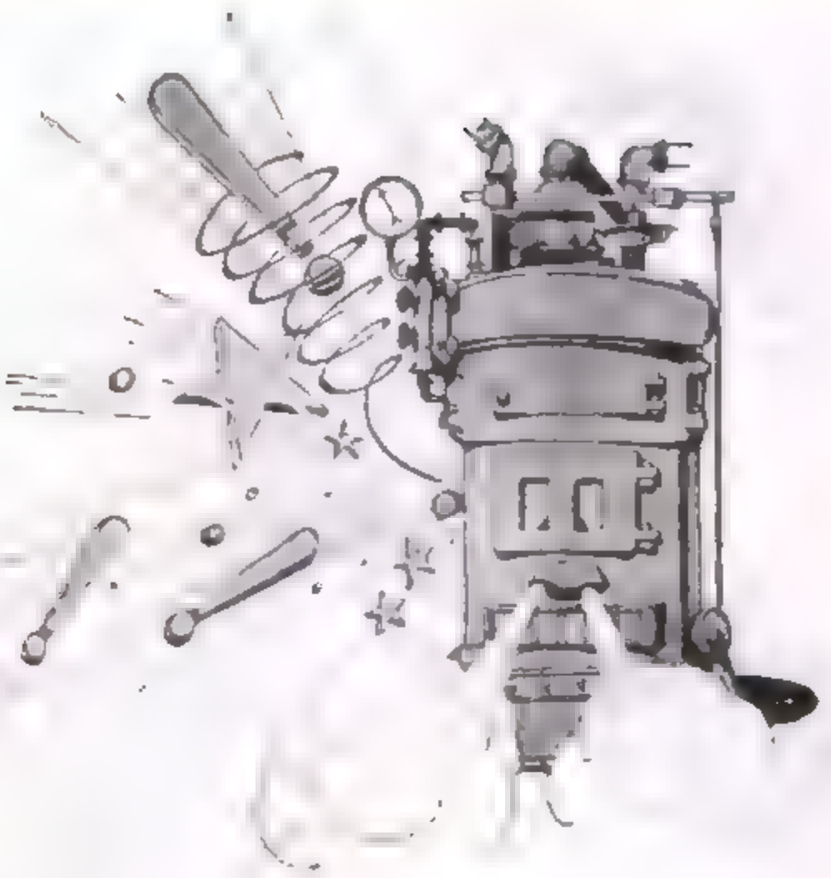
"Aha!"

Chun Yu moved back a step into hiding, but continued on the watch.

"No, no! This trick is none of Little Plum's."

The woman was his old enemy the *mui pue*, her companion a merchant better known than liked, a glutton every way,

(Continued on Page 94)



To people who hurl epithets at their furnaces

GETTING hot under the collar won't keep the rooms of your house warm. Most likely it isn't the fault of your furnace at all.

Your furnace is supposed to generate heat—not to carry it upstairs. That is the job of your heating pipes. Unless these heating pipes, and the furnace body too, are covered with an efficient insulation, you are not giving your furnace a chance. The heat it generates is lost before it can get upstairs to your radiators.

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Have a heating man or plumber figure on cleaning up your heating plant, and applying Improved Asbestocel. Get ready for next winter when you will save yourself not only many harsh words but a great deal of discomfort and fuel money in the bargain.

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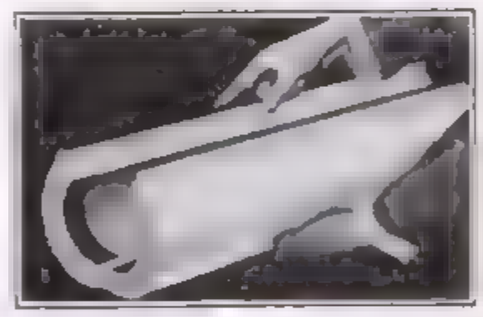

Your heating man will show you the difference

—between ordinary pipe covering and Improved Asbestocel.

Ordinary heating pipe covering is composed of long flutings, open at both ends. Air, circulating through these long corridors, cools off your pipe lines and steals your heat.

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Cells open like this are bad. *Cells closed like this are efficient—Asbestocel.*

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The best clipper is the cheapest in the long run

FOR years barbers have been telling us that their Brown & Sharpe Hair Clippers have lasted from twenty to thirty years in hard daily use.

Now that hair clippers have become almost as much of a household necessity as razors or hair curlers the question of quality in a hair clipper looms larger to you.

You can buy a pair of clippers that are much cheaper than Brown & Sharpe Clippers—but what's the use? Brown & Sharpe Clippers are made so exactly and with such painstaking care that they ought to last you for a lifetime—and during all the years you use them they will work smoothly and hold their keenness with only an occasional sharpening.

Thousands of people whose one and only idea in buying their Brown & Sharpe Clippers was for trimming their children's hair are finding them indispensable for every member of the family. Women find many uses for them and the men are freed from those self-conscious few days of ragged hair before it's time for the regular visit to the barber.

At hardware, barber supply and cutlery stores, Brown & Sharpe Clippers are sold in several sizes—NARROW PLATE size 000 is especially recommended for home use. Price $4.50.

BROWN & SHARPE Mfg. Co.
Providence, R.I., U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 92)

who had made a fortune in fireworks. What could be the object of their staring aloft here?

"Follow orders and see. Look through the spikes."

This upper veranda of the Divine Fecundity, like all the others perched along the street, had a blank wall at either end to keep its cubicle of room private, and where wall joined railing a bristle of sharp stakes that jutted fanwise into the air, a guard against thieves climbing round.

"On your left," he said.

Yu stole to the nearest fan, craned out and peered between the spikes. They were green with gilded points, and so close together as to stripe the view. Having adjusted one eye to a gap, he saw indeed, but saw only backs of heads in the next veranda where men, women and children crowded the rail. An explosion of light from beyond threw them all into silhouette.

"Neighbors watching the fireworks.'

One glance told him that much. He would not have taken another—for family parties were no concern of his—had not a voice bawled above the racket:

"Come! Indoors, all! It is time we started for the theater. Come along."

The voice was Mr. Koh's. With reluctance, chattering, scolding, lingering to admire, the holiday makers obeyed, under a soft glow of lanterns crossed the balcony toward some fainter light within a doorway, and mingled their gay colors, to confuse and dissolve like a rainbow as they trooped off. The hindmost figure to be gone seemed a girl in orange or yellow.

"The Koh family!" Surprise kept Yu motionless, holding to his green fan of spikes. "Koh! And that she-devil down in the street dogging them?"

The door of their balcony, which had closed, flew suddenly open again.

"Go out!" cried a woman. "Go out, I say, and wait!"

"But, mother, it's cold."

"Wait there till I call you!"

The door slammed. A girl in pale orange or yellow stood under the lanterns, and then drew slowly, as if unwilling, near the front of the deserted balcony. Brightness arrived with her; for at a street corner where firecrackers hung from housetop to ground, bursting into scarlet-and-gold flower like chains of magic laburnum, suddenly a grim painted box or cubical chest that dangled above them blew apart in thunder and became a grove of swinging lamps, ducks, phœnixes, mandarin dolls on toy ponies, brilliant through smoky glare.

It was a climax of pyrotechny, a masterpiece. The girl did not so much as look toward it, but gazed into nothing straight before her. Young, slender, she had an air of drooping indifference if not of melancholy, a delicate grace that somehow recalled to Chun a New Year lily with faint threads of incense twining up it. Or so he fancied afterward; at the moment, he lost his head.

"They exhibit her," he raged, "to those brutes below!" A madness fell upon him. He rattled the bars and cried, "Is jasmine a flower for swine?"

The musing figure woke in alarm, drew back, turned and ran. Her feet, though not bound, were tiny as a child's, and as light.

"You need not fear!" he called out bitterly. "It is nothing but Chun Yu, to whom they break words!"

Halfway in her veranda, the girl stopped, wavered, turned again, and wrung her hands. No one perhaps can measure what courage drew her toward an unknown voice full of reproach. She came slowly, quaking as with cold; but she came, even to the green sticks of the burglar fan. Through them she saw no doubt a young demon or tiger in heliotrope silk.

What Yu beheld was enchantment. The rain of golden sparks, the dying effulgence poured from a box of fire in mid-air to show him that her clothes were not orange but melon, edged with blue petal embroidery; that her hair, coiled close above the ears, had a little tremulous bead fringe ornament, like snowberries among weeping willow; and that her eyes contained the only darkness of night, the one thing real, the one thing true.

His body shook like a fisherman's line in deep water.

"You are Jasmine?" he whispered. "I did not know."

The eyes left him.

"A word," she said, "is not to be broken."

With that, all was gone, a whisk of melon color into a doorway.

As for Yu, presently he barred a warehouse loft against thieves, heard a banging of firecrackers and gongs diminish, tumbled among crockery lions and rattan furniture, saw a night lamp gutter on sand in its brass bowl, then went downstairs like a blind man.

"And I called her," he began telling someone—"I called her the apothecary's dried sea horse, when she is beauty alive! Curses on all dead beauty! Curses on me—for I followed it—curses on the *mui paw* who sold her ——"

The someone before whom he stood raving, laughed.

"Sit down, boy." It was a good, fat laugh, comforting. "Sit down and rest your bones. Why blame the poor silly *mui yan*, who has her living to make like all of us? Come, join me, excellent younger brother."

Beneath his cone of lamplight, by the table, from which his uncle and the chessmen had vanished, Little Plum sat broadly in repose, chewing dried melon seeds and pouring warm gin into a thumb-cap vessel of brown coconut lined with silver. This, when full, he began to reach across toward Yu, but checked himself, pulled it back and kept it.

"On second thought, no," said he, grinning. "Not in your present exaltation, for it would make you drunk. . . . Well, you saw something, I can judge."

Yu dropped into the uncle's chair.

"Thank you for your correction, sir. Indeed the poor woman is not to be railed at, when my own just punishment has broken me for coldness toward the family duty."

"That is a better beginning." Little Plum drained his diminutive shell of liquor. "Now, before we continue, grant me one favor: Will you have the goodness to look me through and through, then say what kind of man you judge me to be?"

An unforeseen question, it woke Yu with a start, prodded him out of his daydreaming remorse.

"Look well. Speak with your utmost candor."

Across their table, the pair, as if outguessing each other at some new game, remained eye to eye. Echoes from the clangor of the street hummed through the darkness. Chun Yu felt a growing embarrassment, for he could not hit upon an answer which might be candid without offense, his host's great, flat, oily visage so twinkled with contradiction—drowsy, alert, coarse-grained, benign, changeable, stolid, sly, open, comic, everything but dull. The youth took refuge at last in a bit of time-honored symbolism.

"You are like that, sir." Chun drew from his pocket and laid between them a coin, a greasy cash with the quadrate hole for center. "You are square in character, round in disposition."

The fat man expanded, quaked with laughter, beamed approval.

"My dear young friend," said he, "you have a gift of singular refinement and perspicacity. Now let us be quite serious. Your father was often kind to me. Will you tell some part of your trouble?"

A moment later Yu was telling him, not part, but all. He munched melon seeds behind his thick lips, drank steaming toddy, chuckled now and again, blinked with comprehension, but spoke never a word until the end.

"You are right," he then declared. "Mr. Koh brought his household into town this evening for the fireworks and the theater, chiefly that the King of Fireworks—I bear him no grudge, but the fellow's impossible, a gullet without a heart—might see your Jasmine up above and lick his chops. Hence my invitation. A word's not to be broken, hey? Good for her! A brave child as well as a beauty. . . . On the other hand, you're wrong; it's no crime to tie up your capital if you judge neatly. I back your judgment, brother; for did you not tickle my ribs a moment ago with an accurate specimen of it, offhand? You did. He who is able to value men, can value any object dead or alive in this world. Come, courage! There's nothing to do now but find a job after the New Year, work for her, and confound your enemies. I, who have gone through it, drink to you. Eat of my uncle's comfits. Ginger, or a Dragon's Eye?"

Their talk, with refection, went on till past midnight. Chun took home a heart warmed with gratitude, a mind full of exhilarating projects. Later, when the holiday season had flown by, his gratitude not only remained but grew; for Little Plum, who carried weight in more than one sense, brought it so to bear that he found work. The exhilaration, however, like an effect of those coconut-and-silver thimbles, passed rapidly off as Yu found himself drudging long hours in the pawnshop called Wo' Yun.

His first fortnight there closed badly.

It was a little shop, this Wo' Yun, very old and dark. Opposite the counter one lone article of display, a vast black cloth hanging, silk embroidered with golden text, covered the whole wall.

A man came in who desired to borrow ten dollars.

"Very well, sir," replied Yu. "On what security?"

"This."

Turning, in profile, the man reached out his hands, one below, one above, as if to measure or balance a vertical object. Whatever it was, it remained invisible. The hands carefully held nothing.

"This what? I do not understand your sign."

The man drew near, and as he did so made a thing which the background of dark cloth had hidden take form between his palms. He set on the counter a black vase.

"That."

About a span high and rather ill shaped, the vase had a dull, inky surface without ornament.

"Genuine. Ancient," urged the borrower. "It has magic virtue."

"Indeed, sir?" Chun handled it, rapped it with his finger nail and eyed it from top to bottom, inside and out. "Magic of what kind?"

"I cannot tell. So old is the masterpiece, men have forgotten its history."

Chun laughed.

"We all know the words and music to that song," quoth he. "It's an ugly pot." Nevertheless he could not lay it down, for somehow this plain black body spoke to his eyesight, his touch, his memory, and half recalled vague wonders of which he had read or heard. Virtue dwelt here, of whatever kind, like a spell from the past. In the act of rejection he looked again, mused and yielded. "As you say then. Agreed. Ten dollars."

Within the hour his chief attacked him with a roar.

"So! Ten dollars? Thus my property whiffs away!" A large old man, whose hard countenance indoor living had bleached like a woman's coated with rice powder, the head of Wo' Yun glared in rage. His voice had a wiry whine, and once raised for lashing, could cut like wire. "How long, young sir, do you think idiots prosper? Crockery! Earthenware! The owner walks off laughing, he will never claim it. Crockery! You lend for trash, and give us, before all this town, the face of a fool soon bankrupt!"

Much more and much worse language rent the air. Chun took it, quivering as though it were indeed a whip. Nothing but a promise given Little Plum to stick at work through good and evil, kept him from smiting this pale money-cellar worm and walking out.

"Very good, sir." White-sick with anger, he spoke evenly. "I will stand the loss and keep the vase."

His chief went on bawling.

"So you will! True enough! But for how many weeks can your pay support these losses?"

Yu turned his back and let the storm die out. From that day forward, life in the shop went on more and more drearily; not so much because the firm docked by ten his month's wage of fifteen dollars Mexican, as that he lost confidence and grew mechanical. One day at noon, outdoors, when a procession of dead pigs on squealing wheelbarrows forced him into the gutter, he ran against Little Plum there.

"How are you doing, brother?"

"Ill," said Chun, and told why. "Poorly, as you see."

Even the jovial Chubby One looked somewhat grave and pursed his thick mouth.

"At your old pastime? Beware!" He turned the subject. "By the bye, she is a brave girl. The King of Fireworks, I hear, still pines a widower."

For the moment the news made our pawnbroker's clerk rejoice; yet when he sat cooped in the shop again, it went bitter. A selfish misery, he thought, to welcome her into its company. That this Jasmine, whom he had beheld once, dark-eyed lovely, frightened in a golden dream, now for the sake of honor suffered on his account because a word must not be broken, was to him plain torment. In fancy, he heard her mother day after day wearing the girl down.

Continued on Page 97

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The initials of a friend

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Remember the lamps you had to fill and trim and polish each day? You know they were dirty and dangerous; but perhaps you think they were cheaper. *They were not!*

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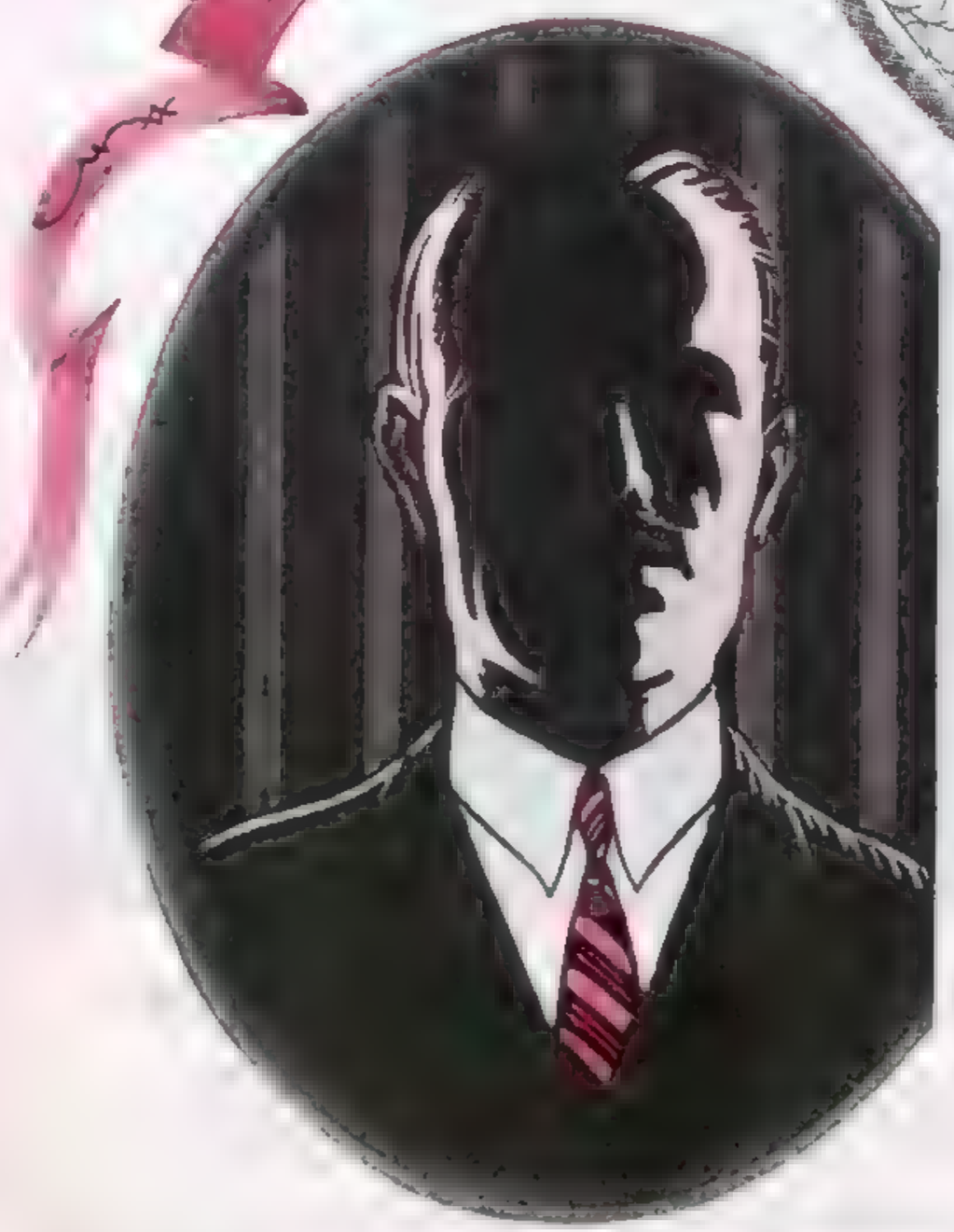

WHAT MAKES SPRING?

Festive attire. The happy man wishes to be dressed smartly.

A hundred years ago he broke out in a cheerful delirium of ruffles and tight-fitting breeches, which nearly strangled his body but expressed his soul.

Today he has learned to look smarter and to feel more comfortable. His body is just as glad as his soul.

The Van Heusen Collar is an ultimate symbol of the modern spirit of both ease and elegance. Particularly in Van Kent, the new Van Heusen, is manifest the glad spirit of Spring.

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50 CENTS

The Van Heusen is one single piece of most fine fabric. Nothing sewed together—no starch. The loom has woven the fold in, woven a faultless curve in, woven comfort and smartness in.

Ask your dealer for Van Cravat, a new negligee shirt with the Van Heusen Collar attached. Made in 4 superb fabrics—oxford, poplin, mercerized cotton pongee, and very fine broadcloth.

R. L. LEONARD

VAN HEUSEN

PATENTED

the World's Smartest COLLAR

PHILLIPS-JONES NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 94)

"They will beat us," he concluded. "It's better forgotten."

Work, wrangles in the gloom here with greedy or needy liars, haggling over other people's money, should make him forget. He worked hard and well. At odd times the black silk covering the opposite wall taught him how there was nothing new in misfortune, for its embroidered names and flowery gratulation told of a man rich, happy, renowned, whose friends by the hundred wished him joy on a sixtieth birthday; and now the man was long dead, the cloth hung awaiting some buyer of curios—a rag left from another great family wrecked.

"Like mine," said Yu. "Sunk by folly, gone, like my own."

Still he neither forgot nor surrendered. The year lagged by. He had then to show, beyond wages, only a funereal earthen vase which the owner had not redeemed.

"Quick head, excellent manner." The staff of Wo' Yun gossiped about him. "But strange, that young man. He grows more so."

It became a joke that he was carrying the black vase round everywhere, hugging it under his elbow, dandling it like a baby.

"He talks to it," they agreed. "He sleeps with it. Cracked, the pair of them."

On a warm spring night Chubby Little Plum in his uncle's veranda waited to hear the winning number of the lottery, when a man came to him breathless.

"I have found out." The man was Chun Yu. "It has virtue. No, I am not mad."

On the table where lantern light streamed down, he put the black vase and waved toward it with a gesture of introduction.

"Ah?" Little Plum, who never betrayed surprise at anything, lay dormant and grunted over his tobacco pipe. "What virtue?"

"More than a thousand years old. Before the Sung family," stuttered Yu. "It foretells weather, by changing color. The lost art. An adept, a master, created this thing at Chai Heu. Ten thousand dollars could not buy one like it. Observe! It is turning sick tonight, the blackness mottled, a gray pallor on the skin. Tomorrow rain shall fall in a curtain, with lightning and thunder of all devils. The virtue spoke to me! I watched, and watched!"

Little Plum bounced up so violently as to knock his gorgeous bright-metal pipe end over end.

"Teach me its tricks!" he cried. His fat face came alive and appeared to sparkle mischief. "Unfold all, unfold! There is a Pink-Tail from Calcutta who believes —— Ho, ho! Lend me this your vase for one month, and instruct me, and —— Never mind history. The trick—the trick of it!"

Before they had ceased talking, their lantern guttered out, the dawn arrived murky brown, devils grumbled, with a flash of heat lightning far off against which the roof tiles across the way leaped into view all notched and nicked like the rump of a dragon. Chun Yu ran home through cloud-bursts. His friend kept the black vase meantime.

"I do not see why," thought Yu. "But he is welcome to it."

Summer came. Heat and drowse crammed the little bank of Wo' Yun, where the staff sat drooping along the wall, fanning themselves, too inert for talk. Flies droned. Upstairs an exacting client murmured about his wife's winter furs, brushed them, and made the afternoon seem hotter. A ball of darkness in the doorway suddenly cut off the glare.

"Ah, gentlemen, you look as cozy as a mouse hole full of spiders! How do you do? The cobweb is not catching many today?"

Loud-mouthed, vulgar, offensively cool, the great Little Plum rolled his globe of a body in among them.

"Hola, my friend! Take that!" Down before Chun Yu he plumped a moneybag tighter than a pudding. "You would not earn so much in three years if you stayed at a place like this. Wake up, all, gather round!" He laughed and swaggered. "A foreign-born, a Pink-Tail from Calcutta, agent there for our King of Fireworks, brought home from India the most ingenious rarefied method of betting on rainfall, with Hollandish implements in his house to advise him. I do no harm by telling now; for the game is dead, my Calcutta slyboots will not play with me any more. That is your half share, brother, in the winnings of the Vase of Chai Heu!"

From the round bag Chun Yu stared to its round giver. Outcry in the shop bewildered him further, as everyone jumped afoot and gabbled.

"As for this young scholar who buys crockery," Plum continued, handing him the black vase with a magnificent sweep, then bowing to the head man, whose face had whitened more powdery than ever, "as for this paragon, he is about to leave you with much regret, sir. Ignorance—not here, of course, no, no—but ignorance all round town is forever competing to hire wisdom. Do you not find it so?"

The gambler spoke as a true prophet. Within a week the story had flown through town, over the walls, a wildfire legend across country. Hard-headed citizens came outbidding one another to hire the Young Man of the Black Vase. Within a month it was that great firm, Kee Cheong, who proudly installed him behind their counter, to lend with authority where once he had failed to borrow.

The cashier of Wo' Yun felt anger and self-reproach darken his face. Therefore, soon afterward, when an airy gentleman walked in and required eighty thousand dollars for a mere handful of jewelry, the old chap lost his temper.

"Absurd!" he cried. "We have had enough miracles here of late. I offer you thirty thousand dollars, which is a risk. We are not dispensers of charity."

"Nor of politeness!" murmured the gentleman. "But I observe a larger establishment across the way."

With a sweet smile, he picked up his belongings and walked out again. He had an upright but swaying gait, an air of detachment, clear smooth cheeks, heavy eyelids delicately sharp along the edge, and a keen, humorous, lazy glance. Over the way he strolled into the door of Kee Cheong.

"You see one who is rather pressed for both money and time," he there announced, without appearing so at all. "A word of explanation may be needed."

It was not, for Chun Yu, the idler, in his happier days of wandering the streets, had come to know everybody. This calm person was an official, a Mr. Jit of the salt gabelle.

"Government has transferred me from your charming precincts of the cheerful day," said he, "to outer darkness in a far province. I have sent home for funds, but my successor in office may arrive before them; and so, to balance my books now, I seek eighty thousand dollars in ready cash."

His long slender fingers laid on the board three trinkets and toyed with them—a woman's ornament in precious stone, a small green bottle and a necklace of pearls.

"They are worth more." He looked upon Yu kindly, but with doubt. "If you wish to call one of your older colleagues?"

Chun shook his head. The green bottle was all that he picked up or even cast eyes on. He scrutinized, tapped it, raised it to his ear for the sound, to his forehead for the coldness, held it flat in the light, held it slanting, and dropped into one of his reveries.

"Northern." He woke, smiling. "All right, sir. I will draw you the ticket for eighty thousand."

The gentleman regarded this young clerk with affable surprise.

"And these?" He indicated the woman's jewel and the pearls. "You have overlooked?"

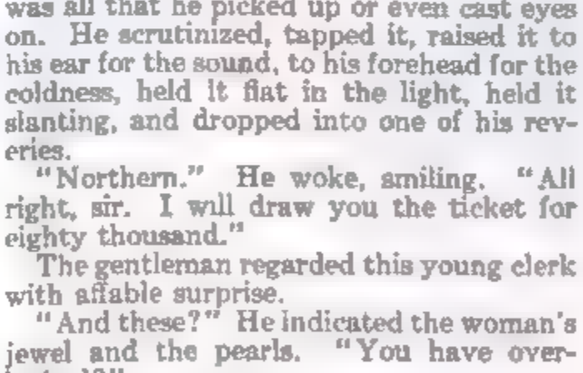
"Superfluous. Keep them, sir. Your bottle is more than enough. We do not chop off a pullet's head with a battle-ax or shoot sparrows with cannon."

Four weeks later, on a bright forenoon, Mr. Jit of the salt gabelle came strolling in to redeem his pledge. This time he had leisure for talk.

"How did you lend me a large sum so quickly?"

Chun Yu laughed.

"There are not many herb-snuff bottles, even among the Tsaili," he answered, "of perfect blue-green jade, rightly sonorous, very cold, from the New Dominion."



Mr. Jit laughed also.

"Correct! And what do you think that piece of jade cost?"

"I'm not sure," said Yu diffidently, "but I guess about three hundred and thirty thousand dollars."

The other bounded where he stood, as with alarm.

"In the name of both worlds, how do you know? Is this a magic?"

"Not at all, sir. I heard a story. I think your piece of jade must be the same. A northern story, from Khotan way, of a governor who ——"

"Right!" cried Mr. Jit. "Yes, my father was the governor. He paid a wild Russian three hundred thousand dollars for it. The cutting of the snuff bottle from the lump afterward cost him thirty thousand. Young man, you have a good eye, a good head. Pardon, but are you by any chance a collector like me?"

His fatal word, a spark to dry powder, touched off the incomprehensible passion. Yu did no more work that morning. The manager of Kee Cheong, with his hollow bone-monkey face, came and blinked at the pair, hearkened to them, grinned, and gave Chun a holiday.

"Walk it off," said he. "Hot brains do no business."

They walked together, happily raving, to Chun's house and the small room, his jackdaw's-nest cabinet of curios. There silence fell upon them, a silence broken only by Mr. Jit as he poked his nose along shelves, into drawers, into boxes, and chanted little ejaculations to himself.

"*Hai ji'!* A marvel. Mm-ho! No. Yes. And here. T-s-s-s-t!" He bent on the youngster a frown of envious admiration. "Do you know, young turtle, what you have snapped up out of the mud by this river bank? I bow to you." And he did so. "Here in your room is a great fortune, an exposition of learning, a sight into the past, a picture to—to"—he drew back and paused—"to bring the tears. Yes. In the province whither government has ordered me, there is a foreigner with green eyes and fox hair, but honest, who would come pay you forty times over your outlay in this pious work. I shall tell him, who is a mine of hoary knowledge, to come as a milk-name babe and learn of you."

The speaker paused again, and remained like an image, staring at the wall, on which in darkness hung that picture, scabbed with waxy dirt, of a quadruped upside down.

"Impossible! No! Where did you get —— It is the Black Horse Rolling, by Han Kan. You young wretch, we've all been hunting our eyes out for twelve hundred years, while you——Wonderful! It is mentioned only once in the whole range of polite letters."

"Twice," objected Yu.

"Once!"

"Twice, if you please."

"I tell you, only once!"

They had forgotten decorum, grown loud, come almost to blows, when luckily a visitor broke the quarrel short. It was Little Plum who entered.

"Ah?" puffed this fat one, after exchange of compliment. "I arrive in good time. Discussion is hungry labor. Will you not come to the Tien Yin with me and nibble a crumb or so? There is news to tell, which may season my poor food waiting there."

In the uppermost room of a great restaurant, he led them to a table heaped for banqueting. There was profusion of lively talk. But the argument of the Rolling Horse, though long withheld, burst out again.

"Once only!"

"No, sir, twice!"

"Once!" repeated Mr. Jit. "Once, and no more!"

"Twice, for it is written ——"

Little Plum, who had eaten eight pounds of chicken almond and five bowls of rice, beamed with fatherly indulgence.

"One moment," he sighed. "I forgot. Downstairs a woman is waiting to see our young companion. A professional singing bird, who has a new song about—what was it again? Ah, yes, about a flower called Jasmine."

One of the chairs fell with a whack. Chun Yu was gone, running.

"Forgive the boy," said Plum, who shook all over. "Youth is impetuous. I'll explain to you. However it may be with dead horses, painted right side up or wrong, there's a living flower that blooms only once. . . . But first, let us have something really to eat."

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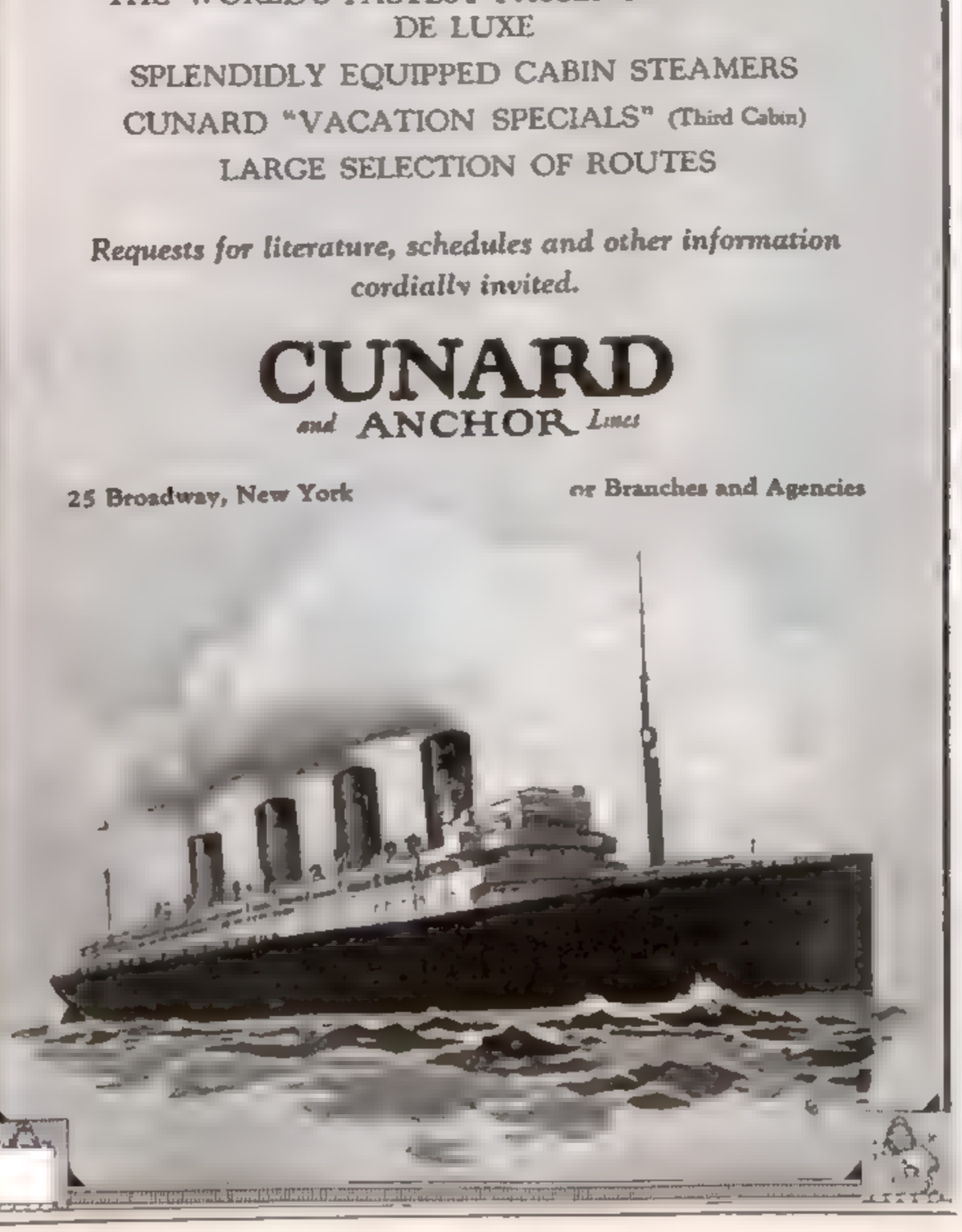

DIMITY GAY, DADDY'S GOOD GIRL

(Continued from Page 6.

Maulfry perhaps was the nearest to Dimity's standard of nimble-wittedness, and she had already gripped what might be termed the knob of this Rackstraw complication.

There were, as everyone knew, two Rackstraws—namely, Clarence Rackstraw, the younger, and Jabez Rackstraw, the elder, father of Clarence and owner of the big Ladies' Paradise of the town. And it was equally notorious that between the general form and style of Clarence and old Mr. Jabez existed about the same difference as is usually found between a southern breeze and a blizzard from the north. It was not Clarence who represented the blizzard.

No; it was old Jabez. From that dim distant day when Jabez had opened up a one-window business in Ernemouth to the present day, when he owned half a furlong of shop-window front on the main street, he had been a pretty bleak bargain, as straight as a rifle barrel and keen as a lance. That he understood ladies was evidenced by his rise to wealth—at their expense. He still worked hard at his business. Clarence, his only son, worked at the business, too—theoretically speaking.

What Maulfry knew as she sat by mamma was that if it was old Jabez who had looked in about that little account of Dimity's, then she would do very little reciting that evening—very little indeed. But if the Mr. Rackstraw announced by Milly proved to be Clarence—why, something might still be done about it.

Maulfry and mamma listened anxiously. But beyond the distant shouting of dominant Mr. Gay as he chatted over the telephone with that difficult and contrary author, Mr. Caraway Tintern, they could hear nothing.

"I have a dreadful feeling that something is going to happen, Maulfry darling," said Mrs. Gay, with intense anxiety.

But she need not have wasted all that good useful anxiety. It was Clarence Rackstraw upon whom little Dimity was mazily operating at the foot of the stairs. And Clarence was a large, blond, smiling young fellow, with fairly aimless eyes and an unpowerful chin. Not at all in danger of becoming a merchant prince, a Lord Mayor of London or anything equally sensational. He was just a good-natured, easy-going, casual sportsman, very fond of leisure and at all times polite to ladies. It is true that his father had desired him to see Miss Dimity Gay in the matter of her account—old Jabez, having paid a lot of valuable money for Clarence's education, perhaps had a slightly exaggerated idea of the youth's manner, suavity, polish, and so on—but no sooner had the charming little vision appeared before the impressionable Clarence than what little enthusiasm he had ever possessed for the task of collecting on her evaporated forthwith, Dimity helping.

For she came straight up to him, her eyes shining reproachfully, as gently but firmly she took his hat and stick away from him.

"Ah, Mr. Rackstraw, I know just why you have come. You look so stern and strong and—and implacable. You have come to threaten me with dreadful things because it may not be quite convenient to pay my bill until—I inherit my legacy from my Aunt Eleanor. You are so strict—everybody is—in business. I thought at first you had called in just a friendly way to hear my sister Maulfry recite—someone told me in confidence how much you admired her elocution at the concert the other day—and I think you were right too. Maulfry is going to be a great actress some day, they say. But I can tell that you are going to threaten ——"

But Clarence could not bear that dreadful charge an instant longer.

"Nothing—I assure you, Miss Gay, on my honor—nothing was farther from my thoughts. Why, I hardly knew—in a way—that our firm had the—the privilege of your name on our books. Do please not give the matter a moment's thought."

Old Jabez, sitting alone with his pleasant reflections that another such year as last year would sling him neatly into the two-hundred-thousand class, suddenly felt a most peculiar draft—to which the attention of the skeptical and unbelieving is earnestly directed.

"Not a moment's thought, Miss Gay," begged Clarence. "It is not at all the custom of the firm to obtrude business matters—um—of this kind—into the leisure of—er—their most valued and—um—respected—er—patrons."

Old Jabez, a mile away, here got up and pulled the curtains of his study window along a little.

"H'm—wind going easterly," he muttered.

Little Miss Dimity was melting deliciously.

"Oh-h! How silly of me!" she murmured. "It must have been because you looked so stern and so—so balanced and strong. And perhaps because of my guilty conscience, too, don't you think so, Mr. Rackstraw?"

"Oh, not at all; not at all, I assure you, Miss Gay," declared Clarence.

"Then you really did come to hear Maulfry recite?" She created an effect of big admiring eyes. "I think men are so—so brilliantly clever," she cooed. "And so audacious and dashing."

Clarence helped himself to a side glance in the mirror over the hall mantelpiece.

"Confess to me and I will keep your secret, Mr. Rackstraw," continued daddy's model girl to Clarence. "You admired Maulfry's elocution and—just called—to hear her again. I think that is so dashing—it is just what one of The Three Musketeers would do! Supposing daddy were annoyed—oh, he won't be, daddy is such a darling—but suppose he were, what would you do? Just deal with the situation as it arose, of course. That is what I think so dashing. Women—girls—can't do things like that, can they?" she sighed. "Shall we go upstairs then?"

She led him thither, prattling as she went.

"You know, Mr. Rackstraw, I have often wondered—I read a story once of a man who, walking down the street, saw a very pretty woman in the window of a large house, and what do you think he did?"

Clarence wondered.

"He called at once," said Dimity. "Wasn't that—dashing? Fortunately, her husband was out, but she was only just able to get rid of him a few seconds before her husband came home from business. But of course she was a married lady! Still, I think he must have been a very charming and tactful man—in a way, don't you?"

Yes, Clarence thought so.

It was pretty to see Dimity introducing Clarence to her mother and Maulfry. And if mamma's reception was mayhap a little strained, Maulfry did not freeze him in the slightest. Few indeed are the zenith blondes who freeze the heirs of the Jabez gentlemen of the earth.

Across the room the stately Torfrida and Mr. Sadler seemed rather miraculously to have found something to talk about.

Dimity saw that.

Maulfry and Mr. Rackstraw were prompt off the mark, discussing the motor which Clarence had in preference to the one Maulfry hadn't.

Bethoe, after introduction to Clarence, returned thoughtfully to the piano and began to play a plaintive air in a minor key.

Dimity sat for a moment by her mamma.

"Mummy, darling, isn't it nice? Shall you ask them to dine?"

But mamma made anxious signs.

"I—will see." She spoke softly. "Child, this—can't go on, you know. What will your father think?"

Dimity's cool tiny fingers tendriled round her mother's nerveless hand.

"Oh, please, dearest, don't worry daddy about it—I mean, don't worry about daddy," she begged. "I will go and see how he is getting on."

She did.

Her mother, smiling faintly, excused herself to the callers and followed her youngest child.

"Why did they come, Dimity? It's dreadful, you know. Why, we don't know them. Your father? Did they come for the money you owe them?"

Dimity smiled faintly.

"They thought they did. I think they must have met somewhere today and by chance mentioned my name and discussed

Continued on Page 100

Discouraging smudges on white woodwork wash right off the surface of Barreled Sunlight

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BARRELED SUNLIGHT

What paint looks like through a microscope

The photographs in circles at left were taken through a powerful microscope. Each paint was magnified to the same high degree. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Its surface is smooth, even and non-porous. It resists dirt and can be washed as easily as tile.

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Enclosed find ten cents for sample can of Barreled Sunlight to be mailed postpaid.

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ST AND NO

CITY STATE

(Continued from Page 98)

my business, and perhaps they got a little nervous about it and hurried to come and collect their accounts. But they won't bother now."

Her eyes were dancing with excitement.

"Dimity, you are really a naughty girl. I am ashamed of you. If it were not for your father overhearing I should be very angry indeed."

"Oh, daddy—please don't be so nervous of daddy. I will go in and see him."

But she did not do so immediately, for at that moment Millicent, the parlor maid, trimly black-and-white, appeared again.

Her face was really pale and her eyes wide. It has been said that she was, in a way, an ally of Dimity's.

"Miss Dimity"—she began rather faintly, then turned to Mrs. Gay—"a gentleman—Mr. Devenish has called to see Miss Dimity on urgent business!" she gasped.

Mrs. Gay stared at her daughter as the alleged victim stares at the baleful glittering eye of the traditional serpent which fascinates with a look.

If there had been the faintest ghost of a streak of give-way in little Miss Dimity Gay she must have shown it then. But she breasted the wave like a sea swallow or tern, buoyant as the stormy petrel that she evidently was.

There was a sort of ecstasy in her lovely voice as she murmured, "Oh, mummy, don't mind! I will see him at once!"

But even she could not resist a sidelong glance in the direction of the sounds which her papa was injecting into the telephone at his favorite author. Her big eyes were as bright as stars and her flag flew pink in her cheeks.

"Don't mind Mr. Devenish, mummy, please! It's too thrilling, truly!"

She tripped to the head of the stairs. Milly's gaze, following her, was that of a raw recruit following that of his V. C. captain. But Mrs. Gay's was far from that. They heard Dimity's greeting to the third creditor before they went their ways.

"It is never Mr. Devenish! But it is! I was thinking about you, Mr. Devenish, only a few minutes ago."

Mrs. Gay, whose idea of a commission agent or bookmaker was mainly derived from the cartoons in the press, depicting very bulbous men in chessboard-check suits, wearing money-bulged satchels, biting upon vasty cigars, was extraordinarily relieved at the sound of the suave, polite, perfectly passable voice of the caller as he replied.

"Why, yes, Miss Gay—it's I. It just happened that I was this way, and it occurred to me to call and see you about our little account."

The voices sank, and Mrs. Gay stared perplexedly at Milly's retreating silk stockings—or, more accurately, old Jabez Rackstraw's, until they were paid for.

IV

DIMITY was working swiftly in the hall. Thin, dark, bland, nearing forty, Mr. James Raven Devenish was quite easily the most distinguished-looking of the three callers; also his manner and speech were good—as they should have been, for in the dim distant past he had held a commission in a line regiment until, most unfortunately, it had slipped from his grasp. But if he had failed to achieve greatness as a soldier he had achieved a comfortable pile as a commission agent, in addition to the solemn glory which ever attends the winner of one of the great racing sweepstakes.

The name of James Raven Devenish would ever be revered among the more broad-minded as that of a winner of the Bombay Derby Sweepstakes, the mighty accumulation of pounds, shillings and passionately pinched pence which yearly goes to some gross favorite of the gods. Ten years ago Mr. Devenish had bought five tickets in the Bombay Sweep—so called because it had been originally organized by certain racing *wallahs* and *eahibs*, and so on, called The Bombay Mixed Sports Club—and had drawn a horse called Durbar II, which had won the Derby for his owner and something like twenty-nine thousand pounds for Mr. Devenish, as well as an outburst of frantic popularity which lasted until it was wholly apparent even to the densest of the dense that few people more capable of keeping every last sovereign of the twenty-nine thousand well rounded up in the old home fold than James Raven Devenish had ever won a sweepstakes since old Squire Sweepstakes first invented these pleasing antidotes to monotony.

J. R. Devenish had not merely held tight to his own. By judiciously laying the odds from a nicely appointed office he had far more than doubled it.

And Dimity knew about that just as well as she knew that, socially speaking, daddy, if he ever had had time to think about it at all, would have asked himself whether J. R. Devenish in spite of his undeniable gilding was quite admissible to his family circle. Moreover, the child dimly guessed that for a publisher to be on apparently intimate visiting terms with a wealthy commission agent might look odd to authors whose royalty statements almost invariably showed a balance of rather less than nothing coming to them. For example, there might be among the scribes one with part of his brain still powerful enough to prompt the query, "Well, the profits must go somewhere, mustn't they? Where do the profits go?" The idiot!

Besides, daddy had been quite good. He had swallowed Mr. Sadler with an awfully good grace, and an English book publisher does not esteem himself to be in the social grade of a jobmaster—though both owe much to hacks. It was not without some confidence that Dimity looked forward to watching daddy swallow Clarence Rackstraw, though an English book publisher regards himself as several notches above the draper—in spite of the fact that both deal considerably in remnants and remainders.

But what would the publisher of books do about the maker of books?

It all flashed through Dimity's exquisite little head as she took Mr. Devenish's hat and stick and gracefully put them with the others. An Englishman without his hat and stick is an Englishman half disarmed.

She shot a swift arrow at random.

"Do I owe anything? Then I must pay it, of course. But never mind that now, please, dear Mr. Devenish. There is something very important to ask you. Please, do you happen to know—to have on your books—Mr. Caraway Tintern, the author?"

Devenish shook his sleek head rather absently. He was thinking that this little slim beauty was very much more so than he had ever noticed.

The scarlet string of her cupid's bow drooped a little.

"Oh-h! Do you know Mrs. Bonnington Bullivant?"

Devenish smiled.

"Oh, yes. I know her slightly. By sight."

Dimity went radiant.

"Oh, that is quite well enough! Daddy will be delighted to see you. Any friend of Mrs. Bonnington Bullivant will be welcome to daddy. How lucky I thought of that!"

She was right there. But luck favors the lovely—or seems to.

In her pretty excitement she caught Mr. Devenish by the hand.

"Would you be very kind, please, and help my Sister Bethoe and me do daddy a good turn? It would be so fine of you if you would."

A little carried away, the unmarried J. R. Devenish readily promised that.

"Oh, you are too kind! Please won't you come up to the drawing-room and let us explain about the good turn. You will adore Bethoe—everyone does. They say she is the most beautiful girl in the South of England. Have you ever met daddy?"

No, Mr. Devenish hadn't.

"Then I shall tell him that you are a friend of Mrs. Bonnington Bullivant, whom I met at the church bazaar last week and asked to call. Do come now, please."

A little rattled by her speed, but by no means averse, Mr. Devenish yielded to the gentle pull at his hand and followed her upstairs

The sounds of the telephone had died away, but daddy had not yet left the study. Dimity lingered just long enough to shed Mr Devenish on to Bethoe who, oddly enough, seemed quite grateful for him—and then hurried to the study.

Daddy was just finishing scrawling a note.

"Well, little girl, finished your sewing and come for your old daddy, eh?"

"Oh, yes, please."

"Just a moment."

"Oh, daddy?"

"What is it?"

"It is awfully exciting—but Mr. Rackstraw and a friend of Mrs. Bonnington Bullivant have called. They are talking to Maulfry and Bethoe in the drawing-room."

Mr Gainsborough Gay stared

"Rackstraw? Rackstraw, child?"

"Clarence Rackstraw. He met Maulfry at the tennis tournament, I think. He is the son of that awful old man who owns the High Street—don't you know him, daddy?—the thin old man they say is nearly a millionaire! Rackstraw!"

"Humph! Called, has he? To see Maulfry. Humph! Never met him. What's he like?"

"Oh, very nice, daddy. Not a bit like his awful old father."

"Awful! My dear, try to avoid extremes. I have heard old Mr. Rackstraw spoken of most highly."

"But we hardly know them," demurred Dimity. "And I expect Clarence is spoilt, like all only sons."

Mr. Gay looked interested.

"Only son of old Jabez Rackstraw called—to see Maulfry," he said musingly, and took a cigar. "Well, well, child," he added indulgently, apparently at random, and turned thoughtfully in his chair as his wife came in.

"You look pale, my dear," said Mr. Gay; and continued without waiting for an answer: "Dimity tells me we—or, rather, Maulfry—has received the honor of a call from the son of a millionaire, ha-ha."

"A millionaire!" echoed Mrs. Gay, trying to smile.

"Old Rackstraw's boy! But, Elaine, where has this child got her absurd notion that Rackstraw is a millionaire? I know so little of the people here; London claims too much of my time."

Mrs. Gay, watching her husband, sighed imperceptibly, but brightened perceptibly.

"Oh, that is quite an exaggeration, Gainsborough. It is common gossip that old Mr. Rackstraw may be worth a fortune of perhaps a quarter of a million—but I have never heard him called a millionaire."

Mr. Gay reflected.

"Quite so, quite so. Still, two hundred and fifty thousand pounds is far from being a despicable sum—far." He lighted his cigar.

"One can hardly be -um—frigid to this boy, one supposes."

"Maulfry likes him, daddy."

"Ha, does she? Well, well. But who is this other caller?"

"A Mr. Devenish a friend of Mrs Bonnington Bullivant, daddy. He bought some things from the stall Bethoe helped with at the church bazaar and—daddy?"

"Yes, yes—go on."

"It was really through me he has called. You see, I heard by chance that he was a friend of Mrs. Bonnington Bullivant, and I could see that he admired Bethoe. And I knew, of course that you wanted particularly to—to—get in touch with Mrs. Bonnington Bullivant, and so, you see, it seemed such a good plan to let him see that even though he does not know us formally perhaps you would not be very cross if he did call. I—I love to help you if I can, daddy."

Her shapely little head drooped, the silky hair gleaming under the electrics. To his wife's amazement Mr. Gay patted the slender shoulders of his youngest child.

"That's daddy's good girl," he said indulgently.

Then he looked at his wife.

"I don't know this Devenish—but if he has any influence with Mrs. Bonnington Bullivant he is a man I want very much to meet," he said crisply. "I'm afraid that low *poseur*, Tintern, has let me down rather badly."

His face flushed a little angrily as he mentioned the author. Then he recovered himself.

"Mother, we are growing old," he said. "All except daddy's girl—and she's not old enough yet to have callers," he added coyly. "Come along, let us join them all. Might ask them to dine, do you think, Elaine?"

Elaine would have agreed to any mortal thing.

"Whatever you say, Gainsborough. I can arrange, no doubt."

"We'll see," postponed her husband, and they followed Dimity to the drawing-room.

THE sheer terror in the eyes of Torfrida, Maulfry and Bethoe faded within a second of the entry of the genially grinning Mr Gay, his anxiously smiling wife and demure little Dimity. All, so far, was obviously well.

These three men may have come down on Dimity like hyenas on a body—but a change had come o'er the spirit of their dream. Something had happened to them between the front door and the grand piano—Dimity, in fact.

Daddy was introduced very prettily to his guests by the child, who then resumed her sewing and her seat near mamma. She was entitled to a few moments of tranquillity, she believed. And, indeed, she had earned them. And if she was conscious of the occasional glance of amazed bewilderment which mamma spared her, she gave no sign of it, except maybe to press gently and reassuringly her parent's hand as though to say, "It's all right, mummy, quite all right. Dimity is here!"

So everything was very pleasant—including Mr. Gay.

As a book publisher of renown, the head of the house was accustomed to handling difficult situations, and easy situations were, of course, in the nature of pie—humanly speaking—to him. There was much pie spread out before him tonight: Torfrida in friendly converse with the thirty-thousand-pound rider of three-hundred-guinea steeds was quite attractive pie in the sight of Mr. Gay; Maulfry discussing spark plugs with the sole heir to a quarter of a million was something very special indeed in the pie line; and beautiful Bethoe quite obviously winding in an influential friend of Mrs. Bonnington Bullivant on a high-geared multiplying reel was not so much pure pie as the veritable soufflé. For, as will be shown, it was from a building site owned by Mrs. Bonnington Bullivant that gentle Mr. Gainsborough Gay hoped to secure the comforts of his old age.

And Dimity, being well aware of this, had made full use of her knowledge tonight—a proceeding which, to a close student of such domestic sleights, clearly put her in a class altogether different from that in which her attractive sisters figured. For although Dimity had been the only one to use the knowledge, the whole family was perfectly aware that it had long been a favorite dream of papa's to purchase a quarter-acre block of rather ancient shops, situated in the heart of the town, which formed part of the handsome pile which the late Mr. Bonnington Bullivant had found himself compelled to leave behind him some three years before.

It was a pet conviction of Mr. Gay's that he was the only living thing with the power of speech who had realized that the said quarter-acre had been destined, from the beginning of time, to be the ideal site for a big super cinema theater, and many, various and craftsome had been the devices by means of which he had sought to separate the middle-aged but still far from unwinsome widow of the late B. Bullivant from the site at a fair price. But the lady had consistently proved reluctant to sell. She did not need the money, and she did not care to disturb the tenants of the ancient shops built upon the site—one of which was occupied by her favorite hairdresser.

The whole family knew of this, but they had long wearied of the little litany relating to the defects in the character and disposition of Mrs. Bonnington Bullivant which Mr. Gay had composed and was liable at any moment to recite in the family circle.

But latterly a gleam of hope had illumined the soul of Mr. Gay. He had discovered that Caraway Tintern, three of whose books he had published, was a close friend of Mrs. Bonnington Bullivant. Less close, perhaps, than the lady might have wished—but certainly close enough to be influential.

It is possible that in the elation inspired by this discovery Mr. Gay had been a little impulsive, even indiscreet, for certainly Mr. Caraway Tintern had discovered that the publisher desired something other than books from him—namely, his good word with Mrs Bonnington Bullivant and being by no means so romantically altruistic as his books would indicate him to be, Mr. Tintern promptly endeavored to hold up the publisher for a little something worth while for himself.

This literary highbinder had promptly confessed to a deep strong yearning for a very heavy advance on account of the royalties for his unwritten next three books—an advance so hefty that the mere mention of it had seriously affected the tappets of the valves of Mr. Gay's heart

"That, of course, is more money than the books will earn in the next fifty years, my dear Tintern—after which it will not matter to either of us what they earn!" he had explained truthfully. "State a reasonable figure, my dear fellow, and I will endeavor to meet you, for I believe in your

(Continued on Page 104

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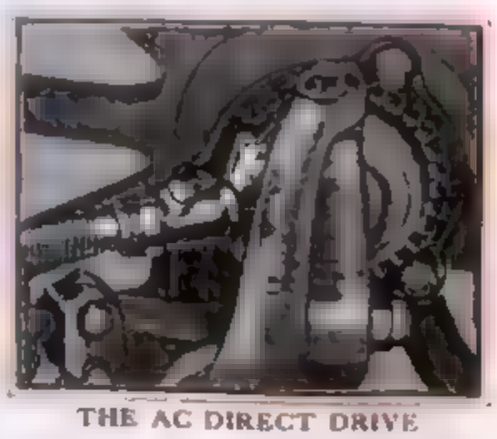

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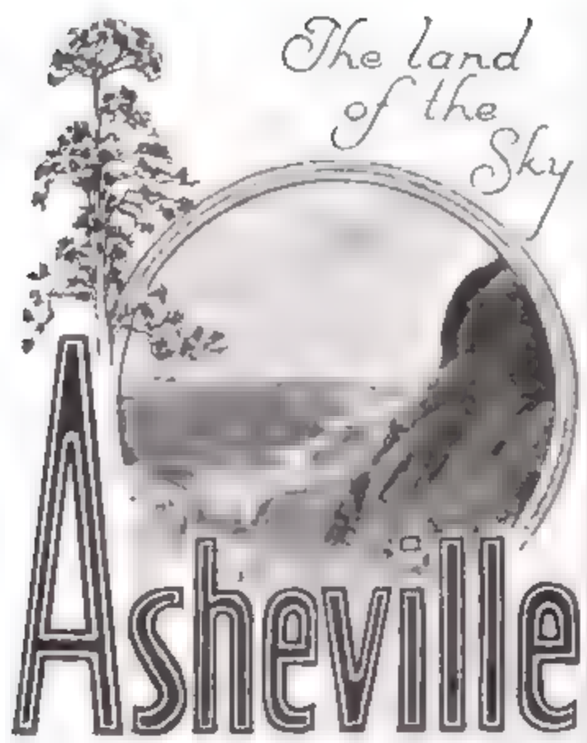

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(Continued from Page 100)

work and your—um—star. I am convinced that the day is not far distant when you will figure—deservedly as a best seller at whom even the alleged highbrows cannot stick their heads in the holes admirably adapted for sticking into holes though their heads may be. But, my dear man, let it be a reasonable figure. Big if it must be—but, in the name of Christian charity and reason, humanely big!"

He had beamed benevolently on the author. It was Mr. Gay's happy fortune to be able to pull that sort of stuff on ambitious littérateurs practically without effort.

But Mr. Caraway Tintern, though pathetically far from being intelligence incarnate, still had sense enough to realize, like a man in a hashish swoon, that the incredible, the utterly impossible, had happened. He, Caraway Tintern, author of books to which Mr. Gay customarily referred as he might have referred to the various fixtures cemented to his warehouse floor, by a miracle was in a position to ask his own price for his unwritten next three books. So he gripped the arms of his chair tight and asked it.

And it frightened him almost as much as it frightened Mr. Gay.

But he stuck to it. Never before in his life had Mr. Tintern possessed anything that anybody really seemed anxious to exchange good money for—and he was consequently perhaps a little shaky on the technic of such a situation. But he hung on blindly—like a bulldog with his eyes shut and his teeth gripped tight.

Mr. Gay had been horrified and hurt in his business feelings. His finer feelings he was not using that day—they had gone to the cleaner's.

But to all his protests Mr. Tintern, densely opaque to rime, reason or figures, had mulishly insisted on his price.

"No, no, Mr. Gay. You give me that advance on my next three books—in advance—and I'll promise you that I will use my influence with Mrs. Bonnington Bullivant. And it's considerable, I fancy!" he smirked. "That's fair. I only ask what is fair. Far be it from me to ask the unfair!"

Fair! The fool!

The negotiation had been going on for the fortnight immediately preceding this evening when Dimity's creditors called, and it was his lack of success in coming to terms with Fool Tintern that had rendered Mr. Gay so dangerously ungenial to his family.

And Dimity's wits, throwing out a thousand lightning tentacles, when J. R. Devenish called for his sixty-odd pounds, had remembered all that—and used it.

She had to use something, anyway. Even a jellyfish is entitled to defend itself when attacked by those who feel it owes them something—and Dimity was some way higher up the mental ladder than any jellyfish.

All went well. Mr. Gay—like many another man—usually showed to better advantage when visitors were present, and his friendly, even cordial, demeanor this evening quite charmed everybody. He did not press his peculiar interest in Mr. Devenish, but when, in due course, the visitors departed, of the three it was only Mr. Devenish who had received a quiet almost casual invitation to "come around and smoke a quiet cigar with me" on the following evening.

The others Mr. Gay had left to the natural instincts and inclinations of Torfrida and Maulfry.

There was, naturally, a kimono conference in Dimity's bedroom that night, and the little hostess, having produced a box of charged-to-account chocolates nearly as big as a hen coop, voted herself into the chair without a dissentient murmur. It was a very pretty sight in itself, this conference. On its merits almost anyone in the world but a habitual grouch could have gazed upon it with pleasure. Moreover, it was pleasant not merely as an eyeful. The spirit of the thing was good.

It was charming to see the eager unanimity with which Torfrida, Maulfry and Bethoe acknowledged the right of little Dimity to be president. Cinderella was H. R. H. the Princess that night, without a murmur against it. They congratulated her without reserve, without stint, and their bright eyes shone with admiration that was as near sheer respectfulness as one sister can ever show for another.

"When Milly said that Mr. Sadler was waiting to see Dimity I quaked," declared Torfrida.

"Yes, and my heart stopped beating for a moment when Mr. Rackstraw was announced," contributed Maulfry.

"I thought mother was going to faint," said Bethoe.

Dimity beamed upon them all.

"Ah, but you ought to have seen Milly's face when she told mother that Mr. Devenish was in the hall! I had a perfect thrill of the most delicious terror," she confessed frankly. "But it's all right now. I am going to rely on you, dears, to keep them at bay until I can contrive something."

"It will be ages before you can pay them off! Besides, we don't want to keep them at bay," said Maulfry, her face suddenly falling.

"I rather like Clarence," she faltered.

But Dimity's next observation reassured them all.

"Pay them off! Good gracious, there's no need to do that! I wasn't thinking about paying them that absurd money when I said that about contriving something. It was only a joke about keeping them at bay. You couldn't keep Clarence Rackstraw at bay with a—a broom. He is tremendously smitten with you, Maulfry. Didn't you notice? And I don't think that Mr. Sadler will bother me much about his stuffy old bill as long as Frida can force herself to be polite to him!"

Torfrida went a little pink.

"I think he is charming," she declared. "No one would need to force oneself to be polite to him!"

Dimity laughed softly.

"But what about Beth—can you bring yourself to put up with Mr. Devenish for a little?" she continued.

Bethoe nodded without comment. Beauty like Bethoe's rarely needs to be vocal.

"But what are you going to do, Dimity? After all, the bills must be paid some day," pressed Torfrida.

Dimity hid a tiny rather sleepy yawn.

"Oh, there's plenty of time. We shall see. You will have to be darlings and persuade them not to mention my debts to daddy—until I can do something to make daddy happy too."

Clearly the debts were not worrying Dimity.

They talked for a little; then the little one was tired.

"Let's not bother any more about it tonight. I'm so tired. You take the chocs. I don't want them. I can always order some more. And tomorrow we will all go to Rackstraw's and buy things. Lots of things—some for mother too! I'm not afraid to owe Clarence Rackstraw money. Or his old father either! Daddy is a darling when you understand him, of course; but all the same, I would sooner owe money to old Mr. Rackstraw than to dear daddy!"

They said good night on that, and so left the dainty little devil to her dreams.

VI

IT IS a curious or significant fact that the Mrs. Gainsborough Gays of this slightly imperfect world usually arise considerably earlier than their husbands. But since there is no plight so sad that it is devoid of compensations or possible alleviations, the patient Mrs. Gay had long discovered herself to be unrebellious to what at first glance might seem to be in the nature of a grave injustice.

The particular alleviation allotted to Mrs. Gay by an obscurely working providence on the following morning was the joy of her youngest daughter's company and conversation for at least ten minutes before daddy appeared, unexpectedly bland and smiling, at the breakfast table.

The news was then broken to him that little Dimity was due for the quarterly dental inspection and that hopes were entertained that Dimity could go up to town with him.

Mr. Gay graciously agreed. It is to be said for him that he was usually willing to escort any one of his daughters to town. They invariably did him rather more than justice. They looked well on him; and every man likes to feel that his ladies, related or unrelated, look well on him. To some it is as important as the fit of their new suits.

Dimity, arrayed for London, did rather more than live up to her daddy. She illumined him—made him look rather a snipe. A very smart one, doubtless, but undeniably snipy. But that was his own fault. A father should live up to his daughters if he can—and as he was serenely unaware of the fact, it mattered nothing at all that he failed rather conspicuously to do so. He was not the first in that plight—nor the last.

Dimity was charming—all, in fact, that a daddy's good girl should be—and Mr. Gay was pleased with her and gratified about her. So pleased that, as he kindly told the child, if he had not arranged for an important interview with the swollen-headed Mr. Caraway Tintern, he, daddy himself, would have gone right to the dentist with her instead of dispatching her thither in a taxi as he purposed doing.

But though daddies may propose, it is not infrequently that daughters dispose.

Dimity, looking like a sweet little butterfly in the book-walled sanctum of her father, had not the slightest intention of going to the dentist until her departure overlapped the sweet Tintern's arrival.

This, naturally, she achieved without difficulty. Mr. Tintern was announced long before daddy had finished proving totally wrong her statement that the painting of himself over the mantelpiece made him look awfully old.

Mr. Gay, like many a better man, was extremely far from being the fool he fairly often seemed. Indeed, in his day at his best, he had a high-speed edge to him that would have shamed many a toughly tungstened steel lathe tool into humbly burying itself in the filings under the bench and consequently he was not slow to notice the instant admiration which lighted up the eyes of this literary strangler as he was presented to Dimity.

In the presence of the author of Dead Leaves—his best work, a prose poem for ladies rather than a manual for gardeners or those engaged in tasks which call for the hearty cooperation of a mild and proven fertilizer—little Dimity was, naturally and excusably, a shade shy, or seemed so.

Most young things were, for Caraway was undoubtedly good value, visually speaking, in authors.

The way he wore his tie—twice about and kinked up into a sweet little bow a few inches under the beetling Adam's apple; his deep dark eyes; his pale pointed chin; his huge reconstructed ruby ring set in a dull peculiar greenish gold; and the rest of his properties would have made an alligator shy for a while.

But Caraway, also, was considerably less of a slouch than he looked. He conversed quite sanely and normally, speedily gleaned the information that Miss Dimity was going to the dentist, and promptly volunteered the information that he, too, was shortly due at the same dentist's—of whom he spoke highly, deftly reminding Mr. Gay that the publisher had recommended the same dentist to him some time before.

He suggested that if Miss Dimity could linger for the mere few moments it would take her daddy and him to finish their interview he would be happy to—honored by—nay, grateful for—the privilege of escorting her to the parlors of pain.

Mr. Gay conceded the point; though a few minutes later, having discovered that Mr. Tintern had not yet quite succeeded in torturing himself up to the point of abating his preposterous demands, Dimity's daddy looked uncommonly like recalling his concession. But, merely stipulating that Dimity should be returned to the office by taxi within three-quarters of an hour, Mr. Gay let them go.

There had been—and still were slightly feline aunties to the Gay family, who had been known to suggest that little Dimity was prone to indolence; that she was dreamy and liable to sojourn with unbecoming frequency in some dim enchanted region of *dolce far niente* of her private imagining.

But if her daddy had ever believed that and he really had not he would have abandoned the not on with some abruptness that day.

For the child—and Mr. Tintern—were back within half an hour. Dimity to announce that the dentist was very pleased indeed with her teeth, and the gentle Caraway to state that he was returning to Ernemouth by the next train and to offer a continuation of his escort thither.

There was—for a beginner like Dimity—nothing indolent about that. The child clearly was a fast worker, and she worked tidily—leaving no loose ends whatever. A barn owl could have seen that in the full glare of a navy searchlight.

She had transformed him into one of his own dead leaves—at least, he looked as if he would willingly have spread himself out

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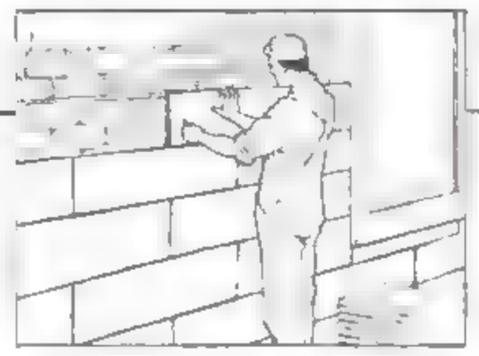

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1. ***An Excellent Non-Conductor of Heat*** — Armstrong's Corkboard contains millions of microscopic cells, each one sealed by nature and containing entrapped air — the best heat insulation known except a vacuum.

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More than a million people in the United States last year made over $300,000,000. of the money they carried about with them safe against loss or theft through the use of Travelers Cheques.

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American Express Travelers Cheques

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to carpet a forest glade for her little feet—and he certainly was dead-leaf anxious to swirl along on the breeze behind her.

Mr. Gay raised no objections. Indeed, he gave them a lift to the station in the taxi which he said he had just ordered for himself; not only gave them a lift but genially saw them into the train—a nonstop to Ernemouth—and even selected a carriage for them. True, it chanced to be a compartment almost densely populated by the old ladies who go to Ernemouth for its wonderful air. And he went one better even than that—he waited, beaming, on the platform till the train pulled out.

Though he needn't have been so tactical; there wasn't an empty carriage in the train anyway.

VII

MR. CARAWAY TINTERN abandoned, apparently without shame or compunction, an appointment to take tea at the house of Mrs. Bonnington Bullivant that afternoon—so much to that lady's perturbation that she went to some trouble and expense to ascertain where the author of Dead Leaves was taking tea. A little careless slip on the wire by Mr. Tintern, plus a hint gleaned at Caraway's boarding house, a chat with the telephone operator, and a few minutes' conversation with her housekeeper, a lady who knew Ernemouth and its denizens by heart, made clear to Mrs. Bonnington Bullivant much that at first had seemed depressingly murky.

"He went to London this morning to see his publisher—that's Gainsborough Gay & Co. He came back, changed his clothes, and went out to tea and tennis—at the Gays'. And he promised to come here and read the seventh chapter of his new book!" said the neglected lady, sparkling her fine eyes at herself in her drawing-room mirror. There was an angry unease in her voice, for she was rather far gone on the faithless Mr. Tintern. He was so different from the large and massy aldermanic business gentlemen of whom her late husband had been one, and by whom most of the Bullivant dinners had been eaten in the past. Mrs. Bonnington Bullivant had enjoyed ten years of prosperous and quietly contented married life with her first husband, but she had neither taste nor fancy for a second husband who selected the bulk of his intimates from the mayor and corporation. They had been excellent companions for John—good, solid, reliable acquaintances—but their best friends would never have claimed for them that they were light in their style, artistic in their tastes or poetic in their fancies. When Mrs. Bonnington Bullivant next went skating on the thin ice of matrimony she intended, if only for a change, to skate with someone a shade more airy in his gait. The late Mr. Bullivant had been an importer of frozen meat in a very large way, and a very comfortable pile had resulted.

But now his widow wished to turn her back on the meat and her face to the meter—in company with Caraway Tintern, exporter thereof, in a very small unpilesome-looking way. She had set her heart on it, and Mr. Tintern had seemed far from averse to the notion. So his sudden defection was disheartening.

Mrs. Bullivant sent for her housekeeper and, being a woman singularly free from hypocrisy and affectation, did not hesitate to go into the thing frankly and bluntly with that well-informed soul.

"Is there likely to be any particular attraction for Mr. Tintern at the Gays'?" she asked.

Mrs. Spicer, a large-scale lady with rather a hearty face, nodded.

"There's four girls—and good-looking ones. Particularly the youngest. I wonder you've never met them; they've been about at bazaars and concerts a good deal. The girls with the funny names, they are—Torfrida and Maulfry and Bethoe and Dimity——"

"Oh, those girls! I was thinking of the Gays at South Ernemouth!" Mrs. Bonnington Bullivant's still attractive and carefully preserved face fell. "All right, Spicer," she said, turning away to hide the expression in her eyes.

It was a shock a grave shock. Mrs. Bullivant, like a good many others, had noticed the sisters, and she was under no delusion about their appearance. Three of them were really pretty girls, not quite so well dressed as they deserved, but still likely to be desperately serious rivals if they were interested in Mr. Tintern. But the little one—Dimity—was in a different class altogether. Not only was she one of the prettiest things of the kind in Ernemouth, she was by far the most exquisitely turned out.

Mrs. Bonnington Bullivant was usually pretty honest with herself, and she did not hesitate to inform herself that if that girl cared to reach out for Mr. Tintern there was hardly a chance that she would fail to pluck him as one might pluck a ripe William pear. She cherished no illusions concerning the literary gentleman's strength of mind. But she liked his face and she knew herself to be precisely the wife for him. There was, maybe, a slight disparity in their years, but look at her experience! If poor Caraway married a flapper in a hurry, nothing but the rocks awaited him. Mrs. Bonnington Bullivant knew that. For he was not a practical man—practical men very rarely go about strewing Dead Leaves. No, she, Viola Bonnington Bullivant, was quite the very wife for Caraway. And she wanted to be.

She had to be careful. A fairly lengthy, slowly ripening acquaintance with Mr. Tintern had taught her that, like many of the authorish, he was not in the least likely to win any worldwide fame for reliability. Also, he was liable to panics, fits and starts, and wild swervings; he was strangely susceptible to shocks and alarms. A false move on her part and she knew that Caraway might slip off her horizon like a grouse sliding off a Scotch moor into an adjacent corrie. It was her desire to rope Mr. Tintern, not to stampede him.

Consequently she kept a close curb on her natural feelings and spent the rest of the day thinking things out and trying hard to forgive the lad for what, after all, might easily prove to be merely a temporary defection.

Indeed, by the following morning she was feeling a little better about it and was proudly grateful that she had done no more than to write Caraway a sweetly gracious little note forgiving him for having business which had robbed them of yesterday's pleasant little seance among the strawberries and cream and the prose poetry, and suggesting one for that day. But the unreliable Tintern reported, in a neat little note, that, deplorably, he was compelled to go to town that afternoon.

But Mrs. Spicer, quite by chance, in a way, saw him that afternoon passing through the gate of the Gainsborough Gays arrayed in flannels and bearing a tennis racket. She naturally made haste to report that to her mistress, and Mrs. Bonnington Bullivant was so seriously wounded in her heart that she went straight upstairs and committed sobstuff in large quantities.

But it was good sobstuff wasted, for, as has been said, Dimity Gay was a fast and finished worker, as much by instinct as by inclination. She was one of those thorned rosebuds who fulfill themselves automatically; she must have been, for she had not lived long enough to have gleaned much experience.

It was at a quarter to four exactly that the little one sweetly shed Mr. Tintern on to Bethoe for a quick set with Maulfry and Clarence Rackstraw, and hurried indoors.

At a few minutes past four, looking so faultlessly delicious, so perfectly pretty that, to anyone wary-minded, there quite obviously was a catch in it somewhere, she was being shown into Mrs. Bonnington Bullivant's drawing-room, there to be somewhat frigidly received by the neglected lady.

"I expect you will think it very odd for me to come to see you in such an unexpected way, Mrs. Bonnington Bullivant," said Dimity after the preliminary murmurs, "but I am in such an all-complicated and tangled-up position that I hardly know what to do, and I thought that you would be so kind as to help me. Perhaps it will seem funny to you for me, a stranger in a kind of way, to come to you with my troubles, but I have thought a lot about it and my instinct tells me that you are the one I should come to, after all."

Mrs. Bullivant's first impulse was to make full use of this opportunity to administer such a cuttingly verbal welt to her lovely little rival that many a mazy moon must elapse before ever she went pirating again. But Mrs. Bullivant had reached the age, or stage of experience, when she knew that the eager grasping of such opportunities is apt to come expensive.

So she smiled faintly, scrutinizing Dimity's great shining eyes and wonderful face very intently as she replied, "My dear, if there is anything I can do, you need have no hesitation at all in telling me what it is."

Dimity's instant smile was very grateful—though perhaps too pretty to be really satisfactory to the older lady.

"Oh, thank you so much for that," said the little one. "You see, it is a kind of conspiracy that I have tried to do cleverly, and I have not succeeded in being so clever as I wanted so much to be. It is not so easy to be clever as it looks, I think. It began in a way with my daddy being a little disappointed at not being able to buy some properties he once wanted to buy in the town. It was some property belonging to you—that little square bit near the High Street with those old shops on. And the estate agent said you didn't want to sell it. I don't think daddy cares much now, but he did care then, and I've thought of a plan to help him. It was a silly little plan, all mixed up, and all sorts of things came into it, and they didn't seem any good, you see, at all. And then it was all complicated by Mr. Caraway Tintern, whose work daddy has great faith in and who will be awfully famous if only he will work hard. Somebody said—I forgot who it was—that you had great faith in Mr. Tintern's work, and it seemed to me to be such a pity for Mr. Tintern to be idle. He is coming quite a lot to see us at home and"—the big eyes fell for a moment—"I think he is going to fall in—in—into a friendship either with me or with my sister, Maulfry. I know daddy would be pleased at that. But, you see, Maulfry is in love with someone else——"

Mrs. Bullivant's face brightened ever so little. The sweet voice continued.

"—— and I am not really old enough to be ready to fall in love yet."

Mrs. Bullivant's face went brighter still.

"And I shall never be clever enough to marry a literary man. And I know that it is only just a kind of glamour over Mr. Tintern because Maulfry is so adorably pretty. Please don't think I am naïve and clumsy if I say that someone told me that it is you, dear Mrs. Bullivant, that Mr. Tintern loves in his heart." She leaned forward anxiously. "Oh, is that too—intimate a thing to say?"

But Mrs. Bonnington Bullivant made haste to reassure her.

"Why, no, you nice little thing: of course it is not! It is very sweet of you to be so so candid," she declared quite urgently.

Dimity's hand stole into that of her hostess.

"So I thought that I would come and see you. And my plan was that if you really don't care very much whether you sold the property or not, and sold it to daddy, he would be pleased with me and not care whether I married Mr. Tin—anybody—yet for quite a long time, and then I—or Maulfry—could be quite icy to Mr. Tintern and he would be cured of the glamour—and—not be infatuated any more—and he would be ashamed of his folly and ask you to forgive him, and I thought that would be so nice and everybody so happy."

She stopped, looking anxiously at Mrs. Bullivant.

"Does that seem too mixed up to be sensible?" she asked eagerly.

The elder lady did not hesitate. She drew the child to her and kissed her thoroughly.

"Why, you dear exquisite little soul, it is the most sensible thing I have ever heard of. You mean that if you send Mr. Tintern—who is much too old for you—away your daddy would be cross with you for refusing a writer who might some day be very famous. But if you can tell him that you have persuaded me to sell him that piece of property he will be pleased with you. Is that it?"

"Yes, that is it," smiled Dimity.

Mrs. Bullivant thought for a moment. She did not care so desperately about the property that it would seriously pain her to sell it for a fair price. The hairdresser could fend for himself—and it was high time he had a smarter establishment anyway. It was clear to Mrs. Bonnington Bullivant that if she sold the property to Mr. Gainsborough Gay there was going to be very little encouragement given to Caraway Tintern to continue courting this pretty little lady—or her adorable sister with the funny name. That would be splendid. Caraway, in effect, would be shooed away. And Mrs. Bullivant knew where he would come when shooed. He always did.

She rose, crossed to the telephone on her writing desk, and called up the estate agents who handled her business.

"Listen, my dear," she smiled.

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Diamond Tires

(Continued from Page 105)

Dimity listened while the lady asked, in a few words, the fair market value of the small block of property.

The answer came pat enough.

"Twenty thousand pounds, they say, child—but they say that I should not refuse a firm offer of eighteen thousand!" reported Mrs. Bullivant. "Now, listen again."

She spoke into the telephone:

"I believe you will shortly receive an offer for the property from a Mr. Gainsborough Gay. If he offers eighteen thousand pounds, please note that I am willing to sell it at that price. I understand you to say that is a fair price. . . . Yes. . . . Very well. I am prepared to sell it—to Mr. Gay only—at that price. Is that clear? Thank you so much."

She turned again to Dimity.

"Well, and what do you think of that?"

"Why, I—think it is splendid of you, dear Mrs. Bonnington Bullivant."

She glanced under her enviable lashes at the clock, and shook her head at the invitation to stay for some tea.

"Oh, I think I would sooner go home now, please, and be icy to Mr. Tintern at once. I should never be happy if I felt that I neglected to carry out my side of our bargain. You do understand, don't you?"

"Why, of course I do. You shall do just as you like. But you will come and see me again, won't you?"

"That would be nice," said Dimity ever so sweetly, and offered a dainty little paw.

But Mrs. Bullivant gave her a hug, and almost offered to lend her the car for a quick run home. It was quite evident that the sooner Mr. Tintern was surrounded by a highly refrigerant atmosphere, and so was swept on the wings of the pending Arctic blizzard to the sheltering drawing-room of Mrs. Bullivant, the better that lady would be pleased.

She watched Dimity trip down the drive with a very singular look in her eyes—one, her left—so to put it—being mild and limpid with affection and admiration, while the other was chill and sparkling with anger. Still, she could afford to be just. It was with her left eye that she watched Dimity. Her right, no doubt, was fixed on some vision of the unstable Mr. Tintern.

"A nice little thing," said Mrs. Bullivant, envying Dimity her talent with high-heeled, big-bowed shoes. "Her feet are like butterflies—and she manages them beautifully."

It was true. There was youth in the feet of Dimity Gay—that glorious youth which mocks at the strictures of patent leather. It was one of the prettiest sights in Ernemouth to watch Dimity's footwork, for she was one of those rare little ladies who have a way with their heels.

She ran full tilt into old Jabez Rackstraw as she passed his place. He was coming out. She stopped, with a wonderful smile.

"How do you do, Mr. Rackstraw?" she inquired. "Isn't it lovely today?"

The slightly frigid eye of Mr. Rackstraw warmed a little as he returned her greeting.

"Quite well, thank you, Miss Gay. Yes, it is lovely today—um."

"I am hurrying home, you see. We are having tennis at home."

"Are you, now? That is very nice, Miss Gay—yes, very nice on a day like this."

"I wanted to see you, only I hadn't time to come in. There is a mistake in the account your clerks made out for me."

"A mistake! I'm sorry if that is so, Miss Gay. Um—have you looked at the bill carefully?" he asked, thinking more of the total than of the alleged mistake.

"Oh, very carefully. I explained—no, I meant to explain about the mistake to Clarence when he called the other evening, but I forgot. But I will come and explain it to you tomorrow. I don't like to bother Clarence about these old bills. He is always so interested in my sister Maulfry that I don't like to worry him with business. It is only about those silk stockings—the pearl-colored ones I bought just before your summer sale. You remember them?"

As a matter of plain truth Jabez had something of considerably more importance than Dimity's pearl silk stockings to remember, but he nodded.

"Um—yes, Miss Gay—yes, I do. But I assure you that we can soon adjust any little error. With pleasure. And—um—if you'll forgive me mentioning our books, may I say that if it is quite convenient it would be of great assistance to my accountant if you could favor me with a—um—little something on account! Merely a matter of bookkeeping, of course."

"You mean to pay you some money, Mr. Rackstraw?"

There was a suggestion of reproach in Dimity's eyes as she looked at Jabez.

"Well—to put it that way, Miss Gay—um—yes."

"Why, of course, if you wish it. I did not want to pay you for—oh, a long time yet—three weeks at least. You see, I am planning a little surprise which will be expensive. But I will try to manage."

She made as though to move on, but Jabez lingered.

"So my boy Clarence comes to play tennis with Miss Maulfry, your sister?" he asked.

"Clarence? Oh, yes; Clarence often comes to play tennis. We like him, and he plays beautifully. Maulfry says he could soon work his way into the championship if he practiced hard."

"Um, championship!" Old Jabez fingered his chin. "That's supposed to be pretty clever—smart, I mean. All you young people admire that sort of thing nowadays."

Her wide eyes of amazement dazzled the old man for a moment.

"Admire it! Why, Mr. Rackstraw, Maulfry says it is most tremendously swish to be anywhere near the championship. Why, please, don't you know that the King shook hands with the champions at Wimbledon last year, he was so pleased with them and proud of them all!"

"Why—um—no. No, I didn't, Miss Gay."

Was there a touch of apology in the old-timer's voice? Did he feel that he was just a trifle way-back, suffering from a seriously neglected education? There was; he did.

"The King, or perhaps the Prince, is nearly always there to see the tennis, Mr. Rackstraw," explained Dimity. "You—you don't mind Clarence coming to play with us—particularly Maulfry—do you?"

"Eh? Oh, no—no—certainly not. By all means not. Like to see young folk enjoying themselves." He raised his hat. "I must go now; I have an appointment. And—er—that matter of the—um—account, Miss Gay. Er—suit yourself, of course—it's not—er—pressing. Suit yourself entirely—um—within reason, yes, yes."

He replaced his hat and moved away, feeling quite mellow toward Clarence. The boy had more sense than he thought. Good people, the Gays. Well-known man in distinguished circles in the city, Gay. Shouldn't mind getting better acquainted. Stylish girls too. Clarence seemed quite at home there. Well, well—boy with Clarence's education and prospects naturally looked a bit beyond the shop for his associates—um!

Dimity went on, smiling. It was not until she was passing through the house to the lawn at the back, on hearing Mr. Caraway Tintern's rather throaty cry of "Love-thirty—no—sorry—love-forty!" from the lawn that the sunshine departed from her lovely face, yielding place to an expression of ineffable indifference.

In twenty minutes' time Mr. Caraway Tintern was to be observed in the act of leaving the establishment of the Gays. Nobody had asked him to go; indeed he had talked with nobody but Dimity, and Dimity certainly had not asked him to go. Dimity would never be so rude as that.

Yet he went—for somehow it had dawned upon him that he was not wished to stay. Odd how these convictions steal in on one's consciousness, seeming to come from nowhere, but arriving just the same. But Caraway was a sensitive man—just as Dimity was a fast and finished worker—and something seemed to tell him that he would enjoy that day's tea more at Mrs. Bullivant's than at the Gays'.

So he went to it, wondering why.

VIII

IT WAS a dainty and outwardly adorable little soul that, at about half past nine that evening, drifted, soft as a kitten, into the study, whither that mixer among the distinguished, Mr. Gainsborough Gay, had retired with a cigar.

He was sitting at his desk, doing very little, as the dark-paneled door closed behind his youngest child.

"Well, kitten, what have you come to bother daddy about now?" he inquired, thinking what a perfect picture she made against the dark background.

"Oh, am I worrying you, daddy? Shall I go out again? I wanted to ask a question, that was all."

He swung round in his revolving chair, smiling. She had always been his favorite anyway.

"Want to ask a question, do you?"

She stood on the hearthrug facing him, and he thought that she looked like a flower.

"Yes, please."

But she did not ask it instantly.

"I—I just want to think of it for a moment, daddy, so as not to put it in a muddled way."

"Quite right, Dimity—never be muddled—try to think clearly, to see clearly, to express yourself clearly. In fact, my dear, you might do worse than copy old daddy."

"Oh, yes!"

She looked at him gravely. He had spoken jestingly, but she knew he believed it. Poor dear daddy. See clearly? Well, she supposed he did see clearly—in business, sometimes. After all, he was not such a bad old daddy—in his way. It was rather a shame that everybody always seemed to be bothering him for money. It was even worse for mother, of course, but still—— Dimity thought she could quite see the reason for his occasional tantrums. If only people would try to help more—as she did—how nice that would be.

"I only wanted to ask if you were still so—so—keen, daddy, about the plan for buying a site for the cinema theater?"

It was quite an easy question, for it concerned his pet project. Like many a better man, Mr. Gainsborough Gay was perfectly certain that there was easy money in every business but his own. Dimity was so well aware of these things that she did not even wait for an answer to her inquiry.

"Because if you are, daddy, I think I have some news that will make you pleased. I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Bullivant today, and I found out that she would be willing, after all, to sell the site you wanted!"

Mr. Gay went all wary and interested.

"Sell the site, child? Yes, that is news, indeed—if it is real! Considering that half a dozen times her agents have flatly refused to negotiate."

He looked rather intently at Dimity.

"Oh but truly, daddy, she would sell. I—I even know the price she would accept."

Mr. Gay went warier-looking than ever.

"How much, Dimity?"

"Eighteen thousand pounds. Her agents would ask for twenty thousand, but they would accept eighteen."

Mr. Gay stared.

"That is a deal of money, Dimity, my dear—yes, a deal of money! More money than perhaps you understand. Was nothing said of any—er—tendency to entertain something a little less cannibal—er—fifteen thousand pounds, perhaps? Less, maybe?"

"No, daddy."

"Humph!" went Mr. Gay, his eyes traveling to the telephone, then back to the lovely flushed face of his kitten. "How did you come to know her? And how did she come to mention the property to you?"

The big eyes fell for a moment, and Dimity hung her head.

"Well, you see, daddy, it was because I called to see her. She is very fond of Mr. Tintern, and I am not very fond of him. And I let her see that if she would sell you the land for a fair price I would be icy to Mr. Tintern and he would be glad to go back to her to be forgiven!" confessed the little one.

"You told her that, child!"

"Oh, no, daddy; I let her see it."

Mr. Gay's eyes brightened, but it was clear that he was thinking less of Dimity than of Mr. Tintern and the land. Evidently, by some astounding fluke, this innocent, naive little girl of his had achieved by some artless prattle or other that which he had almost abandoned as hopelessly impossible of achievement.

"Out of the mouths of babes," he murmured. "Anyway, I can soon test it."

He glanced at the clock. It was not too late to ring up Marman, the senior partner of the estate agents, at his private house.

He did so, Dimity shyly watching. She had not often seen her parent cleared, so to speak, for business action, and she admired greatly the manner in which he contrived to keep any indication of the sheer incredulity depicted on his face out of his voice.

Mr. Gay, at times, was almost as fast a worker as his daughter, and in five minutes' time, just as his wife entered the room in search of Dimity, he had secured a week's option on the site at seventeen thousand five hundred pounds.

"That's clear, Marman," he said, crisply recapitulating.

Mrs. Gay listened in sheer amazement, and spoke as her husband turned from the telephone, smiling.

"So—so you have secured the site, after all, Gainsborough!"

Mr. Gay's smile yielded place to an expression of some despondence.

"Um—well, not secured it, Elaine—far from it. I've secured the right to purchase it within a week at the terrific figure of seventeen thousand five hundred pounds! And now I've to face the herculean task of getting this vast sum together without sacrificing the fruits of my labors to a myriad of noisy and eternally dissatisfied shareholders. For, as nobody knows better than you, Elaine, my dear, I have no such sum as seventeen thousand five hundred available for such a speculation!"

But Mrs. Gay had long since ceased to attach any credence to her husband's long-threadbare plea of poverty. He had shot that arrow too often for his wife to pay the slightest attention to it.

"Then why bother any more about the scheme, Gainsborough, dear?"

Gainsborough, dear, sighed.

"A man with my expenses has to take a risk in new fields. You should know what a state the book market is in nowadays. Hardly a book publisher in London is making any money!"

"No? So you have said, Gainsborough," agreed Elaine, with an undercurrent of weary disbelief in her voice. "And I always feel so sorry for them until the newspapers publish in the wills columns the amounts they have to leave behind them."

"Hah! Let me assure you, once and for all, my dear, that my executors will wear out no adding machines in estimating my few poor savings!" declared Mr. Gay defensively, and promptly changed the subject. He was not really a mean man, but he had never quite realized the responsibilities of the possessor of four beautiful daughters and a still attractive wife.

"What I have to do now is to find three or four level-headed men to come in with me on this thing. It's good if it isn't spread too thin. Just a few of us, yes!"

He reached for paper and pencil.

"I shall work late tonight, my dear," he said, turning rather pointedly to his desk.

"Very well, Gainsborough. I will bring in the whisky and a fresh siphon of soda," retorted the long-suffering lady, equally pointedly. "The cigars are on the shelf. But before you immerse yourself in your work do you mind if I point out that the girls are practically in rags, that their allowances are really ludicrous as well as being slightly in arrear, and that I positively must have a hundred pounds to begin some sort of attempt to see that they look respectable during the autumn?"

"*Mon Dieu!*" muttered Mr. Gay, who, to do him justice, rarely cursed and swore in English. "What a time to demand a hundred pounds!" But, rather sulkily, he wrote a check.

"It will make my task just that much more difficult, you know," he declared, handing over the check. "And I must say that to my mind the girls, particularly Dimity, always look especially well dressed. Dimity in particular. A clever little manager, that child. I wish you could train the others to be more like her."

Mrs. Gay said nothing to that, and as Dimity had long since flitted lightly out of range, Mr. Gay, lacking her sweetly naïve support, turned again to his work.

IX

MR. GAINSBOROUGH GAY had not petted and fondled his big cinema-theater scheme for a year in the privacy of family life without unconsciously furnishing his people with a tolerably close idea of what his plans were, though it is probable that Dimity was the only one who remembered much about them.

The little one, sweet and dewy-eyed in her tiny white bed, was thinking very busily indeed long after sisters Torfrida, Maulfry and Bethoe were fast asleep. But thought is good—even, occasionally, at the sacrifice of sleep—and, in any case, Dimity at breakfast looked as if she had been picked in the garden a few minutes before. Twice, before he left the house, Mr. Gay informed her that she was daddy's good girl—which, doubtless, she found very encouraging.

And it was not until daddy was safely on his way and Mrs. Gay gathered her girls

(Continued on Page 113)

RIVALS THE BEAUTY OF THE SCARLET TANAGER

Now—an OVER-SIZE Pencil to abolish finger cramp

Men discovered through the Duofold Pen—Its Team-mate—how a full-handed Grip eases writing

"WHY not a Pencil with Over-size Grip, as well as a pen?" men inquired when the world had learned from the Duofold Pen how an Over-size Barrel gives the hand a firm, easy grip. Meantime Parker was busy creating it, first having worked four years to abolish the faults that seemed to afflict mechanical pencils in general.

A few weeks before Christmas we got it into production, but never since has there been enough to go round. The very first order received was for 1,000. For here was the first great pencil improvement in years.

A pencil that takes up the slack in a man-size hand; that never tries to elude your grasp; that's a fit, so stays put in gently extended fingers; that doesn't cramp your style.

And this is a pencil you fill without taking the "insides" out—by simply inserting a lead in the writing tip. Its Non-Clog Propeller turns the lead OUT for writing, and IN for carrying. So it cannot scratch up papers in your pocket.

Step up to the nearest pencil counter and take your first hold of its big, firm, business-like barrel. Pull off the Gold Crown and greet a healthy eraser—three times as large as the average. Then look down the well where the extra leads are carried. And try out this point that is long and tapering like the kind you whittled on the old wood pencils of school-boy days.

Although this creation is made in plain black, too, thus matching any black pen, you'll like the Duofold lacquer-red color not only because it's distinctive to carry, but it makes this pencil hard to mislay. If you're lucky enough to own a Duofold Pen you'll find this a perfect color match. If you haven't the Pen, you'll want it more than ever when you've made the Parker acquaintance through this new Duofold Pencil.

Two Over-size models—"Big Brother," $4; Over-size Duofold Jr., $3.50. For women's slim fingers, slender Lady Duofold Pencil, was $3.50—now $3. Satin-lined Gift Box de luxe included with Duofold Pen and Pencil in sets, called Parker Duofold Duette. At leading dealers.

Write us if you have any difficulty getting these handsome newcomers.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY · JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

NEW YORK · CHICAGO · THE PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY, LTD., TORONTO, CANADA · SAN FRANCISCO

THE PARKER PEN CO., LIMITED, 3 AND 3 NORFOLK ST., STRAND, LONDON, ENGLAND

Parker "BIG BROTHER" Duofold Pencil

Team-mate of Duofold Pen

OVER-SIZE $4

Over-size Duofold Pen $7

Goodyear Pneumatic Bus Tires are the standard equipment on the seventy motorbuses which the Boston Elevated Railway operates in Boston and twelve neighboring municipalities

GOODYEAR

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Helping the Street Car Help You

THE constant effort of street railway managers is to provide the public with a broader and better service.

To that end, they are alert for new ideas, means and methods.

Accordingly, they have been quick to recognize the immense possibilities in that valuable new vehicle of public transportation, the motorbus —with the result that this new carrier is now a part of the regular street railway facilities in many cities and towns.

* *

In Boston, for example, you find the elevated, the subway, the surface lines and the motorbus all joined in one unified carrying system.

Here, the motorbus is prized for its special flexibility and economy as a collector and distributor of traffic for the rail lines. It supplies with a regular, convenient and comfortable service, many outlying, new or sparsely-settled sections which the Boston Elevated Railways could not serve by other means at anything like so moderate a capital investment and maintenance cost.

For this service, as for the motorbus in every phase of its operation the country over, Goodyear provides the advantages of tire equipment that is notable for accuracy of design to actual conditions, for reliable strength of manufacture, and for economy of performance.

All seventy of the motorbuses which the Boston Elevated Railways operate in Boston and twelve surrounding municipalities, are equipped with Goodyear Pneumatic Bus Tires.

* *

Goodyear Pneumatic Bus Tires are the product of sympathy with motorbus progress, understanding of bus service requirements, and a pioneering experience in the conduct and operation of motor expresses all over this country before ever this new public service took form.

These tires represent the farthest reach of manufacturing experience in the motorbus field.

They are made rugged, for that Goodyear freedom from trouble that sustains reliable schedules; active, for Goodyear quick mobility that is needed in this service; easy-riding and sure-gripping, for Goodyear comfort and safety, and extra durable, for longer usefulness at Goodyear low cost per tire mile.

* *

Goodyear Pneumatic Bus Tires are made with SUPERTWIST, the wonderful new cord fabric that is extra elastic and most enduring. They are the *only* cord bus tires built of SUPERTWIST.

If you want a tire, a set of tires, or a complete installation for an entire fleet of motorbuses, you will get more in results at final low mileage cost by insisting on Goodyear Tires.

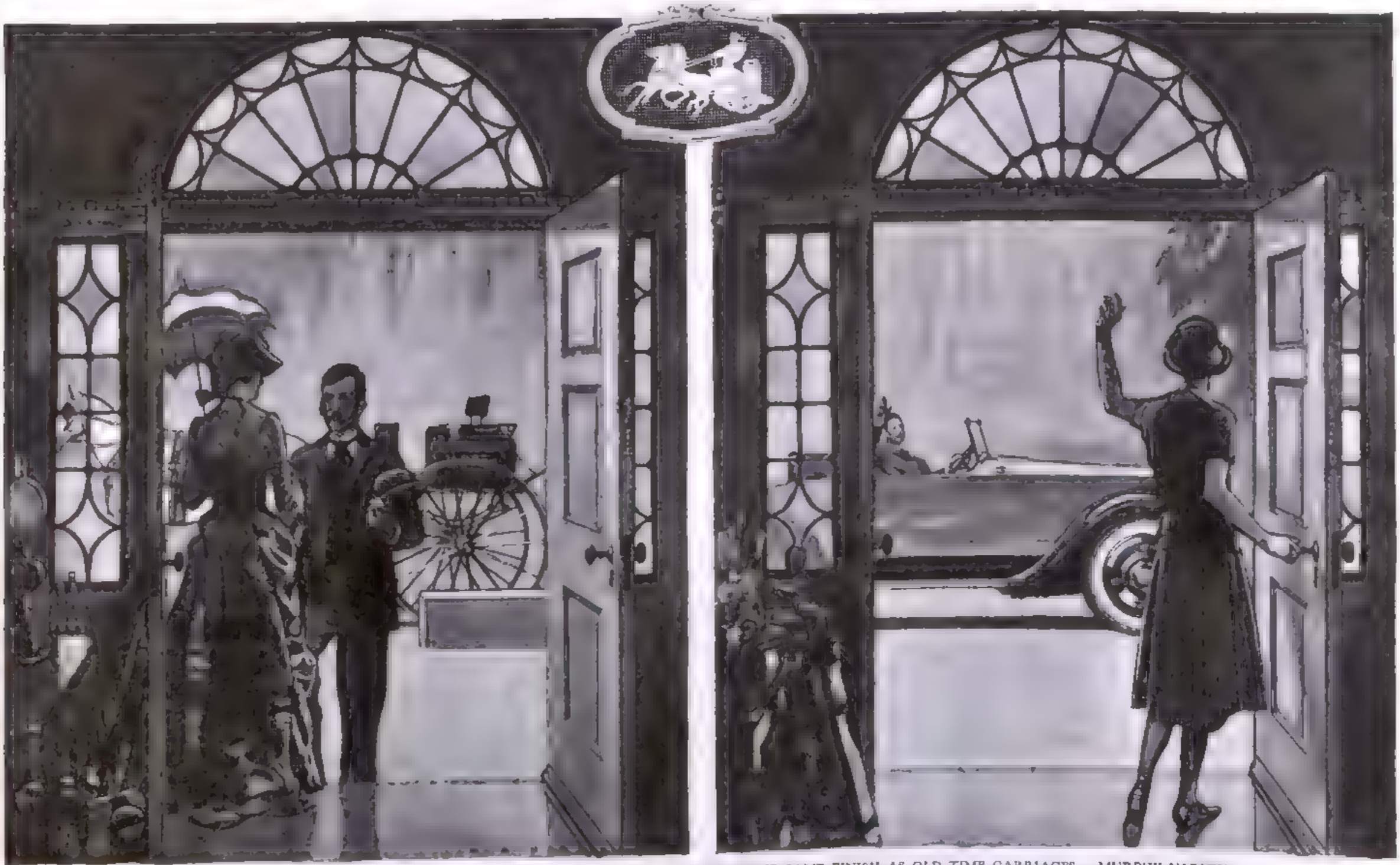
More people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind

BUS TIRES

Made with SUPERTWIST

FOR SIXTY YEARS MURPHY HAS BEEN THE VARNISH THAT GOES ON THE FINER CARRIAGES AND CARS; THAT GIVES ITS DEEP, SOFT BRILLIANCE TO A PIANO; THAT PRESERVES FOR GENERATIONS THE ELEGANCE OF COSTLY HOME INTERIORS. THOSE WHO KNOW MOST ABOUT VARNISH HAVE PASSED ALONG

THE TRADITION OF MURPHY QUALITY



PROGRESS DISCARDS ONLY WHAT HAS BEEN SURPASSED. FINE CARS HAVE THE SAME FINISH AS OLD TIME CARRIAGES—MURPHY VARNISH

Da-cote Enamel—

Murphy Varnish blended with color for a one-coat, one-day job

Time is a thief. It has robbed you of the beauty of your car. What can you do? You are not a painter, and perhaps you cannot spare the car for a three-week, expert job.

In every can of Da-cote are three things: fine Murphy Varnish—opaque color—*and the painting skill you lack.* Anyone can brush on Da-cote. If you doubt, try it first on an ice chest, coaster, bicycle or porch chair.

Da-cote flows after it goes on. Imperfections of amateur painting disappear. Then it dries quickly—in a day. That is why it is called Da-cote.

One coat is all your car needs. Getting it clean is the only real work. The painting is fun. You can have any color, or colors, you like. More than three million cars have been Da-cored—and the demand increases all the time. That means that users are proud of results and neighbors are envious.

Write to us for a color card. And a free book "Doing Things With Da-cote"

Brush away the scars of time with Da-cote Univernish Stains

A fine quality of transparent Murphy Varnish in the colors of fine woods—oak, mahogany, walnut, also green.

Renew the youth of floors, stairs, furniture, linoleums—just a touch here and there and the whole house will smile again.

A helpful and delightful book—"New Homes for Old"—will be mailed for 10 cents.

Murphy Varnish Company

NEWARK, N. J. SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF
CHICAGO, ILL. MONTREAL, CANADA

(Continued from Page 108)

about her to discuss possibilities—a hundred pounds' worth of them—that Dimity was found to be missing.

Milly, the parlormaid, duly examined, explained that Miss Dimity had gone for a little walk.

"She said that she wouldn't be long," added Milly.

And that looked like being true, for within five minutes of leaving the house Miss Dimity was seated in the office of James Raven Devenish, talking earnestly, if rather naïvely, to that wide-awake gambler.

"Please, would you tell me how much you owe me; or, rather, I mean, how much I owe you, dear Mr. Devenish?" she asked after greetings. "I have given up betting. You see, I don't think it is very nice for a girl to bet—and of course I would like to wipe everything out."

Rather reluctantly, for he was truly if not irrevocably interested in sister Bethoe, Devenish gave her the figures. The total was excruciatingly close to seventy pounds.

"Oh-h, how dreadful!" said Dimity. "You see, I haven't a penny!"

Mr. Devenish had guessed that, but nevertheless it was not without a sort of sadness that he nodded acquiescence.

"I—I have been a very foolish girl," volunteered Dimity, "and I can only think of one way in which to make it up to you."

She seemed to think.

"If I were able to—to suggest to you a way in which you could seize an opportunity of making quite a large sum of money for yourself, Mr. Devenish, would you wipe out this dreadful debt and pay me thirty pounds?"

Devenish thought that depended.

Dimity sighed and thought so too.

Then she told him what it depended on.

"Daddy has bought a site in the middle of Ernemouth and he is going to build a super cinema on it and he is going to admit just two or three friends into his plans——"

"Eh? What's that, Miss Dimity?"

James Raven Devenish sat up.

Patiently, sweetly she repeated it.

"It is Mrs. Bonnington Bullivant's property in the very middle of the town."

"Your daddy's bought it for a cinema site?"

"Oh, yes. And I was lucky enough to be able to help. So daddy would be sure to listen to me if I suggested to him to admit you into the syndicate—or is it 'company' that you have to say?"

Devenish did not tell her. He was too busy thinking. But he did not use up much valuable time in thought; nor did he waste more than a second in hating himself for not having thought of the idea himself. He was quick at figures, as commission agents have to be in these days of fertile-minded backers, and he could recognize the obvious when it came and grabbed him by the throat.

"Listen, Miss Dimity," he said. "If you can persuade your daddy to let me in on the ground floor of this scheme ——"

"Ground floor, please?"

"Let me in with him at the beginning for any amount up to five thousand pounds—after discussion—I will write off your little account and pay you thirty pounds," he said, as blunt as that, for Mr. Devenish was a blunt man when engaged in earning his living.

Dimity rose, smiling.

"Thank you, Mr. Devenish. I will do my very best. I know daddy likes you. So if he telephones to you tonight to go and see him you will know that I have been successful. Now I must go. You don't mind my going now, do you?"

No, Mr. Devenish did not mind. Indeed, glancing at the clock, he decided that he could bear up against the parting quite bravely, since it would give him just time to catch the 10:20 to town. J. R. Devenish was hardly the man to wait to be telephoned for in a matter like this. He did not propose to linger until Mr. Gainsborough Gay invited him to participate in a good thing. He knew enough about Mr. Gay to be quite certain that the publisher, if he needed a little outside capital at all, knew quite well enough where to look for it without troubling local folk.

"The sooner I get to town and see Gay the better," he told himself, and acted accordingly.

Mr. Henry Sadler, very smart in riding kit, was just on the point of starting out for a gallop on the downs behind the town when little Miss Dimity tripped into his establishment.

"Oh, what a pity you are going out, Mr. Sadler!" she deplored. "You see, I have come to settle my bill, whatever it is."

Mr. Sadler explained quite quickly that he was not going out for at least another ten minutes, conveying not unskillfully that he would have found that space of time hanging most heavily on his hands if Dimity had not providentially arrived to offer his idle hands the task of signing a receipt for her.

"Oh, how lucky I am!" smiled Dimity.

And, waiting until he had ordered one of his men to see that Carbine's hoofs were polished much better, she preceded him into his office. It is an astonishing fact that Mr. Sadler, in spite of a tolerably extensive knowledge of the world, nevertheless innocently reached for his receipt book as he sat at his desk.

Dimity's eyes danced as she observed this curiously naïve movement. How funny to think that Mr. Sadler seemed to entertain some wild idea that he was about to receive money!

"I think it is lovely settling up accounts, don't you, Mr. Sadler?" she asked in her shyly blithe way.

Yes, Mr. Sadler thought it was lovely too.

"I wanted to ask you something else too," continued Dimity. "I have been wondering if you would be willing to sell Daphne to me."

Daphne was the pretty little polo pony which, untrained for polo, made a beautiful mount for such a little lightweight as Dimity Gay.

It was, indeed, the many rides which she had enjoyed on Daphne that had brought the long overdue account into being.

"And if you were willing to sell her, how much money you would like to sell her for, and if I bought her would you please let her live here just as usual if I paid for her food every week?"

Mr. Sadler had no doubt at all that he could arrange that for her, adding that he thought he could sell Daphne to Dimity for the really low figure of forty-five pounds. It goes to Mr. Sadler's credit that this really was a bargain figure. But he was a man with a heart, and Dimity, apart from being Dimity, was sister to Torfrida. And recently Mr. Sadler had been looking himself square in the eyes concerning the handsome Torfrida.

"Then that will be almost a hundred pounds I have to pay you, please, won't it?"

"Ninety-two, Miss Dimity—including the old bill and the price for Daphne."

"Yes, ninety-two pounds."

Dimity seemed to reflect for a moment—deep-blue eyes resting absently on Mr. Sadler. She came out of her reverie with a little start.

"Oh, I was lost in thought. I was wondering whether you would prefer me to pay this money in—in actual money, or whether you would like it better if I asked you, please, for a receipt for it in return for my telling you something which would enable you to make quite a very large sum of money—every year."

Mr. Henry Sadler sat up and made a noise like an echo.

"Quite a very large sum of money—every year! I—you say quite a large sum of money every year, Miss Dimity?"

She nodded.

"Oh, yes, quite easily—if I can persuade daddy to—to let you in on the ground floor, as Mr. Devenish calls it. He is going to be one of the two or three who will be invited to be on the ground floor, you see."

"Devenish! But the ground floor of what, Miss Dimity?"

Mr. Sadler's inquiry was a little anxious, for few knew better than he that any ground floor upon which James Raven Devenish intrusted his experienced and wily self was a ground floor well capable of sustaining the weight of Henry Sadler.

So, in that pretty, rather confused way of hers—which, for all its confusion, still seemed to make things so translucently clear—she explained about her daddy's forthcoming cinema theater and the fortune it was bound to produce.

Sadler listened with profound attention. But Dimity had no need to do much more than outline the facts. The scheme spoke for itself—and what it failed to say was said by the fact that Mr. Devenish was in the thing.

Before the lovely little soul had finished, Mr. Sadler's only anxiety was whether he would be in time to get in.

"But suppose your daddy is full up, Miss Dimity?"

"Oh, I think Torfrida would help me persuade him to keep some shares for you," said Dimity. "You see, Mr. Sadler, daddy likes you, so it will be easy, I think. You will know quite soon this evening, for I shall ask daddy to telephone to you, unless you happen to call to—hear Torfrida sing."

She stood up.

"It is so nice to feel that it is only just our friends who will go shares with daddy in the fortune the cinema theater will make," she prattled; and having extracted, without the slightest difficulty, his agreement to the bargain she had so innocently suggested, she left him.

He was not quite so slick as Mr. Devenish, but nevertheless he was sufficiently bright to call up Mr. Gainsborough Gay in London and make an appointment to see him on an urgent business matter that evening.

It was a very thoughtful Dimity that a few minutes later was conducted to the central lair of Mr. Jabez Rackstraw, for, mere novice at the extremely complex art of taking care of oneself though she was, little Dimity knew quite well that old Mr. Rackstraw was not a notoriously plastic man. She had known instinctively that James Raven Devenish was a swift and ready gambler; and that Henry Sadler was a sportsman ever ready to take a chance. But, even so, she had been surprised at their quickness to leap to participate in poor dear daddy's proposal. It had occurred to her en route to Rackstraws' that perhaps daddy was not quite so—so feeble as she had been inclined to suspect him to be. At least, not among men. Even youngish dashing men like Messrs. Devenish and Sadler were not quite dashing enough to dash down something like two hundred pounds to the most sylphlike of little ladies unless they had some idea of getting extremely good value for it.

She wished she knew for certain whether the cinema-theater proposal was really such a fortune-making idea as daddy and the others seemed to think. But now she only had time to hope that it was.

Old Jabez was sitting alone at a grim-looking desk in his office. He rose and offered her a chair, his hard old eyes softening just a trifle as he greeted her. That, of course, was the trouble about Dimity Gay. You had to soften when she looked up at you and put out her little paw for you to press, and smiled at you as if you were the first person she had met worth a smile. You could see that she liked you—that she sensed the vein of pure gold and sterling worth in your heart which other people never seemed to notice. You could tell by the ready way she smiled that she recognized your keen sense of humor and your dry quiet wit, so often wasted on ordinary folk. And by the softly soothing deference, implied rather than definitely spoken, which the sweet little soul seemed ever ready to pay you behind her smiles, you saw how well she realized that you were no man's—or miss'—fool.

"I expect you will think that I am very unreasonable to bother you so early in the morning, Mr. Rackstraw," opened Dimity carefully. "But I do not like to be slow in keeping my promises, and I promised to pay my account yesterday, didn't I? So here I am, you see."

Jabez beamed. He had entertained the thorniest of doubts about that account. Indeed, it had begun to fester a little; and although the news that his boy Clarence was apparently persona grata at the Gays' had served temporarily to poultice his doubts, it had not wholly healed them. It is, moreover, a curious fact that few and far between are the tradesmen who the instant one is safely off their books fail bitterly to regret the fact that one is not seriously on them again. For of such is the kingdom of commerce.

"Oh, there was no need to put yourself out at all, Miss Gay—not in the least. Rackstraws pride themselves on their readiness to adapt the ordinary rules of business to their patrons' convenience, you know," he declared.

"Oh, yes, I know that, and thank you so much, dear Mr. Rackstraw, but there was something else I wanted to ask your opinion about, you see. So I thought perhaps I could kill two birds with one stone, as they say," trilled Dimity.

"It will be a pleasure to advise you to the best of my poor ability, my dear Miss Gay," declared old Jabez quite gallantly.

Dimity smiled.

"I knew you would say that, Mr. Rackstraw. I can always tell when anyone has a

(Continued on Page 117)

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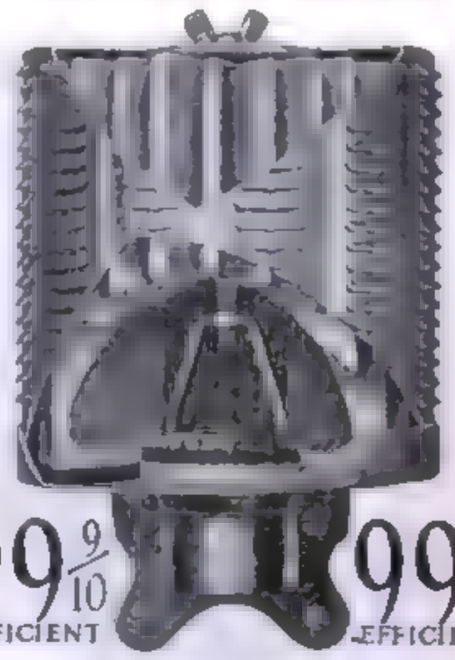
Perfect Positive Protection



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YOU CAN'T LIVE ON DIRTY, DUSTY AIR

Neither can the motor in any automobile, truck or tractor

By the same method that nature filters the air you breathe, Protectomotor filters all dust, sand and grit out of the 9,000 gallons of air that enter the motor with every gallon of gas.

Protectomotor, by keeping dust out of the motor, prevents 75% to 85% wear on all moving parts.

Protectomotor reduces carbon deposits and carbon troubles 60% to 75%.

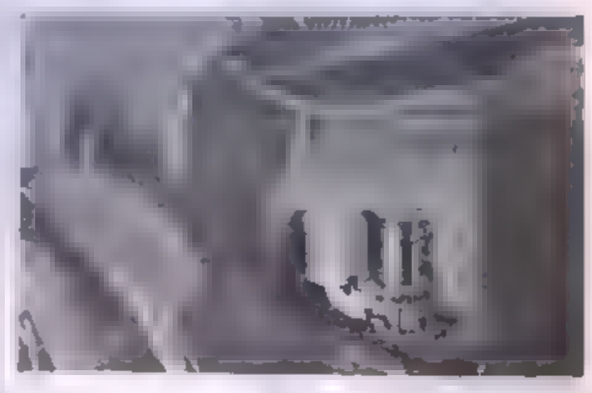
Protectomotor stops disagreeable hissing, whistling carburetor noises.

It's the Dust That Gets Into the Motor That Does Damage

By keeping ALL dust sand and grit out of the motor, Protectomotor assures three to five times the mileage, before regrinding valves, removing carbon or overhauling is necessary.

Your safeguard against loss of power and efficiency in your motor is to have the new car you buy or the car you drive equipped with a Protectomotor the one air filter that has proved its value through five years of actual use on thousands of cars.

Protectomotor has been adopted as standard equipment by prominent American and foreign manufacturers.



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Every installation of Protectomotor is guaranteed 99 9/10 efficient. You are taking no chances.

If you can't secure a Protectomotor from your dealer order direct stating make and model of car and carburetor

Attractive proposition for Dealers and high-grade Salesmen.

STAYNEW FILTER CORPORATION
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

A Motor without a Protectomotor is like a Watch without a Case

The Willard

No wonder he thought it needed charging

Just see what a few strokes with a wire brush, and a dab of vaseline did for this chap's battery.

Saved him a recharge—that's what we've done.

A corroded terminal was blocking the path of the current to the starter. In a few days he would have had trouble in getting started, and a run-down battery in the bargain.

Now, he won't have to pay for a rental battery, and wait while we put it in his car.

That's not all. We've saved him a return trip to the station, and more waiting for the "renter" to be taken out and his battery put back.

Service that *prevents* trouble is just bound to save you money. Ours is exactly that kind. It is not confined to Willard Batteries. It takes in all makes.

We do repairing, too. Very little of it on Willard Threaded Rubber Batteries however. Fact is, these very different batteries almost never need to be reinsulated, at any time during their lives.

But, if the unusual should happen, *any* Willard Battery Man will put in new insulation *without charge.* We're just that sure you won't have this trouble with a Willard Threaded Rubber Battery.

Of course little things can happen to any battery. For example your battery can get dirty on top—like the one in the picture. The rubber covering may wear off a lead-in wire. A connection may jar loose from battery or frame.

Any one of these can cause trouble, and they are easily overlooked when a battery is inspected with a quick glance and a squirt of water.

Our
Inspection Service
includes these five important points:

1 Testing each cell
2 Replacing evaporation
3 Cleaning terminals
4 Cleaning top of battery
5 Tightening hold-downs and grounds when needed

Our inspection service is different—just as different as the batteries we sell. It covers the five important points that should be checked every time a battery is filled.

It's convenient service, too. One of us right in your neighborhood. Come in and get acquainted.

We service all makes and sell Willards

For better radio reception, use storage batteries. Enjoyable radio programs from WTAM on 390 meters.

Battery men

Performance

Acceleration—5 to 25 miles per hour in less than seven seconds! Have you ever owned a car that would duplicate that?

Step on her—instantly she is away!

No hesitation—no choking of carburetor—no stalling just at that critical moment when you want all the "get-up-and-go" necessary to take you away from there!

It will be a revelation when, with your own hand at the wheel, you first enjoy this new sensation.

Perfect carburetion is only one of the reasons for this unprecedented performance—and it is unprecedented—in our experience as well as in your own.

A crankshaft of such dimensions and so rigidly held in seven large bearings that it cannot deflect a thousandth of an inch under the terrific strains of full-charge at slow speeds;

Perfectly timed ignition; perfectly balanced parts and perfectly proportioned combustion chambers;

These are a few of the many fine engineering features which, in this Rickenbacker Six, result in a phase of performance you have long desired but never before experienced.

Drive this Rickenbacker "Six" yourself—it will be a revelation to you.

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The only 4-door Coach-Brougham on the American Market

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A · CAR · WORTHY · OF · ITS · NAME

(Continued from Page 113)

kind heart and a generous disposition. I only wanted to ask your opinion. You see a—a friend of mine is thinking of buying the shops on the little piece of land called the Triangle—just opposite your end shop—and pulling them down and building a big cinema theater on the land, with a tea room and all sorts of interesting things attached. And I wanted to find out your opinion of such a big venture. Nobody knows Ernemouth so well as you, dear Mr. Rackstraw, so I came to ask for your advice."

Mr. Rackstraw's expression changed quite oddly. His hard old eyes had rehardened and his lips had tightened up. He thought for a moment, eying Dimity intently. Presently he spoke.

"I had better be frank with you, Miss Gay. I've no doubt at all that a good cinema theater built on that spot—in the very heart of the town—would pay an extremely handsome profit, yes. But unfortunately for your friend, the site is not available. I happen to know—for I have tried three times to buy that site myself—with precisely the same idea in mind. The owner is determined not to sell. And since one of the most important points one has to consider when planning the erection of a super cinema is the site, and as, moreover, I have long ascertained that there is available no other site half so favorable, I am afraid I must advise your friend to—abandon his scheme."

"Oh-h!" A pause. "But if it were possible, please, to buy that very site," pressed Dimity, "what would you say, dear Mr. Rackstraw?"

"I should buy it myself, child," said old Jabez bluntly, "and do precisely what your friend would like to do—build a super cinema on it. The town needs one."

Dimity's eyes fell. He imagined that was because she was confused. But he imagined incorrectly. She only lowered her eyes for fear he would see the dancing delight in them.

"But, please, suppose by some accident my friend had really bought the site, would you care to have a big share and be a—director, don't they call it, please?"

Old Mr. Rackstraw's face went bleaker than ever, and his eyes were like gray steel drills.

"I would be prepared to participate, upon terms, in the scheme to a very considerable extent indeed," he said rather harshly, for he was a wary old battler and he sensed what was coming—or thought he did.

"Oh! That is just exactly what I wanted to hear you say, Mr. Rackstraw," she cried softly; then paused, thinking.

When she spoke again she seemed to have gone off on a fresh tack.

"Oh, please, before I forget, what is one per cent exactly—in business?"

"One pound for every hundred pounds," explained old Jabez. "Why?"

"Why, that's as we learned at school," said Dimity. "So many things in business seem different from the same things at school that it is better to ask, don't you see?"

Jabez was a little too old and far from his school days to get the full benefit of that great truth, but, politely, he agreed.

Then Dimity's smile vanished and she looked very grave and serious.

"Would you mind, please, if I made a—a business proposal to you, Mr. Rackstraw?" she asked slowly.

"No. I am always interested in business proposals," he stated.

"My daddy has bought the Triangle and is going to build a cinema theater there. And it was just by a lucky chance that I was able to make it possible for him to buy the site. Mrs. Bonnington Bullivant is a great friend of mine, you see. Daddy has wanted the site for years—it is his pet project—and I know that he is so pleased that if I ask him to choose his—his—associates in the company from among my friends, he would do so. And I would love it if you were his chief associate, dear Mr. Rackstraw. Would you like to join forces with daddy?"

Jabez reflected.

"At one per cent to you on all I put up?" he said wryly, but with his eyes a little less hard.

"Oh, no—no—no, please!" cried Dimity "I—you see—I couldn't possibly accept one per cent of money for doing my duty to daddy, and, in a way, to you. But if you wished to mark my silly old account 'Paid off' in your book of accounts and to let me come and have a little frock or a pretty hat or some stockings or—or something like that sometimes—that would be very nice and we should be such good friends, don't you think so?"

Without the slightest hesitation old Mr. Rackstraw thought so—quite emphatically. What was a little stock now and then?

Dimity rose and floated across to the gray old man.

"I think you are the very nicest old gentleman I have ever seen," she said. "We all like Clarence, especially Maulfry—but I think you are nicer even than Clarence! So there!"

She stooped swiftly. Two warm young lips were pressed gently on the cold faded cheek of the old warrior, and a faint delicate scent of lilac from the sunny hair stole upon his senses.

"There!" It was not gratitude—it was just sheer mischief.

She was back in her chair, pink and smiling, and her eyes were like bright jewels.

Old Jabez had not been kissed in fifteen years. His face was extraordinarily soft as he spoke.

"Tell me, child—is it you that my boy Clarence comes to see?"

But Dimity shook her head.

"Oh, no! It is Maulfry. Maulfry is beautiful—and what mother calls steady. I'm only just pretty, mother says, and mischievous. But, truly, I don't try to be reckless!"

Old Jabez smiled, shook his gray head, looked grave, then smiled again. He seemed to like it—this smiling. Something of a novelty, no doubt.

"I think it would be a good plan to telephone to daddy, you know. I could speak first and introduce you, couldn't I?"

Mr. Rackstraw thought so.

The call came through, and Dimity answered it.

"Oh, please, is that you, daddy dear? This is Dimity—Dimity speaking. Daddy! I thought you would like to know that Mr. Rackstraw is interested in your plan about making up a company about the cinema theater. . . . Yes, daddy. . . . Interested up to a very considerable extent. . . . Very well."

She passed the receiver to old Jabez.

"Mr. Gay? This is Rackstraw, of Rackstraws', speaking."

Dimity went quickly out.

But as she was strong, so she was merciful. She only bothered to select one hat, just then—and that was for mother.

"Charge it" said Dimity, *cantabile*.

x

DIMITY glanced at the staid old grandfather clock as she went through the hall. It was a quaint old-fashioned affair, and it seemed to survey her with its hands raised in shocked amazement. But Dimity only smiled at it as she noted that she had been out almost exactly an hour and a half.

Mother and sisters were finishing the conference as the little one wafted herself in—just in time to hear her mother say, "So I think the forty-five pounds among you will help a little, and the balance must go toward paying those dreadful debts of Dimity's! I shall have a most serious talk with the foolish, foolish child. Ah, here she is! Where have you been, Dimity?"

"Why, mummy darling, only into the town!" said Dimity, swinging a small hatbox from Rackstraw's.

Mother observed it and looked a little faint.

"Dimity! You haven't dared to buy some more things! Tell me at once, Dimity!"

"Yes, mummy; I've bought a horse."

There was a general gasp.

"A horse, child! Are you mad!"

"It was quite cheap, truly; only forty-five pounds! And I bought a hat!"

Mrs. Gay was too angry to faint.

"A horse—a hat—with your mass of debts ——"

"Oh, those!" said Dimity. "I've paid those. That's what I went out for!"

She moved to her mother and hugged her.

"What a shame to tease you so, mummy darling. Never mind. I'm going to explain. It was so easy, you see. But I've brought something for you."

She whipped open the hatbox and produced the first fruits of success.

Mrs. Gay's eyes brightened against her will, for nobody ever denied that Dimity had an exquisite taste in hats. "Child!"

"That's for you, mummy!"

"But where did you get it? Have you paid for it? How did you pay for it?"

"I picked it out at Rackstraw's," explained Dimity carelessly. "And I don't have to pay for things at Rackstraw's."

"Don't have to pay?" Mrs. Gay echoed.

"No, of course not. Old Mr. Rackstraw owes me a great deal, you see, mummy!"

"And you say you've paid your bills!"

"Oh, those old things? Yes. And bought a horse, and made thirty pounds or so, and"—her fresh young voice was quivering with joyous excitement—"I can have what I like at Rackstraws' for nothing—for a time!"

They were all standing up now, staring at her.

"But that's impossible—even a miracle isn't so impossible!" cried Maulfry. "How did you do it?"

"Oh, I let them in on the basement floor—no, the ground floor—of daddy's new scheme," said Dimity.

"I don't understand in the least. What do you think your father will say about your interfering with his plans?"

"Oh, daddy will say, 'That's my good girl!' You see, Mr. Devenish and Mr. Sadler and old Mr. Rackstraw are all just as anxious as anything to provide all the money daddy can possibly need for the cinema-theater plan. They are bringing it round tonight—if daddy will let them. And I know he will—he said he wanted just a few like them only last night."

Mrs. Gay looked at the hat with friendly eyes.

"Sit down, darling, and just explain quietly right from the very beginning," she said.

So Dimity explained very patiently and very clearly.

"For, you see, I had to pay those old debts somehow, and this seemed quite as good a way as any other, don't you think so?" she concluded.

Mrs. Gay did not reply at once. But she rose and went to the mirror, with the hat in her hand, gently placed it on her head, studied the effect and sighed with pleasure.

"I—I am sure I don't know what will become of you, Dimity," she said. And the others fondly agreed that it was quite impossible to forecast what would become of Dimity.

But Dimity only smiled upon them all.

"Oh, I expect I shall manage somehow!" she declared. Probably the child was right.

There was, of course, no difficulty with daddy. He did not come home to dine. He telephoned Mrs. Gay that he had an important business conference with several of the leading townsmen and, for convenience's sake, he had ordered dinner for his party at The Royal Spa—the swell hotel of Ernemouth. He might be a little late.

He was late—and rather tired. But he was brighter than he had been for many a moon. He glanced round at his family.

"Come here, Dimity," he said.

A slim little figure moved to his side, and his arm went round her waist.

"Old Mr. Rackstraw and the others told me it was you who advised them to get in on the ground floor of this new company I've just settled. Why did you interfere?"

"Well, you see, daddy, you said last night that you wanted someone to—to bring their money with them and join——"

He patted the slim hand that was resting on the chair arm.

"Yes, yes. I said that."

"So when I was walking this morning I thought of that, and told them to hurry to join you—and they seemed glad to do so. If I did wrong, daddy, I am very sorry."

"No, no, child; you did not do wrong. In fact, as luck would have it, you managed wonderfully well—wonderfully. I am pleased with you, Dimity."

"I do try, truly, daddy, to manage nicely."

"That's daddy's good girl! Give me a kiss."

"Ah, dear daddy, I am so glad everything is so nice," she sighed, and kissed him as instructed. The others looked on with a curious awe in their eyes. Daddy emerged.

"It is rather late, but, on the whole, I think we might venture to celebrate quietly what is really a very special occasion. Will a glass of champagne hurt these children, mother, do you think?" he inquired. "For once in a way?"

"No, Gainsborough," said Mrs. Gay, smiling faintly. "Nor me—for once in a way."

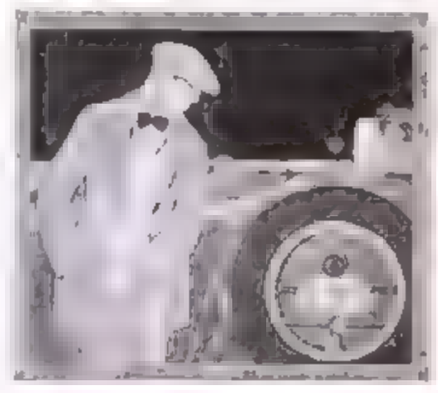
"That's capital," said Mr. Gay, and pressed the bell button.

And daddy's good girl went and sat demurely close to her mother.

And so it goes.

THE END

STOP *hunting for them!*



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BUXTON KEYTAINER

THE ROARING RABBIT

(Continued from Page 15)

"What makes you think she's engaged at all?" I inquires.

"They always are," glooms Milt.

"Well," I assures him, "this gal's not; she hasn't even a steady as far as I know. Pretty, eh?"

"I guess so," mumbles Small; "but I'm probably wrong." And he switches the subject to silence. However, I'm not through with it.

"Jennie," I remarks, after a bit, "is cuckoo about shortstops, especially the tall, rangy kind. Show her some snappy fielding and you'll make a grand slam with her."

"There's no chance of my playing good here," says Milt; "and even if I was to make a lucky stop, it'd be in the first inning of a game that she come to late."

Grogan has Small warm up, but doesn't start him in the line-up that afternoon. In place of Clancy at short, Bull's got a young bench heater named Kane performing. If he's a ball player, I'm the Duke of York's favorite grouse moor. The only drives hit in his direction that he doesn't bobble are the ones that go over his head, and he makes enough of a stab at those to gum up the catches for the left fielder.

"Where'd you get Kid Sieve?" I asks the chief.

"The same place where he's gone back to," snorts Bull.

"You ought to keep him," says I, sarcastic. "I understand Kane's so scrappy that he can lick his weight in umpires, and what else do you need?"

Grogan just glares and moves away. In the fifth inning, with the score 6 to 2 in favor of the Lizards, we get a man on. An out follows and Kane's the next bird up, but Bull wigwags him to the showers.

"Let's see what you can do," he growls to Milt.

"I'll hit into a double play sure," comes back Small, and starts for the plate.

"Here," I yells after him, "take this bat; that one's too light for you."

"What's the difference?" shrugs Milt. "An out's an out."

The first pitch is a roundhouse curve so far outside it couldn't have been reached with a fishing rod, but the boy takes a swish at it.

"And I took out Kane for that!" moans Grogan.

"Give the kid a chance," I snaps.

"Leaving him in there," snorts Bull, "is more like giving our chance a kid."

The next ball's almost as bad and Milt misses it a couple of good-sized feet. The third one's wide, too, but the umpire never gets a chance to call it names. Small steps forward a little, catches the pill on the seam and smacks it down the third-base line for the kind of wallop any bank'd loan you three bases on. Of course the lad on first scores.

Gillen goes to bat, and while he's letting a few bad ones go by I notices Milt and the Lizard's third sacker talking back to each other like they were sore about something. All of a sudden Small beats it away from the bag and the next thing I knows he's knocking dust from the plate off his uniform, safe as wheat in the bin.

"Nice steal," says I.

"What's the idea," growls Bull, "of pulling a nut stunt like that with us three runs behind?"

"He made me," mumbles Milt, thumbing toward the Lizard on third.

"How do you mean, made you?" howls Grogan.

"He said I spiked him," explains Small, "and he was so mad I thought he was going to take a punch at me. So I just ran away from him."

"And came home," sneers Bull, "to tell mamma, eh?"

"There's Jennie waving," I cuts in, pointing to the boxes near the dugout. "Go on over and talk to her."

Milt hesitates, but finally drifts over to the stands.

"Listen here, chief," says I, when Small's out of hearing "I know that boy better than you do and you'll never get anywheres riding him. Rabbits ain't made to roar and you can't make 'em roar Get me?"

"He ought've taken a stiff poke at Smathers," mutters Grogan, "instead of ——"

"Giggling catfish!" I cuts in. "You didn't believe the reason he gave you for stealing home, did you? Maybe he did have words with Smathers like he said, but he came in because he saw he could beat the long wind-up Dill was taking. Milt's fast, bo, like the rabbit he is."

"What was the idea of him ——" begins Grogan.

"Lying?" I asks. "I told you about that complex, didn't I? The kid's just made up his mind that he can't do nothing good and he's made it up so strong that when he does do something good he tries to stall out of it. You've met lot of bums that try to alibi out of rotten plays, haven't you?"

"Read my pay roll," says Bull.

"Well," I tells him, "Small's got the same kind of alibi, only with the reverse English. It's a sort of yellow streak in the dome. His hands and feet do great work, but his bean won't believe it."

By this time our side's been retired without any more runs and Milt takes his place out in the field with the rest of the Sox. I'm hoping the boy'll get some hard chances right off the reel so's to cinch Clancy's job, and my hopes come through strong. The first ball hit in the sixth by Jenkins, the Lizard catcher, is a mean bounder a few feet in front of the plate. Small comes in fast, picks the pill up with one hand and with the same scooping motion zips it down to first before Jenkins has fairly got his hind foot off the rubber.

"Fast and pretty, eh?" I remarks.

"Sweet and snappy," admits Bull.

"Tell that to Milt," says I, "and he'll probably explain to you that he'd forgotten to turn off the water in his bathroom and was coming in to attend to it when the ball ran into his glove."

"How about the snap to first?" grins Grogan. "How'd he alibi that?"

"That'd be no trouble for him at all," I grins back. "The ball was so hot he threw it away to get rid of the sting and it just happened to bounce into Ellis' lunch hooks."

The next Lizard singles to right, but Small brings the inning to an end with a double play that pulls the cash customers out of their seats and even gets the chief on his dogs.

"Don't praise him," I cautions Grogan, figuring that it's best not to have the lad talked to.

"I don't aim to," returns Bull, and then he turns to Milt. "What's the matter?" he yelps. "Got lead in your hoofs? We field bunts around here; we don't sit down and wait for 'em to roll into our laps."

"Huh!" I gasps.

"I know I ought to have got it on the fly," mumbles Small. "I told him"—pointing to me—"that I'd never make good in this league."

"And that double play," rages on the boss. "You came within ten feet of muffing it. Don't keep the ball in your hand all day. You can read what it says on the cover some night. Never mind doing it when there's a double play in sight."

"I wanted to see if I could get a rise out of him," explains Bull when Milt shambles away.

"Swell chance," I jeers. "How you going to get a rise out of a guy by agreeing with him?"

III

SMALL keeps up the pace set the first day with the Blue Sox, playing errorless-plus ball in the field and banging out base hits game after game By the end of the week he's collected sixteen safeties out of twenty-four tries, turned in a half dozen double plays and is on petit-larceny terms with every bag on the diamond. Pretty soon I have to leave on a long scouting trip and I goes to say bye-bye to Bull.

"Want me to pick up another Small?" I asks the chief.

"Sure," says Grogan, "if you can corral one without a complex."

"That still worrying you?" I inquires.

"It is," returns Bull. "I don't care how good Milt is, I just can't get used to having a bad sign like him around the lot. Yesterday he wanted to know if he'd be released in time to go to some hick wedding in St Louis"

"Keep him around much longer," says I, "and he won't have to go to St. Louis for a wedding."

"How?" puzzles Grogan.

"Well," I tells him, "I see a good deal of Milt and I see a good deal of Jennie, both at the same time."

"Forget it," growls Bull. "She's been taking pity on the kid on account of his being so lonesome and blue all the time. You don't think a girl with her spirit'd fall for a wet piece of crape like Small, do you?"

"What," I wants to know, "is my thinking, or even their own thinking, got to do with love? If she's really pitying Milt you can go out and buy your present now. You don't object to a good ball player in the family, do you?"

"And what a ball player he'd be," murmurs Grogan, "if he only had some fight in him!"

"I know," says I; "you'd like him to hit a home run and on the way in stop long enough to bite an umpire's ear off and spike a couple of basemen."

With which sarcastic fling I departs for the ivory fields. Of course I follows the doings of the Blue Sox in the papers wherever I am, and I'm sure swelled up over the bottled-in-bond three-star ball my find keeps playing for the next two or three weeks. Then things change.

The slipping of Milt is slow at first. It starts with a batting slump, a whole series with the Hawks going by without Small making a hit. That doesn't worry me much, every slugger running into an off spell during the season; but what does annoy me is the 2's and 3's in the error column on the line with Milt's moniker. Also his base stealing has dribbled to nothing.

"Well," I remarks to Joe Woods, when I gets to his burg, "when the kid slumps he slumps all over, doesn't he?"

"I don't understand it," he frowns. "I see the other day where he hit a real single to right and was thrown out at first. He sure's gone to pieces."

But the next morning I gets a little light on the subject. I'm reading a piece about the game between the Sox and the Wolves when I pipes this paragraph:

"Small was put out by Umpire Finley in the third inning for throwing a bat at the pitcher. Milt must have come to the ball park with his fighting clothes on. In the first inning it took both teams to separate him and Hannegan, Small claiming that the Wolves' second baseman had blocked him at the plate."

I shows the account to Woods and he reads it over, sort of dazed.

"Milt!" he gasps. "Milt throw a bat! Milt start a fight! What have they done to him down there?"

"I got an idea," says I, grim, "and I'm going home to look into it."

Three days later I'm back at the Blue Sox ball park. The game's about half over when I arrives. We're at bat and I sees from the score board that there are two outs. The bases are loaded, Small's at the plate and Bull's on the coaching lines at third. Trask is pitching for the Leopards, a boy that Milt's always been able to bust fences with.

"What a beautiful chance for a grand sweep!" I remarks to Mike, the trainer.

"I don't see," he grumbles, "why Grogan doesn't put in somebody to pinch-hit for Small."

So that's what they think of the kid now! Mike had the right hunch. Trask lobs over a slow straight one, the kind an armless cripple could have hit flush with a toothpick. Small hesitates, strikes late and the ball dribbles toward first. Trask fumbles around a bit, but his throw to first beats Milt two feet at least.

"Out!" waves the umps.

Everybody believes him excepting Small, who howls like a wolf and makes a mad dash at Finley. He's all set to take a wallop at the umpire, when Bull rushes between 'em and shooes Milt out to his place in the field.

"Scrappy youngster you got there," I remarks, when Grogan joins me in the bull pen. "The kind you like, eh?"

"Yeh," says the chief, shamefaced.

"It seems," I goes on, "that I was wrong. You can make a rabbit roar."

"Yeh," mumbles Bull.

"But," I continues, "rabbits are built to handle speed exclusive, and if they take on another line like roaring, for example, they have to give up some speed to make room for it—yes?"

"Who you bawling out?" yelps Grogan. "It isn't my fault."

"No?" says I. "Where's Jennie?"

"Up in the stands," returns Bull. "She'll be in the clubhouse after the game."

I don't say any more. Pretty soon the Leopards are retired, and Milt comes into the dugout.

"Ever see such a dirty deal?" he howls the minute he catches sight of me.

"You mean the play at first?" I inquires.

"Sure," he barks "I was safe by at least three feet, wasn't I?"

"I didn't notice," says I, evasive. "What's the matter, boy? Been in a slump, haven't you?"

"Me!" roars the rabbit. "I been playing better'n ever, but I'm just getting treated raw."

"Better brace up," I advises, "or you'll be back in the bushes again."

"I laugh," says Milt. "Where'd the Blue Sox be without me? I'm the class of this layout and Grogan knows it. I went to the mat for a bonus the other day and believe me if he don't ——"

"What you wearing these days?" I cuts in. "A belt or suspenders?"

"Neither," returns Small. "I know what you're getting at. I was sort of scared when I came here, but now that I know how much better I am than the rest of the dubs in this league ——"

"See you after the game," says I, beating it away for a few quiet thinks. When I gets to the clubhouse a half hour or so later I find Bull and Jennie in the office. Being as I have known her since she had to reach up to pet a grasshopper, I can talk free to her.

"Girl," says I, "you've sure ruined a star ball player for your uncle."

"Milton?" she asks.

"Milton," I replies. "You've taken the inferior from his complex and put it into his playing."

"I've done nothing of the sort," blazes Jennie. "I've made a man out of him—a man that'll stand up for his rights and ——"

"I'm afraid Jim's right," cuts in Bull, mild. "I like them scrappy, as you know, but it seems that Small can't be scrappy and play well too."

"Perhaps," admits the girl, "Milton is going a little far."

"Look at the box score," I suggests, "for the results of your cure. You're responsible for his new line of stuff, aren't you?"

"I certainly have tried to brighten his outlook," answered Jennie.

"And," I adds, "darken ours. You realize that Milt's flop is gonna cost us a pennant?"

"And you," says Bull, "a nice roadster. I've had it all fixed to get you one."

"It's this way," I goes on: "Small's so anxious to show off what a scrapper he is that he can't keep his mind on his work. Be a good girl, Jennie, and try to get him back where he was. Think you can?"

"Easy," laughs she. "He does everything I tell him."

Just then the door bangs open and in walks Small.

"Come on, kid," he scowls. "Think I'm going to wait out here all day for you?"

I notices Bull's jaw set at the tone of voice used by Milt, but he doesn't say anything. Jennie walks over to Small and puts an arm about his shoulder.

"Milton," says she, soft, "I didn't like the way you acted in the game today. You know," she goes on, "I think I liked you better as you were when we first met. Won't you ——"

"Cut it out," he yelps, "and come on."

"Listen to me," flames up Jennie, "or I'll never talk to you again."

"Suit yourself," shrugs Small. "No woman's going to tell me what to do and what not to do" And he slams out of the office. For a little while there is silence.

"Well," says I, "it seems you can teach a rabbit to roar, but he'll never be a rabbit again."

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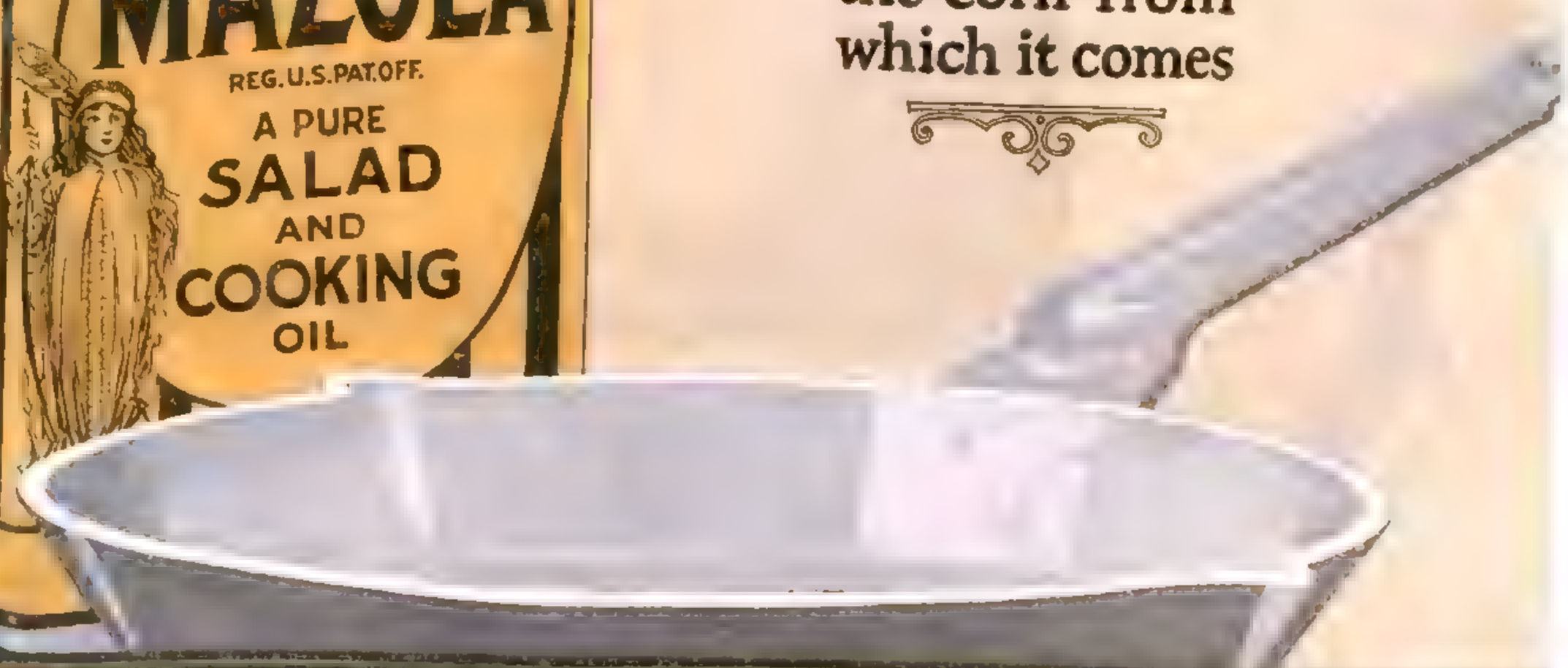

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THE CLEVER ACCOMPLICE

(Continued from Page 13)

When Barbara came she said at once that she would play a new piece on the piano for him. It was her usual pretext for getting him into the other parlor. I could hear their young patter as they sat together on the piano bench. His boyish voice was low and terse, almost gruff, hers high and lilting.

"Do you think that's a pretty piece, Hor-ace?"

"Yeh."

"Do you like this other one?"

"Yeh, sure."

"They play this one at all the roof gardens."

"Ever go to a roof garden?"

"No, not exactly. But I am, Hor-ace; sometime I am."

"Any roof gardens in Leonard?"

"No."

"Who are you going to one with?"

"Maybe with him."

"Who's him?"

"Oh, you know."

"I don't."

"You do."

I supposed they were talking about George, of course, and tried hard to read the market reports.

"How'd you happen to be with that other, anyway?"

"Why, I don't have to tell, I guess; I can be with anybody I want to, I guess."

"I never said you couldn't, but ——"

"But what, Hor-ace?"

"Well, I don't think you ought to, exactly."

"Do you think he is very—awful?" Her tone was thrilled.

"No worse than anybody," he replied with infinite cynicism. "Still, he's not right for you."

She says she begged him then, in a whisper, not to tell me; and Horace replied angrily that if she thought he was that kind of a tattletale she had another guess coming. But as I see it now, his fear and agony must have been dreadful when he saw her riding again and again with Pender. The reason he saw her when I didn't and my housekeeper didn't was because he watched the house and rode his horse habitually along the country road they took.

With the strange innocent boldness of a young girl, she had put her curls up and got into some pretty muslin dress or other, and swung on the gate again the very next night after her talk with Horace. Pender was fairly bludgeoned into stopping by her anxiety. She was so joyous as she cuddled down into the car that he had to take her a little farther this time before bringing her back.

Of course he felt he had no business letting her be seen with him. He was known all over High Ridge as a rake of the most obvious order. Even while her blithe trust must have annoyed him, his gentle care of her was almost pathetic. He was wise enough not to hint once at his bad reputation; he knew it would fan her absurd fascination by him still higher. Instead, he gave her sharp lectures about her behavior, told her to mind her parents and to try to learn something in school. It was amazing how any form of knowledge slipped off Barbara's downy mind. She still has ridiculous notions of geography.

She had fastened herself to him like a stubborn kitten, and I suppose his amusement and irritation gradually grew into liking—a fondness such as he had for his Airedale. I can't think it went very deep with him. Still ——

Sometimes they took short walks in the woods or by the Natchee River, and once she dragged him up the Ridge, our highest mountain, to show him the crevice she had discovered in the rocks, half hidden by bittersweet and barberry.

"It looks like a smuggler's cave," she told him, "and I've been inside it to see if anything was there; only nothing was and anyway it was all dark inside."

He went on these expeditions reluctantly, for he lazily disliked all forms of exercise. Frequently he had racking headaches that made him petulant. He never troubled to be very kind to her.

"Go away and let me alone," he would say, dropping into a soft place under the pines.

Pouting, she would romp in childish games with the dog Whisky, who loved her, while Pender stared moodily at the sky across his cigar. Yet he liked to have her about; he said she cheered him up. He must have been racked with more things than headaches—queer distorted emotions of envy, passion, avarice, and infrequent fury at the listlessness of his own nature.

He was always aloof with her, often rude or sullen. In spite of her protests, he was invariably punctilious about bringing her back at a proper hour. His notions about young girls were far more old-fashioned than mine, and he guarded her with a curiously jealous care.

Although Barbara was bitterly disappointed in the matter of roof gardens and pearls, she was still allured by the clandestine. It pleased her tremendously to walk down the street so as to meet him, or to get out of the racer on the edge of town.

One time after he had left her so and was driving on, his cap pulled over his gray sulky face, he was stopped by a boy on a horse that did not budge from the middle of the road. Pender was in a bad temper and he hurled fluent names and curses at the boy for making him stop. The boy's brown face whitened as he slid from the horse.

"That's what I think of you, too," he said gruffly. "Now come on, you ——!"

Staring at him, Pender burst into loud laughter.

"Sorry," he said, "I'm afraid I haven't time."

The boy was almost crying with rage, and Pender saw that something deeper had infuriated him.

"What's the matter?" said Pender. "Don't you like my looks?"

"You know what's the matter," said Horace, scuffing his toe viciously in the dirt. "You've got to leave her alone or you'll have trouble—trouble with me!" And he raised his homely tanned face, looking very fierce and worried and young.

Pender looked away at the Ridge crouching like a quiet bison in the twilight. Dark color stained his high cheek bones.

"So all you fools think that!" he said, very low. Horace scuffed his toe in the road without answering. "All right," said the man, carelessly, scornfully, and he threw the car into gear as if it were an airy whimsical gesture. Then he shot down the road, an impersonal gray streak, leaving Horace standing wretchedly in the cloud of dust.

III

I SUPPOSE it always comes to old people on seeing a young girl—the hope that experience will never touch her. A futile hope, and selfish. It seemed to me those days that I could not bear to have light-hearted little Barbara so miserable. Her sadness was as transparent as her delight. She could conceal nothing in her clear changeful eyes, and they lay now in her lovely face like dark shadowed pools. She didn't know what was the matter; she didn't know why he drove by each evening without so much as a sidewise glance; she was helpless; all she could do was swing on the gate and stare after him piteously.

At last, when her belated pride forbade her to do that, she would sit inside, trying clumsily to embroider on some frivolous pink silk garment. She would look up, I didn't know why, when she heard the tearing grind of a noisy car along the street, and then she would bend low over the big, hard, uneven knots she was making.

No, she was not in love with him. It was more simple—less simple?—than that. In truth, she had never even known him; she had known only a wicked, dashing creature whom she had imagined. Before young girls know how to be in love, they are fascinated first by some figure of their own invention. She was in love with romance; and—God help the child!—she thought this poor drab Pender was romantic.

Her summer dragged on and she was almost glad to go back to school, glad to leave High Ridge, where she had always been so happy. The evening before she left, Horace was here. And she has told me that he, too, was miserable. They were only children just beginning to play at life, but you remember and I remember the gravity of that groping play.

Barbara kept hanging out some foolish piece on the piano as if she didn't know what else to do—some English piece that came out during the war. It had a swinging rhythm:

My word! Ain't they carryin' on,
Carryin' on!
It's dreadful to think upon,
Think upon!
My word, how they're carryin' on,
There's no mistake, they're
Carryin' on!

"But will you write to me?" came Horace's voice above the banging.

"I don't know," she said carelessly, tossing her curls.

"You don't like me any more," he said, but she wouldn't stop playing. "Oh, Barbara, what's the trouble? Why don't—why don't you like me any more?"

"I do like you," she said, her fingers flying the faster.

"Come on out on the porch," he said. "I want to tell you something."

She says as soon as they stepped through the doorway he blurted out the whole scene with Pender:

"I thought I ought to tell you, because I know he hasn't stopped here since that day. You feel bad about something and I know that's it. Barbara, do you hate me for what I did?" And he caught her slender wrists so tightly in his strong hands that she fairly wrenched herself away, sobbing angrily:

"It was none of your business. Go away. I do hate you!"

She rushed in like a whirlwind, slamming the door, and then stood there listening to Horace's footsteps as he left the porch.

"Come here, child," I said, and she crept up on my knee and lay there crying a bit, but saying nothing. I smoothed her curls and the tune of that foolish song kept pounding in my ears. And after she went home I could hear it—many a night.

Those autumn evenings Horace got to dropping in. He came first to borrow a book in reference to some school debate. I was pretty lonesome; I enjoyed having him sit a while, even though he only made solemn comments on the weather and smiled bashfully. But when I got out some of my old cider he would stay longer. At last I taught him chess, and though he couldn't beat me, naturally, he found some fun in trying

"I'll beat you sometime, sir," he would always boast. I liked that.

IV

I THINK it was around the last of October the Pender affair occurred. As I say, I didn't know Pender except by sight. All I knew was that a case was up in the criminal court—the State versus Pender.

Impulsively, he had sold the gray racer to his friend Graham Means, and then insisted on buying it back. Means refused and it was alleged that Pender shot and killed Means in their drunken quarrel. The whole county was shaken by the crime, for the two young men came of quiet, decent, well-off families. All the wiseacres went about shaking their heads and saying, "I told you so. I always said something like this would happen to those good-for-nothing sports."

When she read the story in the papers, Barbara says, she crept away to her room. That day she could scarcely eat her meals. She was cold with the horror of it. She kept seeing Pender's face looking out through the bars of his cell. She kept thinking of the hours she had spent with that man whose picture now stared at her from under the icy headlines. But to this day she is a person of glorious and often preposterous loyalties. To this day she has believed that Pender was innocent.

She wrote me a hasty little letter which I could hardly make out:

"Isn't it terrible what awful things they say in the papers about people who do things—I mean like Ralph Pender did? Only I don't believe it a bit. Do you, grandpa? I think somebody has just made it up about him. If you are the judge, I hope you won't send him up, because think, grandpa, how you would feel if you punished an innocent man!

"I don't feel well, I had a chill last night and mother put the hot-water bottle in my bed and then I was too warm all night."

I didn't know what prompted her incoherent plea and I wrote back rightly that a judge must not let himself be influenced by other people's emotions, but only by the facts presented in the trial. She must have thought me very stern, for she didn't dare to beg me again.

When the case came to trial in the December term of court I had no notion of her interest in it. Her childish heart must have been sadly torn when she heard of my cruelty! It was a lenient sentence too. A killing done in passion is not murder in the first degree, of course, and the evidence was largely circumstantial—Pender's automatic, and the like.

As I faced the court room with its nervous jurors and crowding, excited people, I strongly felt the dreariness of life. Perhaps that was because of the gray snow outside, the complaining wind, the bare branches tapping ceaselessly at the windowpanes. Or perhaps it was because of Ralph Pender's face—futile and gray and dreary as the winter day. As he sat shrunken back in his chair I observed him. He seemed to me a tired young man, rather dull, who had lived stupidly and had little pleasure out of life; he had been poisoned by his own listlessness, which kept him from realizing a single ambition, a single principle. He was not even wicked; he was merely inept. Some pitiless urge to self-destruction had driven him to dissipate his health, his time. Some things he had wanted overmuch and some too little. He had never been able to balance his desires. Unimaginatively, even doggedly, he had set out to destroy himself.

After the verdict was brought in, he received almost apathetically the sentence I gave—twenty-five years at hard labor in the state prison at Leonard.

Terrified by the thought of him coming there—the crowds at the train, the guards, the handcuffs, his desolate face unshielded from the staring eyes—Barbara suddenly found the place unbearable. Fortunately her Christmas vacation was beginning and she eagerly accepted my invitation to spend the holidays in High Ridge. She had been with me only a week when we had the news that Pender had escaped from the penitentiary. She did not say she was glad; she said nothing; she merely looked at me with sad triumph. For it seemed that there was no chance of recovering him. The flurried stories were that he had been tracked to Florida, had boarded a train to New York, had shot himself. But nobody was sure—the earth seemed to have swallowed him.

Two days later Barbara went on a lonely walk up the mountain. Her face was pallid when she came back, her dark eyes feverish, and all during supper she answered my remarks absently or not at all.

V

THIS is what happened: She went on that lonely walk in a morbid desire to see again the places she had gone with Pender. And as she paused a long time by the crevice in the rock that she had childishly thought a smuggler's cave, the bushes stirred and he stepped quietly out.

"It's nothing at all," he said in a low, taut voice. "Nothing, nothing! Don't be scared, don't scream. Think of it like this: I was hiding in there, and I just stepped out. Don't look like that, child! I was afraid you would come in and be scared to death. That's why I came out, see? You see, don't you?"

Consider it as coldly as you please, he had risked his freedom to avoid terrorizing the child. As she listened to his familiar, reassuring voice her trembling left her and she could speak again

"How did you get away from there?" she whispered.

Moistening his dry lips, he answered, "Hit the guard over the head with an iron bar. Bribed another. You know. It doesn't matter. Where do they think I am?"

"New York—Florida—everywhere but here," she stammered, gazing up into his unshaven face, fascinated.

"That's why I came. They wouldn't think I'd come here, would they?" he asked, twisting his hands together nervously. Then, after a tense pause, he appealed, "What are you going to do? Tell? It's only fair to tell me what you're going to do!"

"Oh, no!" she cried, amazed at his supposition. "Why, how could I? Why, how could I do that when you didn't do it? For I never believed a minute," she said with her placid faith, "that you did it at all, of course. And there's prob'ly some way I can help you. But maybe you think I'm too young to help you."

(Continued on Page 127)

A New with many

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(Continued from Page 123)

Every minute she was growing calmer and he more unstrung.

"I need food—and water—and money," he said jerkily. "How could you help me? Barbara, for God's sake, could you help me?"

"I've got a hundred dollars in my grandfather's bank," she said proudly. "I guess a hundred dollars would help anybody, wouldn't it?"

At that he almost sobbed, he was so eager.

"Barbara, you mightn't have come! But maybe you can't do it. How do I know you can do it? Tonight, see? What time is it now? What time does the bank close? Wait! I've got to think—too excited." He wrenched himself into a false composure. "Listen now, Barbara, listen! You run right to the bank, will you? I don't mean run, really. You must act as if nothing's happened. Do you know how to draw your money out? Good! Just put it right in your pocket and go home. Don't say anything to anybody. About nine o'clock, when it's good and dark, make an excuse to go somewhere—to the library, maybe ——"

"I never go there," she interrupted breathlessly; "to the movies is better."

"All right. Bring the money up here then. You won't be frightened, will you? Poor Barbara! All I need is the money. If I get away, you know, I'll pay you back."

"But how will you get away?" she demanded.

Suspiciously he studied her face a moment, making sure of her sincerity.

"There's a freighter, see, that's due up the river tonight at ten. That's why I came here just when I did, because I knew that freighter would be along here on its last trip. I've hung around with the captain some. He's a skunk, but he'll do it for a little money. Do you think that's a good plan?" he asked anxiously. "Do you think it will work?"

"Why, of course it will," she assured him. "I guess I'd better go now; it's quite a walk to the bank and I'll have to hurry."

She had started away, her small face solemn above the absurd pink wool scarf she wore muffled around her throat.

"Come back here!" he called. As she turned about he said, "Maybe I won't see you again; maybe you won't be able to get back up here. But don't worry, don't fret, and—good-by, Barbara." At once she held out her warm hand, but he just touched it with his chilled fingers. "Be a good girl," he said wistfully. "Work hard and learn, you know."

She nodded and trudged off down the hill.

VI

HER odd manner at supper, her great dark eyes fixed so absently on her plate, baffled and disturbed me. I grew a little irascible during the evening, and when, about nine o'clock, she began putting on her wraps in the hall I felt I must interfere.

"Where are you going, Barbara?" I said, a thing I seldom had to ask.

A piteous fear came into her face.

"To the movies with George," she tried to say carelessly.

I don't know why, but I thought Barbara was lying to me for the first time.

"My dear little girl," I said, "I don't think you should go out again tonight. You've been to three parties this week. Why don't you stay home quietly with me?"

"But I promised to go," she said, beginning to shiver standing there in the drafty hall.

"If I let you grow too giddy your mamma won't allow you to visit me any more," I reasoned. "No, Barbara, not again tonight. I'm sorry, but I've got to come down on you a little."

Still clutching her coat, she walked stiffly up the stairs.

"I'll go to bed then," she choked, and went on to her room without kissing me good night, as was her custom.

I sat a long time in the library, feeling upset and annoyed. At last there was a ring at the door and Horace came in. His pleasant ugly face suddenly struck me as very fine. I wondered why my granddaughter should prefer that young pup of a George. She had had some quarrel with Horace, I knew, and now here he was, shyly hoping to catch a glimpse of her. He muttered something about wanting a book to read and I soon had him in my cozy library, toasting his feet at the fire.

"Just wait a moment," I said diplomatically; "I'll call Barbara down, for I'm sure she'll not want to miss you."

I thought she was sitting up there sulking and would be pleased to be called down. But when I knocked at her door there was of course no answer. I peeped in and saw she was gone. She had made use of the back stairs to keep her appointment. In a confusion of emotions I returned to the room below.

"Play me a game of chess," I said abruptly, "for I think she has gone out somewhere and will soon be back."

We set out the chessmen, the old satiny pieces glistening cream and black in the firelight.

"You move first, sir," said Horace.

We played in silence. But at each faint step outside on the frozen walk we stirred and looked up. I grew more and more uneasy. . . . Barbara, Barbara, where have you gone on this cold winter night? . . . And the boy caught something of my tenseness, but he went on, doggedly trapping my men.

"Ah, I didn't see that!" I murmured again and again while the board swam vaguely before my eyes.

After long cautious thought he moved a castle, getting a second line on my queen.

"Check," I said, mechanically advancing my bishop. And he hurried his castle back to protect his king.

The clock ticked loudly as we surveyed the board, and sometimes an ember in the grate crackled and burst into flame like a red flower. Now he moved his remaining knight with a deliberate hand.

"Check," he said, his eyes shining triumphantly.

I studied a second and then looked sheepish.

"Checkmate," I said, for the young rascal had beaten me. It was a great moment for him, a real victory, and he could scarcely conceal his cockiness. He had been working for it all winter, as he had not beaten me before—or since, I may add.

But he forgot his triumph the instant he looked up and saw Barbara standing in the hall. She had come quietly in through the kitchen door and walked straight into the front hall as if she didn't know what she were doing. Now she was standing there motionless, her head on one side as if she were listening, and her face looked like a ghost's.

"Barbara!" I cried, springing from my chair. "What's the matter with you?" for she looked so strange.

"Hush!" she said, catching her breath.

She waited there again as if she were listening, and although I stood by the fire, my spine crept with cold and I listened too. The boy, who also had risen, stared at the floor without speaking.

There was no sound but the clock's ticking. Then up from the river came the faint hoarse whistle of a freighter, and all at once Barbara seemed to crumple down against the stairs.

VII

HORACE was first to reach her, and he lifted her up in his strong young arms as if she were very precious, and he put her down tenderly upon the sofa. She had not fainted; she said her knees just gave way.

"I didn't go anywhere; I just went for a walk because I had a headache. Don't scold me, grandpa," she said, looking at me brightly.

I couldn't scold her, I dared not even question her; and besides, Horace was still sitting there clutching her hand with a look of deep oblivion on his face. At first she pretended not to notice him, and then she laughed and began to rattle off nonsense.

"I'm all right now; you needn't to hold my hand, Hor-ace. Isn't it funny how things get all right? It seems as if they wouldn't and then they do!"

But I noticed she didn't take her hand away, and once, I am sure, she gave his a violent squeeze.

"Horace is a nice boy," she said suddenly, after he had gone. "Do you know, grandpa, it seems to me tonight he is about the nicest person I know—except you, grandpa," she added politely.

As I said, she is a lovely thing, she is twenty-one years old and going to be married next June. That may seem young; yet she's better off married, a girl like Barbara.

Horace hesitates to marry her. He thinks she is an heiress because she has ten thousand dollars in the bank. When the notification came, accompanied by a terse letter from some lieutenant, Barbara did not seem very surprised. She has no sense about money and wanted at once to buy a limousine, a fur coat, a mesh bag and Pender's old Airedale. All the astonishment was felt by her folks and by the people in Leonard.

"Some soldier," they whispered in awed tones, "saw her high-school picture in the paper and made out his government insurance to her!"

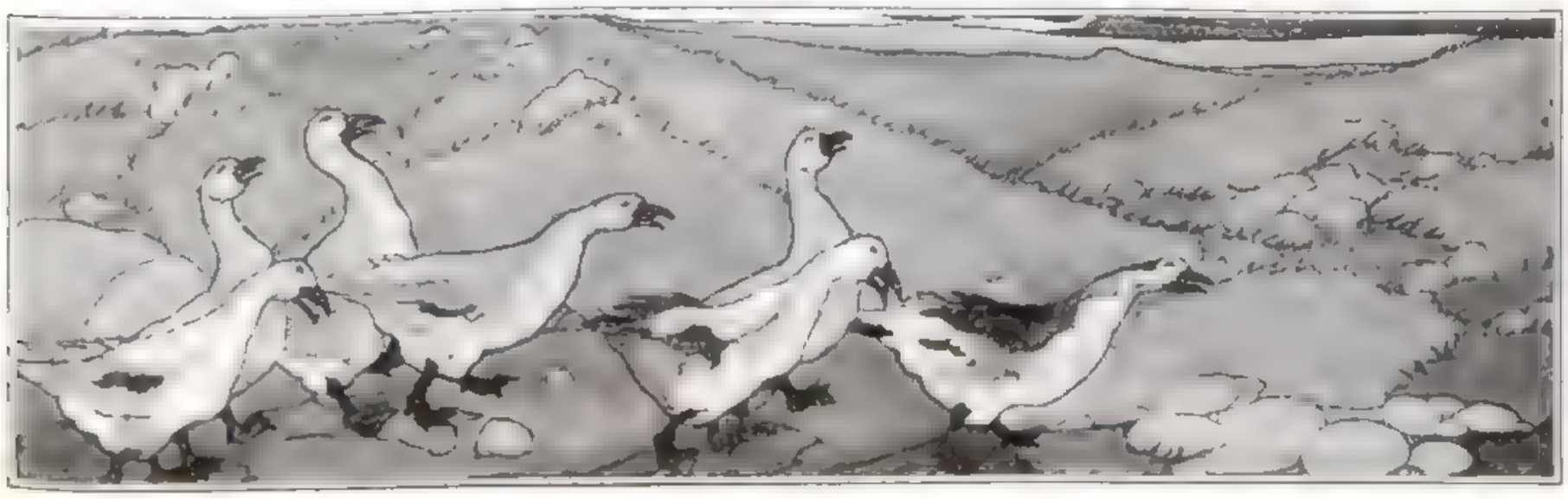
And even her family treated her with reverence because she was so convincingly pretty. Still, they wouldn't let her buy any of those silly things and made her invest her money in bonds at four per cent.

I am the only person to whom she ever told the true story. She showed me the letter that came from Germany. It was written stiffly by some young officer who had, I suspected, not liked his dead comrade too well and was merely setting down stock phrases of unfelt regret for Private Frank K. Lewis. He had died of influenza after a few months' service with the American Army of Occupation in Germany. They needed men badly for that business and were taking almost anybody. Barbara and I alone have guessed who that queer, morose, unliked private really was.

"And it is strange," she said, with naïve wonder at chance, "that he got away from so much trouble and danger and then just simply died—over there—like that."

After this, Barbara grew rapidly older, as girls do. She worried enormously about her collar bone and couldn't wait for her arms and shoulders to grow up. She had seen the destruction of her first romantic conception and that is always the first step toward maturity. She had seen the house with golden windows, and knows now, I think, that they were only glass with her fancy shining on them. But she is little changed. She is still Barbara. She will always be inventing golden windows. That may be a good thing or a bad thing.

Well, well! We old people, we like to sit and talk about youth.



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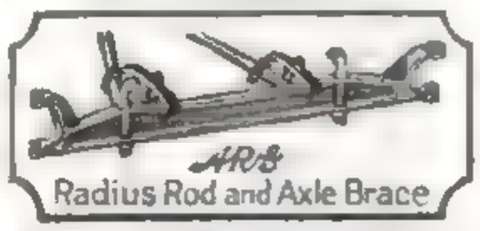

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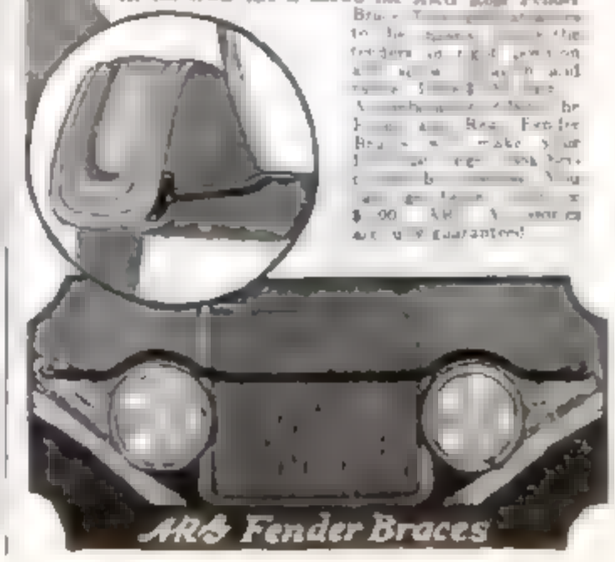

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Good for 1,000,000 Steps Liquid Granite!

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Many helpful suggestions for making home a more delightful place to live are contained in this little handbook of decorating information. Just send 10 cents to Dept "S" to cover mailing costs.

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BERRY BROTHERS INC.

Varnishes Enamels Stains

Detroit, Mich. Walkerville, Ont.

"Save the surface and you save all" - Boyd Hood

THE CHANNAY SYNDICATE

(Continued from Page 37

everything that I have touched for years has been bad. I get poorer and poorer, Mr. Channay. Fifteen thousand pounds of that money I owe now, and I will be a bankrupt unless I pay. My creditors have given me time because I tell them that when you come out there is money for me. Mr. Channay, you wouldn't want to ruin me!"

Gilbert Channay smiled as though the idea amused him.

"You didn't seem to mind doing worse than ruining me," he observed.

"But it was not my idea!" Levy cried hysterically. "I was against it. I signed the affidavit only because if I had not the others would have scooped in the money and there would have been nothing for me. On my honor, Mr. Channay, this is the truth."

He paused to wipe the beads of perspiration from his forehead. His eyes were watery, his thick red lips all a-quiver.

"Tell me precisely what happened?" Channay demanded, after a moment's reflection.

"It was like this," Levy explained: "I was in New York. I was trying to sell some shares in an orange grove there, but no brokers would help me. In New York everybody is so suspicious. Then I got a letter."

"From whom?" Channay asked.

"From Sinclair Coles," Levy continued, dropping his voice a little as though afraid of being overheard even in the empty room. "Sir Sinclair Coles he is now. He wrote me that although they hadn't believed it at first, there was a fortune in these Nyasa shares, and that they had been applied for on behalf of the Channay Syndicate in our joint names. He said that you hadn't treated the company quite fair—that five shares to you was too much—and he said that Kulse should come and see me in New York with a proposition."

"And Kulse came?"

"He came the next day. He brought the affidavit and stayed with me until I went to a lawyer and signed it."

"Tell me exactly what he said," Channay insisted.

"I tell you everything," Levy promised, mopping once more his damp forehead. "Afterward you must treat me right for it. Kulse told me that everyone thought your five shares to their one was too much, and they had a scheme for getting rid of you. You signed the balance sheets for the Siamese Corporation so as to pay the application money for the Nyasa shares. That was before they began to boom. Mr. Kulse told me that the other members of the syndicate had held a meeting in London; they felt they hadn't been treated fair by you, so they proposed to have you lagged for signing those false balance sheets, and while you were in prison they would distribute the shares equally."

"Didn't it occur to you that this was a very dirty piece of work?" Channay asked sternly. "You were to put me into prison for a technical offense, committed not for myself but for the syndicate, and whilst I was safely in prison you were to help yourselves to the funds. How does that seem to you now, Mark Levy—a fair deal?"

The tortured man groaned.

"I was a fool when I listened," he admitted; "but, you see, I would have got forty-five thousand pounds instead of thirty. Forty-five thousand pounds! Kulse kept on telling me that until I couldn't bear it, so I swore on the affidavit that you was the one responsible for the Siamese Corporation accounts; that none of us others had been shown them to the best of my knowledge; and that we none of us knew that the whole of the cash balance had been withdrawn for the purchase of Nyasa shares. So, you see, with eight members of the syndicate swearing that they knew nothing of the accounts and me signing an affidavit—well, they figured it out that you wouldn't have a show."

"I didn't," Gilbert Channay assented. "I got five years' penal servitude for something which we all agreed upon jointly, and with the shares of the company standing at that moment at a higher price than the people paid for them and the Siamese Corporation even in a better financial position than their balance sheet showed."

"It was terrible," Mr. Levy faltered.

Gilbert Channay walked to the window for a moment and looked out at the steep sunlit street, the crowds of people and the busy stream of motor cars and vehicles of every description. Perhaps there was something in his face which he did not care for his companion to see. When he turned round his expression was purely negative.

"Levy," he said, "I would like you to understand this matter from my point of view. Some years ago eleven of us formed a little syndicate to conduct certain financial operations. I think I can say without undue conceit that I had most of the brains, as I certainly had most of the capital. We agreed that the profits should be pooled into fifteen shares, of which I should have five and the remaining members one each. Is that right?"

"Quite right, quite right, Mr. Channay. You were very much the cleverest of us all. We ought to have been content."

"A good many of our transactions," Gilbert Channay continued, "were pretty close to the wind. We were dealing with all sorts of people—sharks, speculators and, I suppose, a few mugs. We took our first risk with the Siamese Corporation. I signed balance sheets which certainly gave an optimistic view of the company's properties, and which the law courts have since decided were fraudulent. Fraudulent or not, however, my valuations turned out to be correct, and a very large profit was the result. We made so much that you others grew dissatisfied. You were making, or I was making for you, more money than you had ever made before in your lives; but one and all you grudged me my share. You went into a conspiracy."

"It was not my idea," Levy muttered.

"You forgot that you had me to thank for a very pleasant little fortune. To possess yourselves of my share as well as your own, you raked up this Siamese Corporation affair, which if we had all stuck together would never have come to the law courts. You plotted to put me into a false position, believing that you would be able to handle the whole of the funds of the syndicate during my retirement. That is right, isn't it, Levy? You signed your false affidavit with the idea of getting me into trouble and helping yourself to my share of the profits during my absence. Right or wrong?"

"Quite true, Mr. Channay," Levy confessed. "I was a fool. I was led away."

"You were all fools," Gilbert Channay continued, "to think that I should leave the money where anyone could get at it but myself. However, you have confessed and that is an end of it. You have confessed to an act of incredible meanness, and now I will show you how I propose to return good for evil."

Mr. Levy began to tremble again. His eyes grew like beads as they followed his companion's movements. The latter withdrew his check book from his pocket, stretched it out upon the table, dipped his pen in the ink and wrote. As though he were obeying some natural law of fascination, Mr. Levy rose stealthily from his seat, moved across the room and looked over the other's shoulder. What he saw was like a message from paradise:

Pay to Mark Levy
the sum of thirty thousand pounds.
GILBERT CHANNAY.

Veritable tears stood in his eyes. There was a real gulp in his throat. It was a wonderful moment.

"Mr. Channay—my dear friend—my dear sir," he exclaimed, as he took the check into his pudgy trembling fingers, "what can I say?"

"Don't say anything," Gilbert Channay advised quietly. "I shall probably treat one or two of the other members of the syndicate in practically the same fashion. You are going to learn a new quality in life."

Mr. Levy's eyes were glued to the check.

"Your handwriting, Mr. Channay," he remarked sympathetically, "is not what it used to be. It is very shaky and much larger."

"You forget where I have spent the last few years," was the dry rejoinder.

Levy coughed and changed the subject.

"Norwich and Norfolk Bank," he murmured, still gloating over his treasure.

Gilbert Channay pointed out through the window.

"Across the street there," he said. "You can draw your money and be off back to London by the next train."

By marking danger wherever it exists, State Highway Commissions have prevented numberless accidents. *This is the day of prevention.* Officials everywhere, as well as medical and dental authorities, are designating Danger Lines that demand our constant attention.

Watch out for Pyorrhea at THE DANGER LINE

LOOK at your teeth in a mirror. See those little V-shaped crevices where your gums meet your teeth? They are very tiny, but you will find them there. They form The Danger Line.

In those little crevices which extend around each tooth, food gathers and ferments, forming acids which lead to decayed teeth, infected gums, abscesses—often to Pyorrhea. Heart trouble, kidney disease, undermined health—all may result from infection due to Acid Decay at The Danger Line.

Ask your dentist and he will tell you that Milk of Magnesia has been used for years to neutralize those acids in the mouth which attack the teeth and gums. *Squibb's Dental Cream is made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia.*

Brush your teeth regularly with Squibb's Dental Cream and guard against Acid Decay and Pyorrhea—and soothe and strengthen tender gums. Squibb's Dental Cream will keep your teeth clean and protected, and promote the hygienic condition of your entire mouth.

You will like the pleasing flavor of Squibb's Dental Cream, made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. At druggists'.

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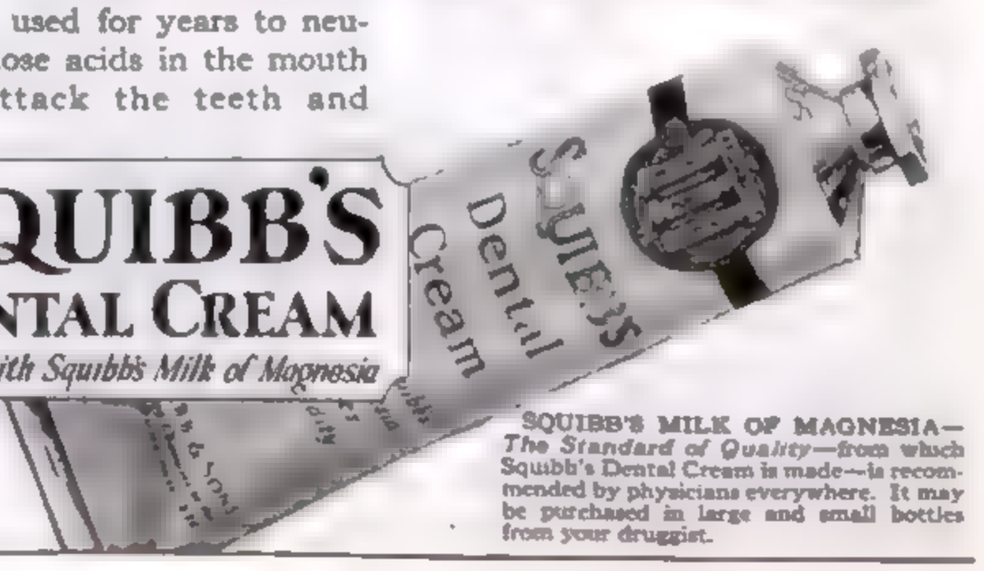
SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM
Made with Squibb's Milk of Magnesia



SQUIBB'S MILK OF MAGNESIA—*The Standard of Quality*—from which Squibb's Dental Cream is made—is recommended by physicians everywhere. It may be purchased in large and small bottles from your druggist.

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Protecting Health

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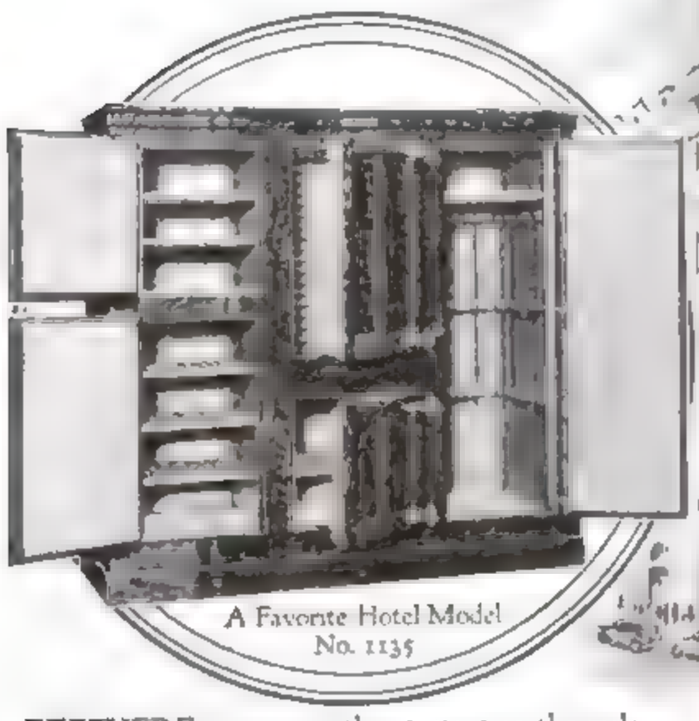

A Favorite Hotel Model No. 1135

WHERE service without stint is the rule, and perishable foods must be kept in large quantities, *pure and temptingly palatable*, there you find McCray refrigerators.

From single units to complete equipment for the largest institutions, McCray supplies every need for efficient, health-protecting, food-saving refrigerators. Patented construction; unvarying quality in materials, skilled craftsmanship, and care with every hidden detail insure enduring satisfaction.

All McCray models are easily adapted for use with any type of mechanical refrigeration. Styles for homes, hotels, restaurants, hospitals, institutions, stores, markets and florist shops. Residence models from $35 up. Send now for catalog, Free, and suggestions for equipment to meet your needs

A popular McCray residence model, the 460, is illustrated above Below is the 411, used in grocery stores throughout the country; efficient, economical in operation, enduring.

McCRAY REFRIGERATOR CO.
3512 Lake Street Kendallville, Indiana

Salesrooms in All Principal Cities
See Telephone Directory

Flowers are perfectly kept in their delicate beauty and fragrant freshness in this McCray Model 620 A striking tribute to McCray efficiency is the fact that florists everywhere use these refrigerators.

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- ☐ Hotels, Clubs;
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- ☐ Grocery Stores,
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LOOK FOR THE McCRAY NAMEPLATE

On the refrigerator equipment in the better stores, markets, hotels, hospitals, restaurants, florist shops and in homes, this nameplate gives positive assurance of foods kept pure, fresh and wholesome.

McCRAY REFRIGERATORS

for all purposes

Mr. Levy picked up his hat and held out his hand, of which Channay took no notice.

"I will not pretend," the latter concluded, "that I have forgiven you. Perhaps later on in life I may do so. I am teaching you a little lesson, which I hope you will take to your heart. Good morning."

The excited man was incoherent but precipitate. With the check clasped tightly between his fingers, he hurried out of the room, down the stairs, across the hall and into the street. In more leisurely fashion, with his check book still in his hand, his benefactor followed him. Mr. Levy entered the bank without recognition from anybody and took up his position before the desk of one of the cashiers. Gilbert Channay received a cordial and respectful welcome from the liveried attendant, smiles and bows from those of the employes who caught his eye as he made his way past the backs of customers to the manager's office, to which he was instantly admitted. The latter welcomed him smilingly.

"Glad to see you again, Mr. Channay," he said. "What can I do for you?"

His client displayed his check book.

"Rather foolishly," he explained, "I left this in my sitting room for a few minutes this morning, and when I returned there I found a very suspicious character waiting for me—a man whom I have every reason to mistrust. After his departure I saw that a check had been torn out. I simply came across to stop payment of the check in case of any trouble."

"Quite so," the manager concurred; "quite so. If you will excuse me for one moment I will go out and give orders myself to the cashiers. It is market day here, as you know, and we are so terribly busy that we should only lose time if I were to send a message."

He hurried out to the bank and Gilbert Channay lounged in the very handsome leather-covered chair, whistling softly to himself. The manager was gone for several minutes. When he returned he was followed by a little procession. First of all came a cashier. With him was Mark Levy, and behind, the stalwart defender of the door. At a gesture from the manager the latter remained outside.

"Here is the gentleman who gave me the check," Mr. Levy declared, pointing to Channay. "He gave it to me himself not five minutes ago."

Channay looked at him with a portentous frown.

"I gave you a check!" he repeated incredulously. "Why, I refused to pay your fare from London even! Do I understand," he continued, turning toward the manager, "that this man has presented a check purporting to be signed by me?"

The cashier silently handed him the oblong slip of paper.

"The handwriting, as you will see, Mr. Channay," he pointed out, "is very unlike yours, and the signature does not correspond at all with the signature we have, nor does your private mark appear under the 'Channay.' I was bringing the check in to Mr. Brown here for instructions when he came out."

"This check is a forgery," Channay announced quietly; "an impudent, inconceivable forgery."

The manager touched the bell and whispered a word to the attendant. The countenance of Mark Levy was an amazing epitome of consternation, fear and bewilderment.

"But, Mr. Channay, my dear sir, is this a joke? I don't understand. This is the check you gave me this morning for my share of the syndicate funds."

Channay looked at the distressed man coldly.

"You will scarcely improve matters by trying to brazen it out, Levy," he warned him. "You came whining to me this morning and you know very well what my reply was. It seems that you have attempted to help yourself. I wash my hands of the affair. It remains between you and the bank."

"But you mean that you are going to deny that you gave me the check?" Levy gasped.

Channay turned from him contemptuously.

"The check," he assured the manager, "is, as anyone can see, simply a clumsy forgery. This man came whining to me to pay him money in connection with a syndicate to which we both belonged years ago. My reply to him was definite enough. I told him he would have to discover a new quality in human nature before he found even a rich man making a tout of his class a present of thirty thousand pounds."

Mr. Levy's red lips were twitching. There was a ghastly pallor in his face, drops of sweat upon his forehead. He struggled for speech in vain. There was a knock at the door, a brief response from the manager, the reappearance of the bank attendant followed by an inspector of police. Gilbert Channay rose to his feet.

"This, I imagine, is your affair, Mr. Brown," he said, addressing the manager. "My evidence is at your disposal at any time. A more barefaced and preposterous attempt at forgery I never saw. A matter of five years, I should think, Levy," he went on, turning toward him. "We shall be able to compare experiences."

There was a whispered word from the manager. The inspector laid his hand upon Levy's shoulder. The latter started as though he had been stung.

"I won't go!" he cried. "This is a conspiracy! It's ruin! Mr. Channay, say something! For God's sake, say something!"

"If I were to trust myself to speak," Gilbert Channay rejoined calmly, "I might say too much. You have made a very serious mistake in life, Levy, and, as other and better men have done before you, you are going to pay for it."

The inspector of police and his charge passed from the room, the latter almost in a state of collapse. Channay shook hands with the manager.

"A most extraordinary piece of good fortune," he remarked, "that I should have come to you at once. I very nearly left it until after luncheon, even though I knew that the check must have been stolen. Then I remembered what a wrong 'un the fellow was. I see your cashier noticed the absence of the two little dots in the loop of the *y*."

The manager smiled benignly.

"One of the clumsiest attempts at forgery within my experience," he observed.

"Positively asking for trouble," his client agreed as he took his leave.

An hour or so later Channay, his hired car filled with his various purchases, left the city and turned eastward. There was a faint smile upon his lips as he leaned back amongst the cushions; a smile of reminiscence, not in the least malicious, but the placid smile of one who has succeeded in some interesting task. He thought of the man whom he had last seen in the magistrate's court, a policeman on either side, without the slightest compunction. He recalled his own evidence with satisfaction and self-approbation. This was entirely according to plan. He was by no means a sentimentalist and he felt no shadow of regret at what he had done. If he had borne false evidence, he had borne it against a man whose chief weapon it had been. He had returned evil for evil, subtlety for subtlety There was not a single quality pertaining to his victim which entitled him to consideration The only astounding thing was the way Mark Levy had walked into the trap, and that within a few hours of his release one of his ten enemies should have been dealt with His thoughts naturally wandered on to the others. He sat up a little in the car. The sun was hot, but with every mile there came a keener tang of ozone in the breeze from eastward. There came into his mind, one by one, memories of these men with whom he had worked and dined, and in whose company he had wandered through the tortuous ways of the financial world.

Isham had grown fat and vicious, Sinclair Coles more saturnine than ever, and without a doubt less principled. Mark Levy had always been an object of contempt: the worst kind of fool, humble but grasping, servile yet untrustworthy. He was always doomed to be an easy victim, but there were some of the others! Channay's face grew a little grimmer in the sunshine as he thought of them. Each in turn should pay, if it cost him his life. No need, he thought, for him to go and seek for them. The pages of his check book were the bait which would draw them to him. Even if he had chosen for refuge the other end of the world, they would come. There might be a day or two's delay, sometimes a week, sometimes a month, but he possessed the irresistible magnet. In the end they would come.

Some days later Gilbert Channay, attired in a gray fisherman's sweater, gray knickerbockers and waders, was standing on the narrowest point of the little spit of

(Continued on Page 133)

Radiola III, that gets far stations on the headphones, and nearby stations on a loudspeaker. With two Radiotrons WD-11, and headphones . . $35

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WHY

GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION AND STANDARD OIL COMPANY (N.J.) HAVE JOINED IN ORGANIZING THE ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

to promote the use of a more efficient motor fuel

IT IS recognized by all authorities that the petroleum resources of the United States are limited.

To prevent their exhaustion it is essential that the nation should begin at once to use gasoline more efficiently.

The so-called "knock" in gasoline engines is a symptom of the inefficient use of gasoline—an indication that the fuel and the motor are not properly coördinated.

For years the laboratories of General Motors and Standard Oil Company of New Jersey have conducted independent researches to discover a treatment of gasoline which would remove the causes of knocking.

The result of uniting their effort is the Ethyl Brand of Anti-Knock Material which several of the leading oil companies are now adding to their motor fuel and retailing under the name of Ethyl Gasoline.

Production is still far behind the demand. Months must pass before Ethyl Gasoline will be available to all motorists.

Meanwhile, in every test, this new fuel is proving its superiority. It is adding much to the motoring satisfaction of those who have the good fortune to live in territories where it is now distributed.

But the principal interest of General Motors and Standard Oil Company of New Jersey is in the developments which will follow its general distribution. These developments will contribute immensely to the conservation of petroleum.

NOTE: This advertisement is published not to increase sales—the present production being oversold—but to explain the purpose behind the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation. Another announcement will appear in an early issue of The Saturday Evening Post. Watch for it.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION

(Continued from Page 130

land upon the base of which was his temporary abode. The pallor of his years of confinement had almost disappeared during these days of fresh sea winds and warm sunshine. He had a gun under his arm. In the marshes there was always an odd snipe in the daytime, and, beyond the breakwater, a string of flighting duck at twilight. By his side—a somewhat inappropriate figure in so desolate a region—stood Parsons, his immaculate servant, dressed, with some desire to subscribe to his rural surroundings, in a blue serge suit instead of black, but wearing the inevitable black tie and preserving still the slightly deferential air which was part of his nature.

"I followed out your instructions so far as I was able, sir," he explained. "You wanted a place for a month or two with something to be had in the shape of sport—a place that was inaccessible and where it was possible to watch the approach of a stranger. No one can reach the house, even at low tide, except by walking that mile of rough track, and at high tide it is only the locals who care to tackle it; and from the sea—well, one would have to know these waters thoroughly, sir, to get in through the shoals and down the creek, even when the tide's running."

"It's a wonderful spot, Parsons," his master declared; "suits me down to the ground. Sea fishing, rough shooting and all the books I asked for. I hope your wife doesn't mind the loneliness of it."

"Mrs. Parsons feels as I do, sir," the man replied; "that no sacrifice on our part could be too great if we could do anything to make you comfortable after those wicked years. We're hoping, though, that later on you'll feel like mixing with your friends again."

Gilbert Channay smiled pleasantly.

"You needn't be afraid, either of you," he said, "that a little trouble such as I've had is going to make a hermit of me. I've a few matters to attend to, Parsons, and I think I can deal with them better from here. When they're arranged I think I'll try London and Paris for a few months, and afterwards I shall probably buy a house either here or in Devonshire."

Parsons coughed.

"You'll excuse my mentioning it, sir," he begged "it's a great liberty, I know—but I've seen you sometimes the last few days look as though you were watching for someone."

"I expect to receive a few visitors, Parsons," Channay admitted cheerfully.

"I'm thinking sometimes, sir," Parsons went on, "of those who were responsible for the thing which happened to you. You wouldn't wish to court further trouble, sir, by trying—I mean by trying to get level with them, sir, or anything of that sort? I hope I'm not presuming, sir."

"Not at all," Channay assured him. "Go ahead, Parsons."

"There's that Mr. Mark Levy, sir. He was one of the gang," the man continued. "He got what he deserved at the Norfolk Assizes all right—three years hard—and I wish it were ten. Well, if I might put it roughly, sir, that was a bit of your own back, wasn't it? Quite by accident, like. You're not going to worry about all the others? They'll come to a bad end all right."

Gilbert Channay started to walk toward the house, removing the cartridges from his gun.

"I'm not at all sure, Parsons," he said, "that the boot may not be on the other leg. These people may be coming to try to find me. You see, I have a great deal of money in hand, to which some of them think that they have a claim. Personally I think they have forfeited that claim, but opinions differ. They may look at it differently. I expect I shall have an importunate visitor or two."

"I've known you, Mr. Channay, sir," Parsons persisted, "since you were a lad at school and afterwards at college, and for that bit of time you were in the army—before your father, sir, lost all that money and you went into the City. You were always a little on the daring side, sir. You're safish now and you've plenty of money. There's such a thing as having too much courage. You won't—look for trouble, sir? We don't want—no one wants—to lose you again."

Gilbert Channay paused at the gate which led into his little domain and handed over his gun.

"Parsons," he said, "you're a good fellow. You're talking common sense too. I'll let you into a secret. I want to get level with those who have wronged me more than anything else in life. I don't think I shall start enjoying things thoroughly until some of those little affairs have been cleared up; but never forget this—what happens to them is their lookout. I am going to take care of myself. . . . Now go and telephone to Padmore's in Norwich for some more of the Number Eight cartridges and for the duck shot, and tell Mrs. Parsons to let me have an omelet like yesterday's for luncheon. I'm going to walk to the end of the creek."

"You'll have the tide up in about three-quarters of an hour, sir," Parsons reminded him.

"I'll watch it," his master promised.

Gilbert Channay scrambled down the grassy bank and across the mud bottom of the creek where his little yawl and dinghy lay high and dry. On the other side was a great strip of marsh, stretching away to the mainland, with here and there a bank of sea lavender, many bog holes, where the grass was emerald green, and, farther away, the sluggish silvery streak of the long inlet which led from the sea to the old village; a picturesque medley of red-tiled roofs clustering around the harbor, where the small freighters and fishing boats lay, also upon the mud now, and at all manner of angles. Behind and beyond, the country, deep colored and rich soiled, a patchwork of gold and stubble and dark-green meadowland, sloped upward to a long ridge crowned with belts of fir trees. The tower of a fine old church stood out vividly against the empty background. There were farmhouses with their little bordering of ricks, a ribbon of road winding its way into a wood.

Down that road, as Channay stood gazing meditatively landward, came an automobile; a shapeless thing at that distance, but with the sun flashing on its brighter parts until it seemed at times almost on fire. It disappeared into the village and Channay found himself watching the spot at the back of the quay where it would emerge, unless it stayed at one or other of the two inns in the main street. The sun was beating down upon him where he stood, a lark was singing directly overhead, the sky was cloudless save for one or two little filmy fragments of white gossamer, almost burned into vapor by the noonday heat.

Channay was no longer looking about him aimlessly. He watched that little opening at the end of the village street with eyes that never faltered. Presently the automobile reappeared, swung round upon the quay and made its way along the rough stretch of road which led to only one other low-lying farmhouse on the edge of the mainland and to Seaman's Grange, which was the name of his own abode. He followed its jolting progress until it came to a standstill in front of the black gate half a mile away, on which was painted the name of his house. The chauffeur asked a question of a wagoner lumbering up to the farm, and presently, leaving his seat, opened the door of the car. He talked for a minute or two to its occupant and Channay's face hardened as he watched the descent of a tall slim figure—the figure of a woman. The chauffeur held open the gate, through which she passed, pausing for a moment, apparently to turn round and give him a final order.

Then she set out upon the walk along the raised grass dike bank, which was the sole possible approach to the Grange.

Channay scrambled once more across the creek, up which now a thin finger of salt water was slowly stealing, opened the door of his singular dwelling, mounted to the first floor and made his way to a window. On the broad sill lay a revolver, a box of cartridges, a shotgun and a pair of field glasses. He raised the latter to his eyes and studied the slowly advancing figure. He had no need to look twice. There was no other woman in the world who walked with that peculiar swinging grace.

So they had found him out already! She came, no doubt, as an ambassador. How typical of the men who sent her! On his way downstairs he paused for a moment to speak to Mrs. Parsons. Then he went out on the little circular lawn in front of the Grange and leaned with his back against the flag post, waiting. A brick wall surrounded the whole of the small demesne, and from where he stood the approaching figure was invisible. Before long, however, he heard the swinging to of the outer gate and the raising of the latch of the postern. He moved forward and met her at the commencement of the tiled walk.

"This is a great honor," he said, with a low bow.

She advanced toward him, her great brown eyes filled with appeal; a little fearful, for once not altogether sure of herself.

"Gilbert," she pleaded, "this is not my fault. They made me come."

"I can imagine," he replied, "that it is scarcely an expedition you would undertake for pleasure."

She shivered.

"You have changed so much, Gilbert," she continued. "You never used to say things just to hurt. Why are you living in so strange a place?"

"It rather appeals to me," he explained. "Besides, I am like the medieval baron in his fortress. I can spy out intruders and prepare."

"You saw me coming?"

"Directly you left the road. You see, there are only two approaches—along the dike bank and up the creek, and it is only when the tide is high that the creek is useful."

"Why do you declare war upon everyone?" she demanded, with a sudden little note of passion in her tone. "Why don't you behave like a reasonable person? You would still be rich. There are many of your friends who would be only too anxious to welcome you back."

"You did not, I presume," he remarked, "come here to discuss my future."

"I did not," she agreed. "It was an idea of Sinclair's that brought me—of his and George's. Presently I shall tell you about it."

"You will come in?" he invited. "Or there are chairs here, and a seat just outside the wall. We can watch the tide come up the creek if you like. It is rather fascinating as it begins to deepen."

"I should like to sit outside," she decided. "Can I have a glass of wine first? I am fainting. They made me start in the small hours so as to get back before dark."

"By all means," he acquiesced, turning toward the house.

Parsons met them, however, announcing luncheon. They sat side by side at a roun l table in the quaintly shaped dining room. The woman ate and drank almost mechanically. She seemed to find the position difficult. Channay, on the other hand, though once or twice he relapsed into thought, appeared entirely at his ease. At his suggestion, their coffee was brought to them outside. They sat in two basket chairs, watching the long tongue of salt water steal into the creek, lapping with more and more insistency at the bottoms of the two boats.

"They sent me," the woman began, suddenly breaking a short silence, "because Sinclair has had charge of a document which he thinks you would like to see. The very fact that I offer it to you now is their confession. Nothing can expiate or justify in any way what they did, but this document they think would interest you."

She gave him a roll of thick legal paper—a little yellow at the edges and worn where it had been folded to go into the long envelope from which she drew it. Gilbert Channay smoothed it out upon his knee and read:

122a, Pall Mall,
London, S.W.

We, the undersigned, have come to this agreement:

1. That Gilbert Channay has taken advantage of his position as head of our syndicate to demand an unfair and unjust share of the profits;

2. That we all agree to give such evidence as the lawyers advise us is necessary to secure the conviction of Gilbert Channay on the charge of signing a fraudulent balance sheet with reference to the affairs of the Siamese Corporation;

3. That should Gilbert Channay be convicted, the funds in hand be divided equally amongst the undersigned.

ISHAM — MALCOLM DROOD
SINCLAIR COLES — GEORGE F. BROWNING
EDWARD SAYERS — NICHOLAS EUPHRATOS
MATTHEW BAYNES — GILES ANDERTON
MARK LEVY, by power of attorney.

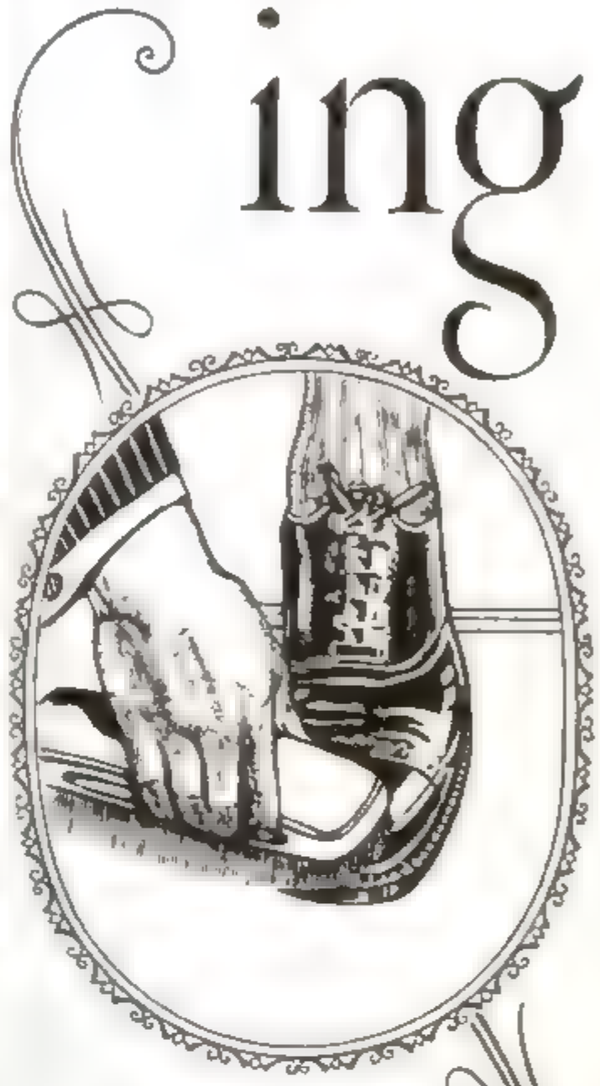
Channay read with stony face; but when he had finished, his mouth seemed to have hardened and the half-bantering light had left his eyes.

"A more cold-blooded, blackguardly document," he pronounced calmly, "I have never come across in my life."

"It is simply horrible," she admitted. "Of course they try to say that you overreached them, that in the City such things

(Continued on Page 137)

Every Morning



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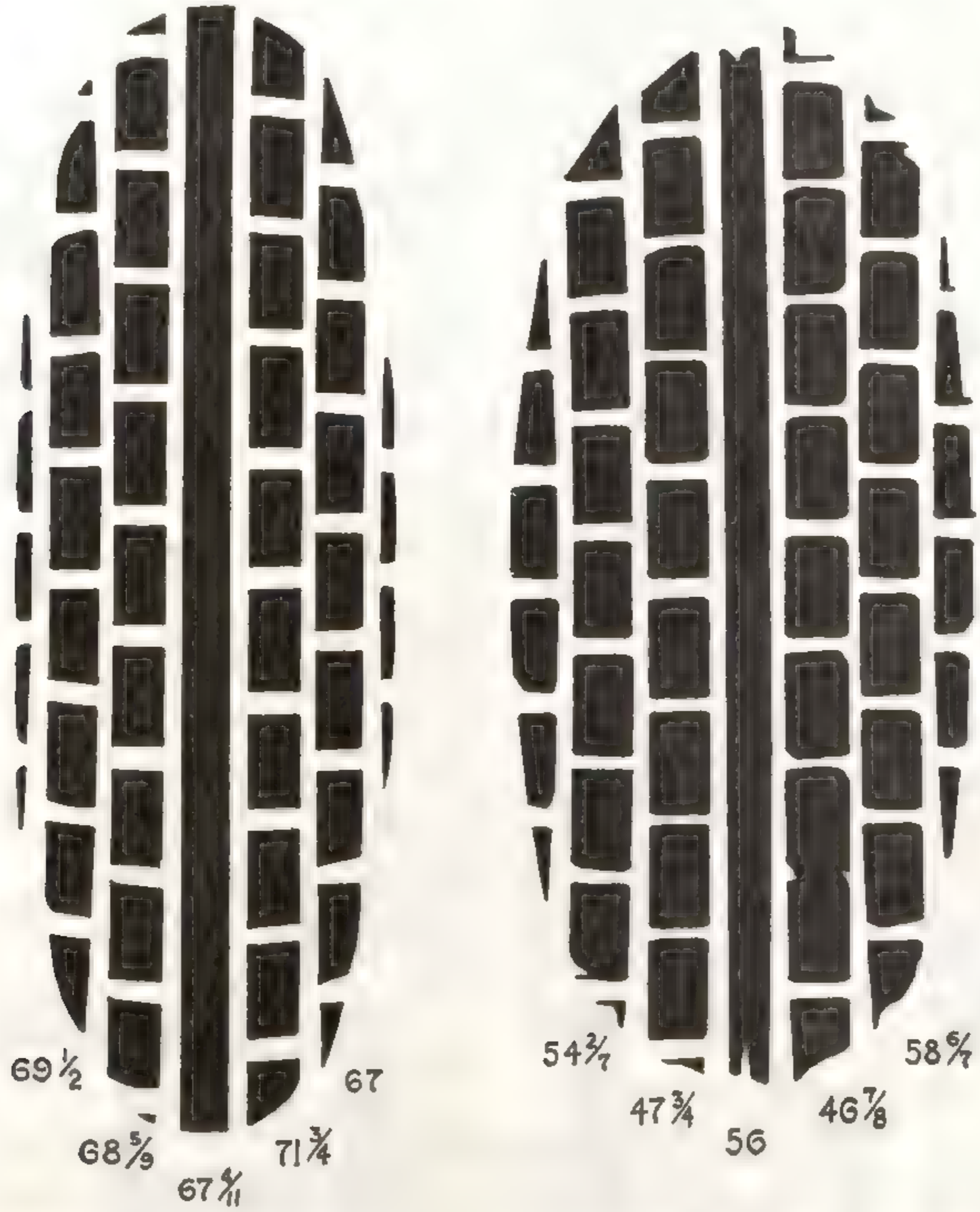
Why the United States Rubber Company's New Flat "Low-Pressure Tread" Prevents Early and Uneven Tread Wear on Balloon Tires



Imprint of a round tread Balloon Tire

Imprint of the new flat "Low-Pressure Tread"

Compare these two tread imprints—they tell the whole story of Balloon Tire performance on the road

What actual scientific measurements prove about load distribution on the New "LOW-PRESSURE TREAD"

Compare the two tread imprints on the opposite page. Note the figures opposite each row of tread blocks. They represent the average load in pounds carried by each tread block in that row. They show how the new flat "Low-Pressure Tread" lessens the pressure on each tread block.

Here is a Balloon Tire designed specifically to give maximum wear and service with the ideal low air pressure.

It is the complete answer to all arguments for higher air pressure Balloon Tires in order to prevent quick and uneven tread wear.

THESE tread imprints were made by two Balloon Tires of exactly the same size. Both under the same load. Both inflated at the same air pressure.

Yet one shows 22% more road contact than the other.

Here you see one of the outstanding advantages of the new flat "Low-Pressure Tread," one of the greatest achievements ever contributed to Balloon Tires. And exclusive with U. S. Royal Balloon Cords.

This tread is designed to properly conform to the action of a Balloon Tire on the road.

It is designed specifically to operate at the low inflations necessary to give real Balloon Tire cushioning.

This means that now you get the full ideal Balloon Tire comfort without sacrificing mileage.

This 22% greater area of road contact distributes the load better—lessens the weight on the individual tread blocks—reduces tread wear and movement and does away with early, uneven and disfiguring tread wear.

It means that you do not have to overinflate your tires to prevent this early tread wear.

It establishes a new standard of low-pressure inflation.

It gives you better cushioning and longer service.

It gives better traction, easier steering and greater stability.

It gives better non-skid protection because the flexible outer row of tread blocks is now brought into full contact with the road.

Specify U. S. Royal Balloon Cords—the Balloon Tire principle at its Best.

United States Rubber Company

Trade US Mark

The New "LOW-PRESSURE TREAD"

exclusive with

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30 Years ago – An American in Germany Discovered Cause of Tooth Decay

The HIDING PLACES

Now Preventive is found in Mucin Solvent discovered at *Mellon Institute*

Why Teeth Decay

About 30 years ago, Dr. W. D. Miller, an eminent American dentist practicing in Berlin, announced he had discovered the cause of tooth decay.

Dr. Miller found that colonies of acid forming germs attach themselves to the enamel by means of the sticky mucin film If allowed to remain in one spot for any length of time, these microscopic germ colonies secrete sufficient acid to dissolve the enamel, forming a tiny cavity.

Before the eyes of astonished contemporaries, Dr. Miller proved his discovery by causing extracted teeth to decay in his laboratory.

Search for Preventive

Since Dr. Miller's theory of dental decay has become universally accepted, scientists the world over have labored to find a really effective preventive. *They agreed that an efficient solvent of mucin, if it could be found, would solve the problem in the most satisfactory manner.* For by dissolving the mucin on teeth daily the bacterial colonies could be dislodged. Thus, concentrated acid attack would be prevented, removing the cause of decay.

Sold by leading drug stores everywhere. Send for copy of 48-page book "What Dentists say about Mu-Sol-Dent."

Problem Solved at Mellon Institute

After decades of unsuccessful search, the problem was finally laid before the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research, an endowed scientific institution of World-wide reputation, operated without profit in conjunction with the University of Pittsburgh.

The problem was accepted and a fellowship in dentifrices established in 1920, having for its aim the finding of a mucin solvent. *It was held that the preparation must be a liquid, for only a liquid can reach and clean crevices and spaces between teeth, where trouble usually starts.*

After nearly a year's study and experiment, the problem was successfully solved by the discovery of a formula for an absolutely harmless, yet exceedingly efficient liquid which thoroughly cleans teeth by a revolutionary new method, namely by dissolving mucin film.

Leading Dentists Report

The preparation, Mu-Sol-Dent, was first submitted for clinical test to 25 leading dentists in various parts of the country. The reports on these tests were so uniformly favorable as to remove every vestige of doubt as to the outstanding practical value of the preparation.

Since then, over 10,000 dentists have agreed to test Mu-Sol-Dent and over 4,000 of these have already testified to truly amazing results. A flood of enthusiastic reports is still being received.

Dangerous Tartar

Next to decay, tartar is the principal destroyer of teeth. Tartar causes bleeding gums, pus pockets, pyorrhea, and ultimate loss of teeth and health

The composition of tartar has been studied by Black, Bunting, Prinz, and other recognized authorities. They agree that tartar is formed by a combination of mucin and lime salts. As mucin is the cement in this aggregate, it was held that, if the mucin could be dissolved daily, tartar would have no chance to form.

This has already been amply proved by thousands of dentists who have conducted tests with Mu-Sol-Dent on patients suffering from rapid tartar formation. *Mu-Sol-Dent when properly used, in fact inhibits both tartar and decay to a degree heretofore unequalled*

Beautify with Safety

Mu-Sol-Dent makes teeth beautifully clean, imparting a high natural lustre. Containing no grit or other harmful ingredients, it cannot injure enamel and gums. Being a liquid, it not only cleans the teeth, gums and mouth, but is also an exceedingly effective gargle and nasal douche

Mu-Sol-Dent dissolves mucus as well as mucin. Dentists and physicians agree its healing properties are most amazing when used after tooth extractions and for sore gums; for preventing colds and various afflictions of the mucous membranes. It floods the cracks and crevices—the hiding places of decay germs and tartar, where the brush cannot be effectively applied. It is neither a tooth paste nor a mouthwash in the accepted sense, yet it performs the functions of both in a superior manner.

Mu-Sol-Dent is so easy and pleasant to use that even children quickly learn to like it. Smokers praise it for its unique refreshing and cleansing effect on mouth and throat. Send for booklet containing reports of leading dentists throughout the United States. **Sample sent on receipt of 10 cents for packing and postage.**

THE V. B. CORPORATION
916 FORBES STREET, PITTSBURGH, PA

Mu-Sol-Dent *dissolves mucin*

What Dentists say about Mu-Sol-Dent

(Continued from Page 133

are done. Yet they must know. The whole thing was horrible!"

"It was also," he reflected, "a little foolish. Did they really think, I wonder, that the money was deposited so that anyone else save myself could touch it? My private ledger was perfectly kept. Every penny of our profits would have been justly distributed, but I knew better than to let anyone else have access to the money. It was in my name and my name only."

"They found that out," she said. "Still, Gilbert, though all these men behaved disgustingly, a share of the money does belong to them, doesn't it?"

"In a sense, it does," he assented; "but they won't have it. They know perfectly well that legally not a soul has the slightest claim."

"Morally, you owe them—each one of those men—the twenty-five thousand pounds, or whatever it is."

"The term 'morally,' under the circumstances, annoys me," he objected coldly. "I am glad to see this document. I am glad to know that every one of the syndicate was concerned in this disgraceful business—every one except one, that is to say."

"Eric Rodes refused," she concurred. "He left the country soon after."

"I shall search for Eric Rodes," Channay announced. "He shall have his share. None of the others shall ever receive a single penny. On the contrary, for what they have done, they have become my enemies; and you know, my dear Miriam, that I have never embraced Christian tenets as regards my treatment of my enemies."

Once more she shivered a little, sitting there in the sunshine. The man's voice was so hard and implacable.

"My errand is going to be in vain then?" she sighed.

"What exactly did you expect?" he demanded.

She looked away from him for several moments. Her eyes followed idly the sinuous curlings of the incoming waters. At the back of her mind other thoughts were moving.

"I will tell you what accursed idea made these two men plan this errand of mine," she confided scornfully. "They know how much you were, or seemed to be, in love with me in the old days. George, my husband, whose jealousy used to make life a curse for me, thought it all out. He believed that if I came here when you were alone I could say pleasant things to you; that you would weaken; that when I put this document in your hands, giving you information which you would never have had by any other means, that I—I should be able to work upon your feelings. You see how George trusts me, for all his jealousy. I am permitted, I imagine, to go so far as to look things I may not utter, to let my hand rest upon yours, perhaps, to plead with you, to melt you into opening your check book; and then I am to get into the motor and ride back and arrive there tonight when they are finishing their very excellent dinner—although we are paupers, Sinclair always will have an expensive chef—and brandish the check before them; and George will give me a little pat on the back and Sinclair will pour me out a glass of wine and I shall be allowed to have a few hundred pounds to pay the most pressing of my debts.

"There you are, Gilbert—a true epitome of what is expected of me!"

"Things do not always," Channay remarked, "work out according to plan. There may be one or two slight hitches in this one."

He turned toward her. To all appearance his face had softened, his eyes were full of interest. Only that upward curl at the corner of his mouth seemed a little menacing.

"Are you still in love with George?" he asked.

"Lord, no!" she answered.

"What made you marry him?" he persisted.

"I don't know," she admitted.

"You do know. Tell me."

"If you insist," she acquiesced, with a gesture of distaste. "It sounds horrid. You were in prison. I felt sure that even if I could be woman enough to forget that, you wouldn't let me. I wasn't a woman. I was just as spoiled as the life we girls led in those days was certain to spoil anyone. I put away the idea of marrying you. I thought it would be rather wonderful to be the Countess of Isham. George was insistent just at the right time, and I married him. I can't tell you any more—except what you have probably guessed—that our marriage has been a horrible failure."

"I see," he murmured. "And George is jealous, is he?"

"Absurdly," she answered. "And so far, without any cause."

She had raised her head and was looking at him. She was very beautiful. Even the dark shades under her eyes seemed to give her a sort of exotic charm. Her plainly knitted silk gown suited her long slim figure. The absence of any cosmetics enabled her to sit there in the sunshine and to be glorified by it.

"Are you still in love with me, by any chance?" Channay asked.

"Don't be a brute, Gilbert," she begged, a little unsteadily.

"I want to know just how we stand," he continued, taking her unresisting hand in his. "Do you think George would have let you come if he had imagined I was likely to make love to you?"

She shook her head.

"Even George is not such an unutterable cad," she answered.

"I see. He is jealous, but he is also conceited. You belong to him and he thinks he can make use of you and yet risk nothing. I just wanted to know."

"I will tell you this much more," she confided, with a little break in her voice: "I think that if he realized just one feeling that I have managed to keep alive in my heart, he would have torn this document up and settled down to face the bankruptcy court before he would have allowed me to come."

"The bankruptcy court! As bad as that?"

"Within the next few weeks unless a miracle happens—or unless I succeed with you."

"Tell me in plain words what you want from me?" he inquired.

She turned her head toward him, but he refused to meet her eyes. Presently she looked away seaward.

"I am not sure," she sighed. "I can't tell you that, Gilbert. Isn't it rather a hard question?"

"Then answer me from their point of view only," he suggested. "Just what do they expect from your visit?"

"That is another matter," she replied. "They would like you to accept that document as proving that everyone except Eric Rodes was equally implicated; and, a little for my sake, owing to my impassioned pleadings and appeals to you, and a little because they have handed up the document—they would like you to give me a check for their shares—something like fifty thousand pounds. If you did that I don't think they would care a little bit whether you paid the others or not."

"I see," he murmured.

There was a long silence. Below them now the creek had filled with a softly flowing, deep-bosomed river of salt water. The dinghy and the yawl were both afloat. Gilbert Channay rose to his feet.

"Would you like to go for a sail?" he inquired.

She looked at him in some surprise.

"Would it take long?" she asked, a little wistfully.

"Does it matter?" he asked, once more with that kinder note in his voice.

She looked at him fixedly, her eyes full of questioning. He had certainly changed since the moment of her arrival—in a sense, softened. Yet there was something she mistrusted in his expression, something which seemed still like a barrier between them.

"I suppose not," she answered. "Nothing matters really."

"Come in and give Mrs. Parsons your hat," he suggested. "We may find a breeze blowing outside and you'll be better with a handkerchief round your hair."

They walked up the tiled path to the house. Channay gave some orders to Parsons and then busied himself in the boat. Very soon they were on their way, Miriam lying on a pile of cushions, he, for the first half mile until the channel widened, poling his way occasionally with only an intermittent short tack. Presently the banks seemed to disappear, the marsh fell away from them. They were still landlocked, but they were in an arm of the sea. He adjusted the sail, took the tiller in his hand and came and sat by her side, helping himself to one of the cigarettes which lay upon her lap.

"Do you remember that we used to do this sort of thing at Bourne End?" he reflected.

"How kind are you going to be to me?" she asked abruptly. "Because if you are not going to be altogether kind, don't keep on reminding me of things. You wouldn't do it if you knew what my life was like now."

He ignored the note of appeal in her tone, but sat for a time looking moodily out over the boat's side. Then he began to talk disjointedly of the neighborhood, showing her the various landmarks, the fishing grounds, the dangerous sands over which there was a white line of broken sea. She answered in monosyllables. Presently he relapsed into silence.

There was, after all, very little breeze, and their progress was restfully slow. Half the time she lay quite still, with closed eyes; half the time she watched him. Time itself seemed to become an indeterminate thing. It was only when she looked at the sun as they found themselves once more in the creek nearing the Grange that she gave a little start.

"We must have been away for hours and hours!" she exclaimed.

"We have," he answered. "It's six o'clock."

"Heavens!"

She sat up, startled.

"Do you know that it took me five hours to get here?"

"I dare say," he rejoined.

He was busy for a few minutes maneuvering their landing. Parsons came out and caught the rope which he threw to him.

"You have some tea ready?" Channay inquired.

"It is waiting in the study, sir," was the prompt reply. "I ordered it as soon as you came into sight."

"Ought I to stop?" she asked doubtfully.

"Yes," he answered.

He led her to the little room which he had made into his own den: a room with dull-red walls, a profusion of books, some wonderful Queen Anne furniture, a few priceless engravings, a medley of guns, fishing rods and golf clubs in a distant corner. The window opened on the little strip of lawn, and there was a great couch upon which one could lie and look seaward. He served her with tea in silence. She praised the cakes and the cream, but every moment his manner was beginning to puzzle her more. As soon as he had lit a cigarette she turned toward him.

"Gilbert," she said, "it is time you made up your mind. I'm going to be terribly late as it is."

"I have not made it up yet," he replied.

"But you must give me some sort of an answer."

"I will—when the time comes. Let us go out onto the lawn again. I hear Parsons coming to clear away the tea."

She stood by his side and they leaned together over the wall.

"I shall scarcely be home before midnight," she reminded him again. "Johnson must have been waiting for me for hours. I told him to be here at three o'clock."

She looked along the dike bank to the gate. There was no sign of the car.

"I wonder where he is?" she murmured.

"Back at Ringley by now, I should think," he answered.

She turned her head slowly and looked at him.

"What do you mean, Gilbert?"

"Just what I said. Rather a habit of mine, that," he replied. "I sent him back home with a message to your husband that you would be returning some time tomorrow."

There was a sudden rush of color into her cheeks.

"Gilbert!" she cried.

"The exact significance of this enforced hospitality," he continued, "I shall explain to you tomorrow before you go. For the present, you will have to be content with this. You are going to stay here for the night. I have told Parsons to have dinner at eight o'clock. I have a very excellent spare room, where I think you will be comfortable. I shall do my best to be an attentive host."

"But George will go mad!" she exclaimed. "And what do you mean, Gilbert? I don't understand!"

"You will before you go," he assured her. "Please accept the inevitable. You can see for yourself that you cannot leave here. I am not attempting the melodramatic. There are no locked doors or anything of that sort, but you couldn't very well traverse that three-quarters of a mile of dike bank, could you—without being seen and followed; and besides, when you got to the village it wouldn't do you much good. The

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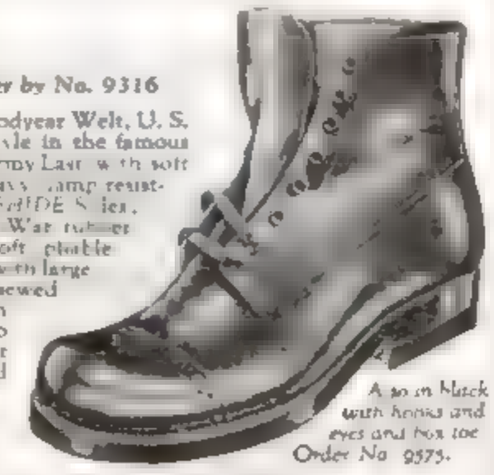

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last train left the nearest railway station—which, by the bye, is eleven miles away—half an hour ago, and there isn't a motor in the place."

"And you really mean that the car's gone back?"

"Absolutely," he replied.

Her fingers tightened upon his arm.

"Well," she declared, "George sent me. I suppose he knew there was a risk with you—a risk of your doing something amazing. How do you expect me to accept the situation?"

"Just remember you are my very charming guest in this not unpleasant spot," he answered. "We might stroll on the marshes for an hour, if you like. Afterward I will show you that I have not forgotten how to make cocktails, and Parsons has been to the village during our absence to arrange for our dinner."

"And afterward?" she asked.

"There is a piano," he said. "It will perhaps amuse you to play for a little time, and at night I think you will appreciate the quiet. I never slept in my life so well as I have done here."

She gave a queer little laugh.

"Take me out on those marshes," she insisted. "They look most fascinating. Can I have a stick, please?"

They walked for an hour or more, jumping from one to the other of the little stretches of soft mossy turf, skirting bog holes, at times with the sea lavender over their ankles. The gulls wheeled above their heads from seaward, and now and then a snipe rose abruptly with its queer startled cry.

When they returned to the Grange it was already half past seven. Miriam, who had been talking lightly enough all the time they had been out, became suddenly silent. She sat back in an easy-chair and watched Channay mix the cocktails. He handed her a large frosted glass and pushed the cigarettes toward her.

"Gilbert," she confided, "when I first came I thought that you were mad. Now I think that you are the most sensible man I ever knew. This place of yours is wonderful, is it not?"

"A little lonely," he sighed.

Her eyes fell before his. The fingers which held her glass shook. He turned away to help himself.

"I will drink to this unexpected pleasure," he said quietly. "Please let me ——"

He refilled her glass.

"Gilbert," she begged, as she rose to her feet a few minutes afterward, "let me ask one thing of you. Here I am, obedient. Be natural! Even now I feel there is something strange all around us, something strange between you and me. Why can't you ——"

She broke off. He took her fingers in his hands and raised them to his lips. His arm lightly encircled her waist.

"My dear Miriam," he said, "for a matter of some years, the privilege of conversation with your sex has been denied me. I am still a little uncouth. That, no doubt, will pass. . . . Here is Mrs. Parsons. She will do her best to help you make any change in your toilet that you may deem advisable, and she will show you where you sleep. Shall we meet, say, in half an hour?"

The sense of strain, never altogether absent, was modified during the service of dinner by the presence of Parsons. The meal was simple enough, but excellent—lobster, drawn from the pots that afternoon, a small saddle of lamb, asparagus, fruit and cream. The champagne was iced to exactly the right temperature. At Miriam's suggestion they sat outside for their coffee and watched the lights steal out one by one from the farmhouses along the ridge and the darkness gather over the marshes. They talked very little; Miriam appeared to have abandoned herself entirely to the exigencies of the situation. A curious sort of languor seemed to have crept over her, mentally as well as physically. She lounged in her chair, her hands clasped behind her head, her eyes turned eternally seaward. Once, soon after they had emerged from the house, she had cast one half-frightened glance toward the end of the rough road. After that she never once looked in that direction. One by one she pointed out the glimmering lights of the fishing boats and the small freighting steamers as they appeared. Every now and then, through the dusk, a flight of duck, whose wings beat the air above their heads, passed rapidly over; and once they heard the honk of geese high up—so high, indeed, that they could only discern the bare outline of the drawn-out phalanx. A clock from the church tower struck eleven. Suddenly Miriam leaned a little toward him.

"You tortured me this afternoon," she whispered. "Shall I remind you of that night on the yacht at Gibraltar?"

As though against his will, he bent over her. Their lips met and rested where they met. An owl from a little way inland hooted. Far in the distance they could hear the throb of the engine from an invisible steamer. Very gently he unclasped his arms, his lips left hers lingeringly.

"Mrs. Parsons," he whispered, "is waiting to show you your room."

He listened to her footsteps, to her soft voice as she talked with his housekeeper. For an hour or more he wrote in his study. Then he came out and, still in his dinner clothes, undid the rope and drifted out on his yawl as far as the sandlocked bay. In the distance he saw the lights of the little fleet as it left the harbor. He dropped his anchor and lay there. One by one he watched the stars appear, the moon rise over the ridge and mount into the heavens. Once he fancied that he dozed. At any rate, when again he looked skyward the stars seemed to have paled and a faint breeze had sprung up—the first herald of the dawn. He hauled his anchor and drifted back, poling the last part of the way, just in time to reach his landing place before the ebbing tide would have left him high and dry. There was still no light; only a thin pencil of silver in the east. He let himself in and made his way to his room.

It was a coincidence that, as he lingered outside over his morning coffee, Isham, half running, half walking down that narrow dikeway, should appear almost as Miriam issued from the house. Channay rose to receive her.

"You slept well, I hope? Your coffee ——"

"Thank you," she interrupted. "I asked for tea. Mrs. Parsons brought it to me. At what hour am I permitted to depart?"

He pointed toward the figure of her husband, now barely fifty yards away.

"You see," he said, "the car is waiting there."

"And what is the meaning of it all?" she asked.

"I shall explain," he answered. "In a sense, your mission is not wholly a failure."

Isham had thought out his words, but when he reached them he was speechless. He looked from one to the other, his fists clenched, the veins swollen on his forehead.

"I think," he said to his wife, "that you had better go to the car. I have something to say to Channay."

"I do not see the necessity," she answered. "It was you who sent me to him. Let me hear the end."

"And let me," Gilbert Channay said, drawing an envelope from his pocket, "make it easy for you. You sent your wife here to me, trusting to her influence over me, to her persuasive powers, to work out a scheme for your advantage. You ran a risk, Isham, especially when you remember that we were once attached to each other."

"What about your risk?" Isham retorted. "You don't come off scot-free. I trusted her, and it seems I was a fool; but you—I shall divorce her—what about you?"

Channay smiled.

"You will never divorce her," he answered. "You're on your way down the hill, Isham. It is because I see that clearly that I do not deal with you as I feel inclined, and throw you neck over crop into that stream. No, you will never leave your wife until she leaves you. You see, she will become your principal source of income. I wrote out these papers last night," he added, passing the envelope over. "I will not pay you your twenty-five thousand pounds, nor will I give a single penny to any of your confederates in crime; but I am settling two thousand a year for life upon your wife. Now are you so anxious to divorce her?"

There was a tense silence, broken first by a little moan from Miriam, and then by the shrill call of a drifting gull overhead.

"Two thousand a year," Channay continued, "is not much. On the other hand, it is a certainty. It provides, you know, the necessities. Well, Miriam has that for the rest of her life. That document needs stamping, Isham. That is all."

For a single moment the man who stood there—haggard, wild-eyed and tremulous—seemed as though he would tear it in half. Miriam watched him eagerly. So did Channay. The mood passed. He slipped it into the breast pocket of his coat.

"I shall look into this," he muttered. "Come, Miriam."

Gilbert Channay smiled once more.

"You will look into it," he repeated, "and you will be glad of it. You will take back your wife, because she has two thousand a year. Every time she writes you a check you will sink a little lower. Every month you live upon her money you will feel a little baser. That's what I have to say to you, Isham. One by one you—nine of you—who signed that accursed document and sent me to hell are going to taste a little of that hell yourselves. I'm dealing you out your share with two thousand a year."

He opened the gate. Isham took his wife's arm. She remained motionless. Her eyes were fixed upon Channay.

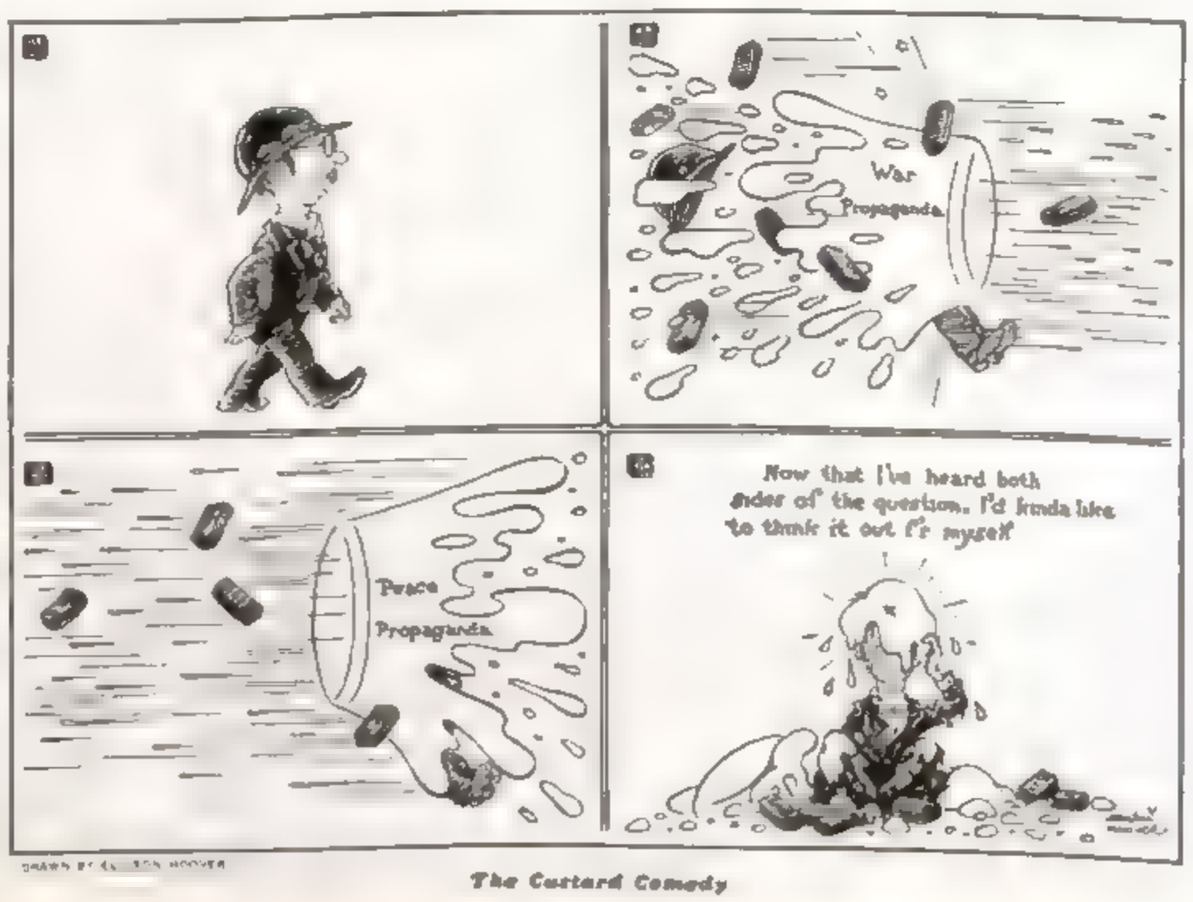
"Do I go with him?" she asked.

"If you please," he answered.

"You know that you are a devil!" she cried with sudden fury.

He shrugged his shoulders. They had commenced to move through the gate which led out onto the dike walk.

"I was so badly treated," he rejoined. "Besides," he added, with that faint smile which in those last few hours she had learned to hate, "if you tell your husband the whole truth he may believe you."



The Custard Comedy

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of stories by Mr. Oppenheim. The next will appear in an early issue.

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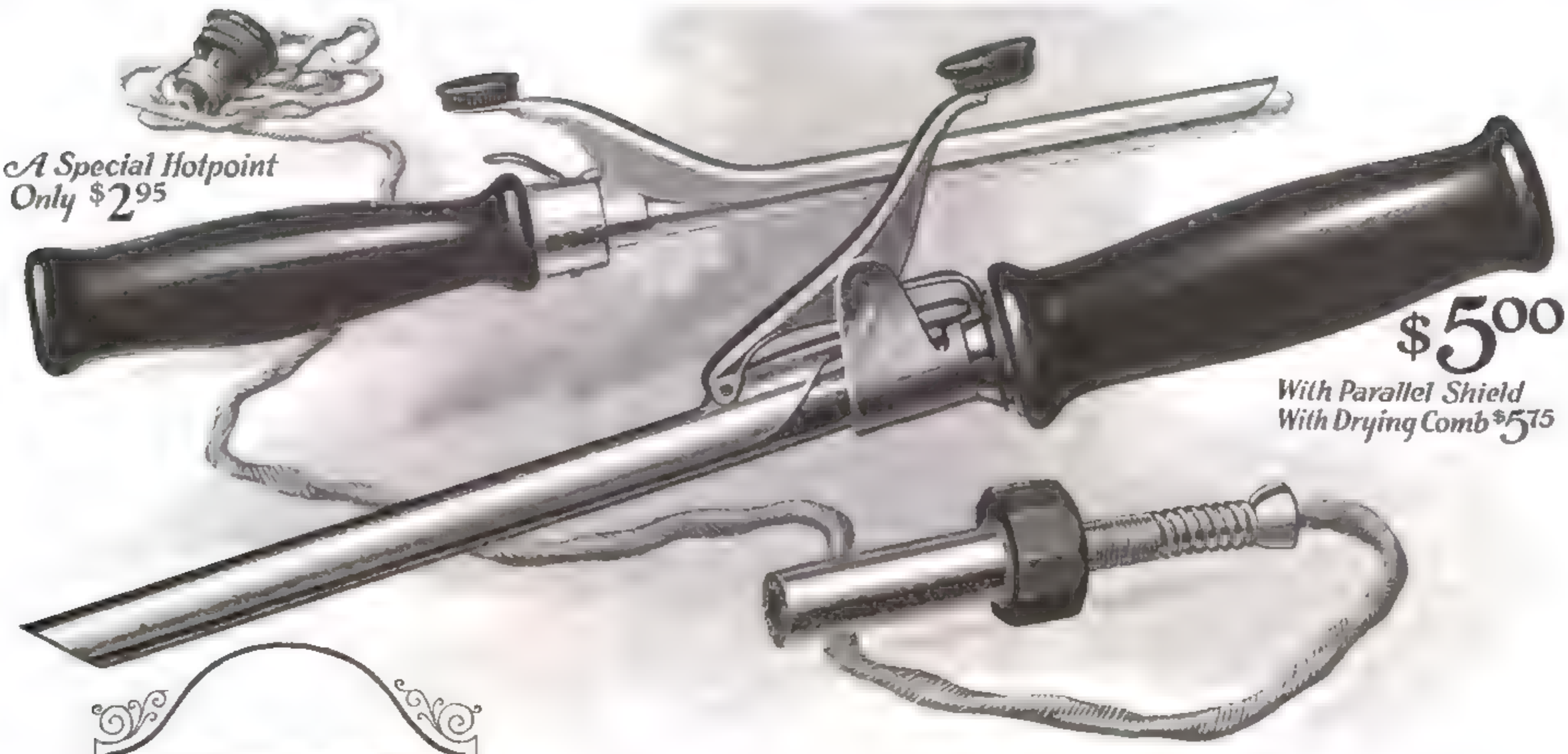

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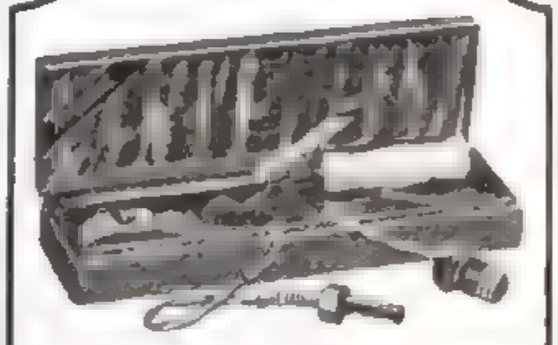

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THE SOFA

(Continued from Page 7)

"It's all due to that young Daumier," Landelle was going on to explain. "He's as stubborn as a mule. I've offered him the portfolio of Interior, but he refuses; says that he has just succeeded in establishing himself at the bar and can't afford to give up his practice. He would be acceptable to both sides, but no one else would be. I would give him Justice, which he might take, but Borremans wishes to remain there and I can't afford to disturb him. And even so, that wouldn't solve the problem of the Interior; Daumier is the only one the two factions will agree on. Neither one cares so much about having it, but each wishes to prevent the other from getting it. They can accept Daumier, because he's young, colorless, neutral and not much of a personality. Odd that it should all hinge on him. And like all weak characters, once they get their heads set, he can't be moved. I've tried everything and I can't budge him."

Landelle took a sip of his coffee and absent-mindedly played with the cup a moment, turning it round and round in the saucer. Madame de Landelle wished he wouldn't do that; it made her nervous. However, she kept still and waited.

"Oh, well," he said presently, tossing down his napkin, lighting a cigarette and pushing back his chair, "today will decide it one way or the other so far as he's concerned. If I can't bring him round I'll have to make an entirely new shift. But it's growing ridiculous, too absurd. Everyone will be laughing at me—like the Liberal." And his thin hand rested an instant on the organ of the opposition.

Madame de Landelle looked at him in sympathy; he could stand anything except being made ridiculous.

"What day is this?" he asked as he got up from the table.

"Thursday—my afternoon at home, you know," she reminded him.

"Yes; but I can't come," he said.

"But can't you go for a ride, Charles?" she pleaded. "Please do. You're wearing yourself out."

"Ride!" he exclaimed helplessly. "I haven't been on a horse in a fortnight! But I shall have time enough to ride when we are at Landelle. Don't worry!"

He laughed, gave her a little tap on the shoulder, kissed her cheek and went to his dressing room.

At midday Landelle sent an usher up to ask Madame de Landelle not to wait for him at luncheon; he would have a glass of milk and a biscuit in his office. The usher could give her no news; doubtless there was none, else Landelle would have sent a secretary. All the usher could do when she asked him who had been in to see the minister was to roll up his eyes till the whites of them showed tragically, and spread out his hands in despair; everybody had been in to see him; all the world in fact; there had been a perfect stream all the morning; a continual coming and going. His excellency had had one consultation after another, and they weren't finished. The old usher, in all his twenty-five years at the Foreign Office, had never seen a crisis like it.

Indeed, as the long day wore on, the excitement and interest of it seemed to permeate the whole residence and fairly to vibrate in every nook and corner of the house. Something of the mere fatigue of so much anxiety and suspense communicated itself to Madame de Landelle; she felt nervous, and found herself going about with her heart in her mouth, catching her breath every now and then. She thought that she should lie down and rest, but when she stretched herself out on the chaise longue in her room and tried to compose herself, she found such inactivity intolerable, and got up, and for some reason looked at herself in a glass. Her face was flushed; and it would never do to show any perturbation or excitement in her drawing-room, on this afternoon of all the afternoons that ever were. She wished that it were not her day at home—and then suddenly she made a little face at herself in the glass and said, quite aloud, "Don't be a silly goose!"

She pressed the palms of her hands to her cheeks; and then, tipping up a bottle of eau de Cologne, bathed them lightly. Then she rang for her maid.

"Madame will wear the new gown that came from Callot yesterday?" asked the maid.

"Oh, no," replied Madame de Landelle calmly; "there's nothing unusual on today."

At four o'clock she went down and made a tour of the three large drawing-rooms to see that everything was in order. She gave but a glance at the first two, for no one ever lingered long in them, and went on to the third, the tall windows of which gave on the park and the square before the Parliament House. She cast a critical eye about the great drawing-room, waiting, in the grace and harmony of its Louis XIV perfection, to receive the diplomatic, political and social world, as it had been doing for a hundred years, playing in the destinies of the nation a rôle perhaps no less effective, if more feminine and discreet, than that of the Foreign Office itself. Madame de Landelle was careful to see that nothing was changed, but that it should wear its wonted air of suavity and repose. She gave a touch here and there merely to accentuate this effect, rearranged one or two vases of flowers, pausing an instant to nestle her face against some roses, the dewy freshness of which was grateful to her cheek. Then she slightly changed the positions of the signed photographs on the grand piano, drawing the portraits of the King and Queen of Great Britain a little more prominently into view; the new British ambassador and his wife, who had only just arrived, would be sure to drop in that afternoon

Then, standing in the center of the room, having a last look about, her eye fell on the sofa. It was, she thought, a little out of place and somewhat askew, and the sofa, of all things, must stand just where it had always stood from time immemorial. For it was sacrosanct, the very ark of the social covenant, the solemn seat of honor, where only the noble and the grand may sit, as on a throne.

"No; that way," said Madame de Landelle to the footman as she stood with her little finger to her chin, her head turned to one side, her eyes screwed up critically. "A little more to that side. There, that's it! Perfect! Don't touch it!"

The footman went away, and Madame de Landelle stood a moment and gazed at the sofa. Strange that a mere article of furniture should have acquired in all the drawing-rooms of the Continent a meaning and position of such preëminent and symbolic importance. Who had ever invented such a custom? Not the English, surely, for they had too much common sense; nor yet the French, for they were too quick to see the ridiculous. It must have been the Austriana, unless, indeed, it were some petty German principality—which, after all, was more likely. At all events, there it stood, an ordinary Louis XIV sofa, capable of seating two persons rather uncomfortably, with a high, gracefully curved back and the cockle of Louis XIV carved in the middle. It was upholstered in crimson damask, protected, in those days when the drawing-room was closed, by a linen cover. The damask was a little worn; she would have to have it done over in the summer. The old Countess de Kelhoven, in her day, had been considered ever so clever because she had installed two sofas in this same drawing-room, so that nobody ever could tell which really was the seat of honor; and as there were seldom more than two conflicting claims for the seat at the same time, the scheme had worked rather well. But, after all, Madame de Landelle couldn't see anything so extraordinarily clever or brilliant in the idea. She had heard it spoken of as an inspiration, but she didn't consider it an inspiration; rather an evasion of social responsibility, an almost cowardly subterfuge, unworthy the wife of a Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs. There was, in fact, something rather tricky about it. Ladies sitting on one sofa, in the Countess de Kelhoven's day, had eyed the other sofa curiously with vague suspicions in their minds. Madame de Landelle, for her part, would never stoop to such a base expedient; she considered it unbecoming in a *grande dame*. No, she would not evade or equivocate. There was the sacred sofa, consecrated by an age of social usage in all the drawing-rooms in Europe, and any dame in her salon who was led up to it and invited to enthrone herself upon it could rest secure and serene in the assurance that she was occupying the one and only authentic, envied first place.

It had required infinitely more tact to manage one sofa than it had to manage two, and her experience in other ways had been harder than the Countess de Kelhoven's. In the old countess' day society had been fixed and immutable, graded according to its several degrees, each confined within its rigid limits, so that one could tell just who sat on the sofa and who did not; which was as it should be.

But nowadays all that was passing away; distinctions were blurred and society was fluid, and most frightfully mixed up and run together in an almost sticky mess. One met all sorts of people, and all sorts of people came to one's at home. She wouldn't be surprised, indeed, if one day Madame Koch should come—if there was a Madame Koch; and doubtless there was someone who called herself Madame Koch, if all that one heard of those Socialists were true.

Madame de Landelle lingered a moment in the deep embrasure of one of the tall windows and looked across the street into the park. It was growing dark outside; the trees were merged in a dusky, violet mass; a man with a long pole with a tiny flame winking at the end was lighting the street lamps; when one was lighted it popped out a ball of luminous mist about itself and twinkled in the center of it. However, Madame de Landelle signed to the butler, and he had a footman go about and draw the red damask curtains at all the windows. He had another footman switch on the light and set all the glass chandeliers to blazing; then he posted footmen at the great double doors. They drew on their white gloves and stood there waiting. Madame de Landelle had one last look at herself in the tall gilt mirror; the people were beginning to arrive; the butler was shouting their names into the drawing-room.

The room filled up in no time; everybody seemed to have made it a point to put in an appearance, as though this day had a special significance. They were all too immensely curious, too eager to pick up any crumb of gossip about the crisis, and many of them showed a somewhat too solicitous interest in her husband's health.

"And how is the dear marquis? Not too fatigued, I hope."

Madame de Landelle was just a little bit annoyed.

"Oh, not at all!" she said, with her serene smile.

"Poor man!"

But why poor man, she wondered. Was there something really critical in this crisis, something that Landelle was keeping from her? However, she took it all calmly and indifferently, as if there were no crisis in her life, whatever there might be in that of the government.

Diplomatists, in black morning coats, carrying their high hats and gloves, bent over her hand and kissed it, and then moved about in the throng, discreetly hiding their interest under their professional air of boredom, but with ears open for any item that might be put into a dispatch to their government. And Madame de Landelle smiled and talked of the wretched weather and the dullness of the season, and went softly about in her distinguished way, and parried questions—and, in short, received. When any lady of importance arrived—the Countess de Chardon, the Countess d'Esterloo, the wife of a minister plenipotentiary, she led her to the sofa, asked her to be seated, and sitting down beside her, chatted with her for a few moments. One after another the ladies whose rank entitled them to this flattering privilege were momentarily enthroned on the seat of honor, and then, as soon as their self-esteem had been gratified and their rank recognized by the distinction, they were gently, almost imperceptibly, translated by Madame de Landelle to armchairs.

When Lady Wareham, the wife of the new British ambassador, was announced, Madame de Landelle at once escorted her to the sofa, sat down beside her and talked with her, in a low voice and in English, showing a sympathetic interest, asking her if she were as yet fully installed in the embassy and whether she had good news from London. She inquired about her previous posts, avoided mention of her husband's predecessor, expressed the hope that she would like the small capital, even though it was so dull, assured her that she would find

(Continued on Page 144)

"There go the Chapmans again"

"Every morning as I look out of the living-room window I see them start off for a walk. They look so attractive together. You can almost set your watch by them. A walk at ten and another at four. He is a consulting chemist, I think, and seems to do most of his work at home. The days Edward is home we ought to walk, too. The Chapmans never seem to get sick and just think of our doctor's bills. The only trouble is I get exhausted by even a short walk. My feet get tired and that makes you tired all over. We ought to walk, but it seems so much like work to me."

* * * *

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(Continued from Page 141)

it pleasanter in spring, and, in short, said all the things that the wife of a Minister of Foreign Affairs should say to a newly arrived ambassadress.

She had to excuse herself, however, when the Duchess de Peyriac was announced and go to the door to receive her; but before leaving she presented Madame de Mauvel to Lady Wareham, and Madame de Mauvel drew up a small chair beside the sofa and began asking Lady Wareham the same questions that Madame de Landelle had just been asking her. And Madame de Landelle hoped that Lady Wareham would continue to sit on the sofa indefinitely, for, as an ambassadress, since no other ambassadress was present, she could sit there as long as she pleased without anyone taking offense. As long as she sat there Madame de Landelle would mercifully be spared complications on a day when she had to move about her drawing-room as circumspectly as though she were walking on eggs.

The Duchess de Peyriac was in the doorway, entering the drawing-room with the air of authority due to the old dowager of the Peyriac family, and Madame de Landelle was advancing to receive her, when the butler bawled out, "Madame Daumier!"

Madame de Landelle was somewhat surprised; she was glad that Pierre had called out the name so distinctly, for she might not have recognized Madame Daumier. She wondered what had brought Madame Daumier. Was it curiosity, or what? At any rate, there she was, on the threshold, just behind the dowager duchess, a rather pretty, appealing little woman, scarcely more than a girl, with a girl's eager expression, and something of a girl's harmless vanity, too, in her smart toilet. She tilted slightly forward and with bright, black, curious eyes, peered anxiously and a little timidly about the drawing-room. The duchess, merely as a duchess, would have awed Madame Daumier; but as dowager of all the Peyriacs she was such a particularly impressive somebody that she overwhelmed Madame Daumier by the superincumbent mass of her prodigious importance. And little Madame Daumier shrank into the shadow of the duchess' unquestioned precedence. The duchess, too purblind to see that her seat was already occupied, was sailing confidently up toward the sofa, led thither by a kind of instinct. Madame Daumier had cast a glance at the sofa, but merely a curious and not at all an aspiring or presumptuous glance; she doubtless had never sat on the sofa in her life, unless it were in some middle-class drawing-room, where little people aped the great. If, thought Madame de Landelle, the British ambassadress would only sit tight!

But she didn't; of course not; Madame de Landelle might have known; things never happened that easy. No, the British ambassadress, almost as though she were bored by sitting on the sofa, got up and sauntered across the drawing-room in an indifferent, almost absent-minded, way, as though she had seen someone she would like to speak to, or wished to look out of the window; it was so very English, that! They always did just what they wanted to do, without any regard to appearances. She heard Lady Wareham, in her distant, rather lofty way, say to someone, "Bon jouah!"

And there behind her was the sofa, vacant, deserted, holding its ridiculous little curved arms wide in astonishment, as though surprised and shocked that such an extraordinary opportunity of distinguishing oneself should be allowed to slip.

The Duchess de Peyriac was bearing down on it, however, and there was little Madame Daumier, covertly glancing at Madame de Landelle to see what she would do, just what she really thought of her, how she classified her. A great deal flashed through Madame de Landelle's mind in that second—Madame Daumier had no right to the sofa; her husband was a rising young deputy, that was all; and what was the wife of a deputy? Nothing; a mere Madame Nobody.

And yet, so she had somehow heard, Madame Daumier was socially ambitious. And Daumier at that very moment was over there on the other side of the hall, stubbornly shaking his block of a head at all of poor Charles' entreaties!

Madame de Landelle remembered in that second that old question, raised by the Duchess de Peyriac, as to her right to have ambassadresses presented to her. . . . Lady Wareham wouldn't care; the English didn't mind such things.

"Oh, my dear duchess!" said Madame de Landelle. "And Lady Wareham –you must know each other!"

The duchess, arrested in her progress, raised her glass and stared; her slightly bearded chin trembled and her great hat with plumes ten years out of date shook as she put forth her hand. And ——

"Oh!" said Lady Wareham, as at a highly fortuitous rencounter. "How do you do?"

And Madame de Landelle, turning away, cried, as though she had had a most pleasant surprise, "Ah, dear Madame Daumier! How kind of you! Do come and sit on the sofa! We must have a chat. It's been so long ——"

Madame Daumier's little face flushed; she looked up to see if it were really true, and she tripped along by Madame de Landelle's side over to the sofa, to be placed there, on the right of Madame de Landelle, who talked in a low sweet voice and smiled pleasantly and was so nice and friendly; not in the least stuck up, but treated little Madame Daumier as though she were as good as anybody—even the British ambassadress or the Dowager Duchess de Peyriac! And Madame Daumier sat very erect, with a very straight back, her hands folded in her lap, just as she had seen the queen sit in a red-and-gold chair at great functions. And she looked up into Madame de Landelle's face with something like adoration and smiled in gratitude.

They were dining out that night—a great bore at such a moment—and Landelle, tired to death, came up from his office barely in time to dress. It was not until they were in their carriage that Madame de Landelle had a moment alone with her husband, though she didn't have to ask him what Daumier's reply had been; she knew by the air of fatigue with which he sank back on the cushions that he had no good news.

"No," he said; "I could do nothing with him. I asked him to think it over until morning. He's to come at noon with his final answer. But I have no illusions. He has made his decision."

Madame de Landelle said no more to her husband just then. She knew how tired he was, and that even the few moments required to drive round to the French Embassy were precious to him, to rest and relax in. He would wish to be his best at dinner; gay and clever and debonair as ever, as though the world were going very well with him. And so he was; Madame de Landelle had never seen him in better form. He was, even to her, a never-ending source of wonder; why, just an afternoon at home wore her out, while he, with the government of the whole country on his shoulders and those frightfully complicated foreign relations to look after and ministerial crises to wade through and a party to manage, could be as brisk and sprightly as though he hadn't a care in the world!

The next day, waiting in the dining room for her husband to come up to luncheon, Madame de Landelle heard his step in the hall. It had regained all its elasticity, and when he appeared in the doorway she was not surprised to see him give a little nod and to hear him say, "Well, the crisis is over. I'm to see his majesty at half past two." He took his seat. "Hurry up the luncheon, Pierre," he said, speaking to the butler. "I'm hungry as a wolf."

The old butler smiled with pleasure. The servants were all happy; the word had spread through the house; everyone was relieved. There was, all over the ministerial residence, above stairs and below, pervading all the atmosphere, a *détente*. Landelle sat at his table, unmoved as ever; but Madame de Landelle could see a slightly heightened color in his cheeks, and on his impassive face a serene expression of content and pride. He stroked his small white mustache complacently, and in his eyes Madame de Landelle could read a pleasant reverie. He was living over again, no doubt, the triumph of that morning, savoring the sensations of that moment when Daumier, at last, had given in.

"Yes," said Landelle, when the footman left the room and old Pierre, who was growing hard of hearing, had gone down to the sideboard at the other end of the dining room—"yes, I fetched him round!"

"I knew you would," said Madame de Landelle, looking down at her plate. Landelle chuckled. "Did it take long?"

"No, it must have been what I said to him yesterday afternoon. He had evidently thought it over more reasonably, and to good effect, in the night. I knew he was a changed man the moment he came in; in fact, he as much as said so."

Landelle chuckled again and twisted his mustache with an elegant gesture.

"It was no easy job to make him change his mind," he admitted, "but I fetched him round."

The footman was serving the omelet and the butler was pouring wine for his master.

"What is this, Pierre?" Landelle asked, taking a sip and then holding up the glass against the light. "Château Léoville-Poyferré?"

"Yes, excellency—1892."

"It isn't bad," he said, taking another sip; and then addressing the omelet, he fell to with a gusto that they had not observed in him in a fortnight. And Madame de Landelle and the footman and the butler all looked on delighted.

"Charles," said Madame de Landelle presently, when her husband had finished the first course, "young Georges de Peyriac is at Paris, isn't he?"

"Yes; first secretary."

"Well, you must do something for him."

"Do something for him? Why? He's doing very well where he is."

"Yes, but you must give him a promotion of some sort."

"A promotion? Why so? Why this sudden interest in young Peyriac?"

"Well, I'm afraid that I may have offended his mother yesterday afternoon."

"How?"

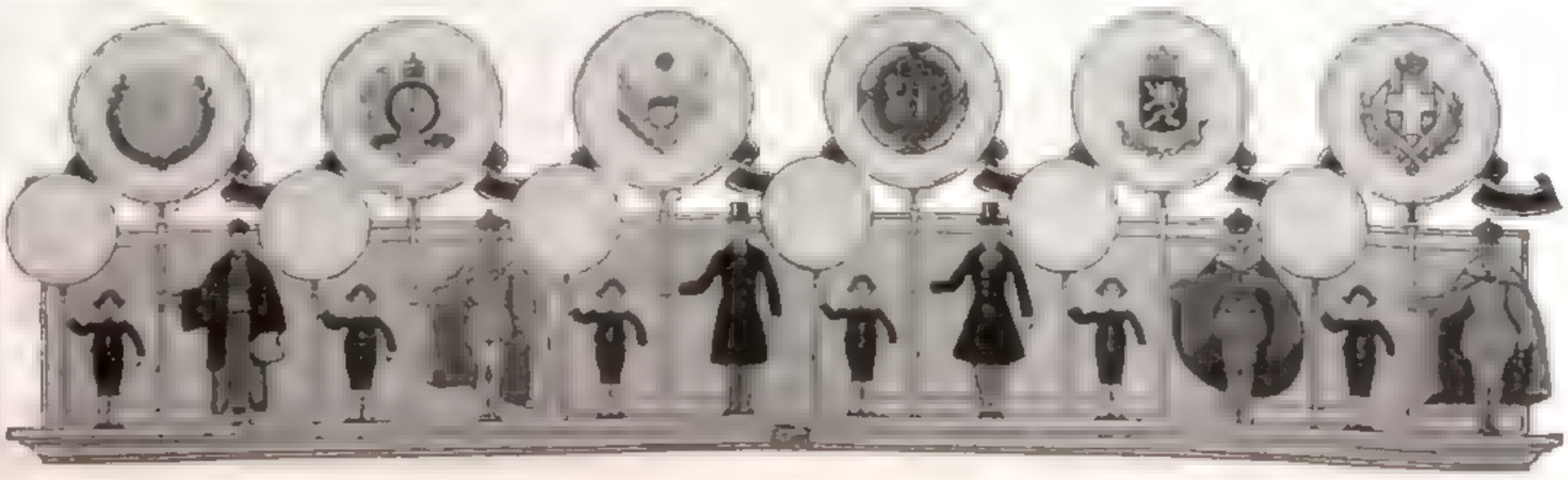
"Oh, never mind how; it was nothing much; a slight negligence at my at home."

"Well, my dear, we shall see. But"—and he looked across the table with his eyebrows rather seriously knit—"one must avoid these slight negligences; one must have tact, my dear, if one is to get on in public life."

"Yes, I know," acquiesced Madame de Landelle; "you are quite right."

"Now when young Daumier told me yesterday afternoon ——"

And he began to tell her how tactful he had been with young Daumier, how he had fetched him round.



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Heating evenly, Viko pans *bake* evenly; and so you get bread, cakes, pies, and muffins of finest texture and prettiest crust, without scorching or sticking.

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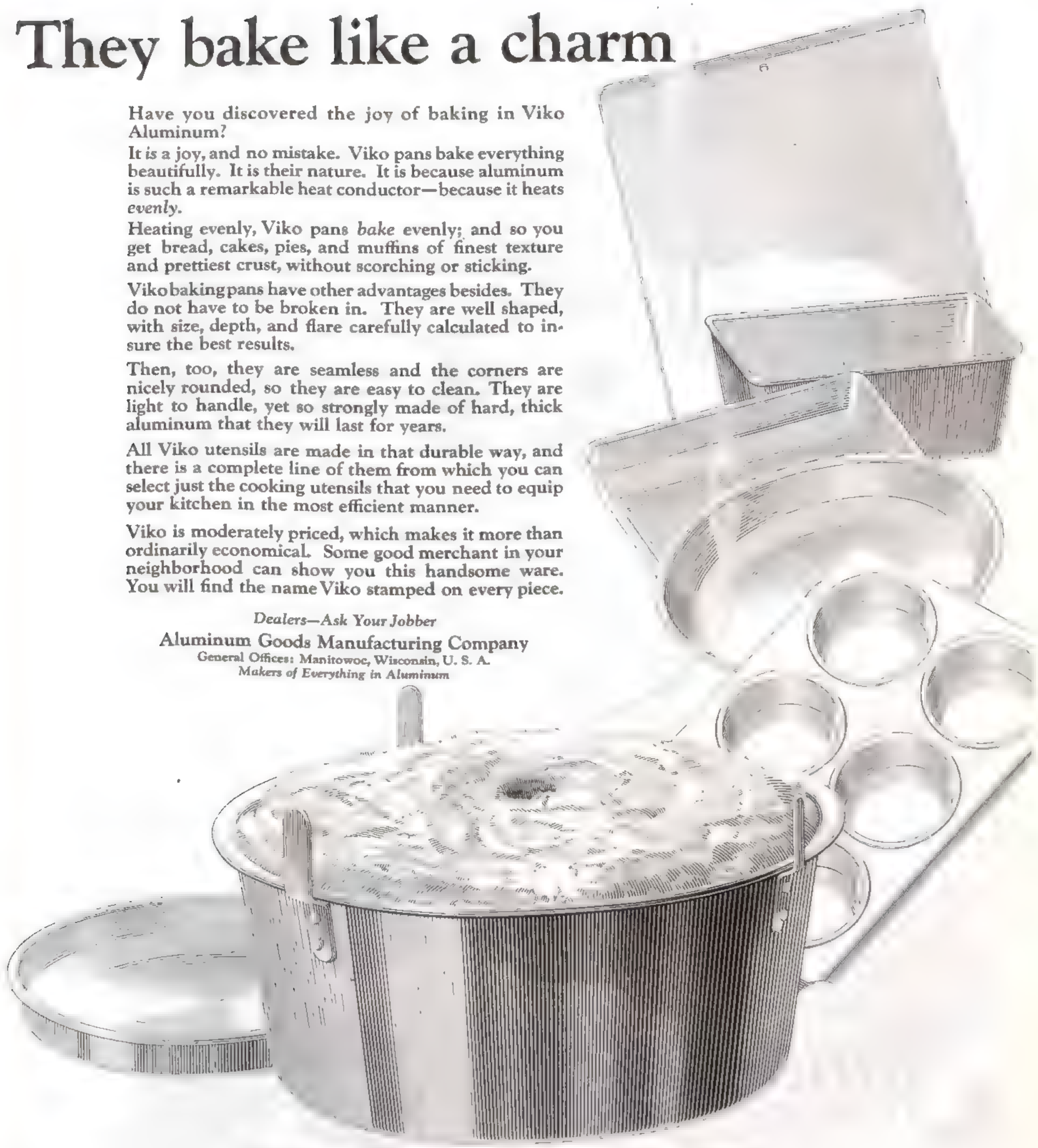

VIKO

The Popular Aluminum

Three Women's Adventures with Electric Irons

Two had irons burn out, but the third owned a Sunbeam and although she once let it get red-hot, it heats as well as ever—All three now have Sunbeams

"I HAD owned another make of iron for only a short time, when my maid left the electric current on all night and the iron burned out. I took it to be repaired but was told the repairs would cost almost as much as a new iron. So I bought a Sunbeam, and I have found it to be a wonderful iron. It heats quickly, stays hot, and really makes ironing a pleasure for me."

Miss Jane H. Bryan,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

January 9, 1925

"I USED to have a cheaper iron but it soon burned out. The repair shop wanted $3 to fix it. I thought I might as well buy a new iron. So my husband got me a Sunbeam. It makes my ironing much easier. The other iron took a long time to get hot, but the Sunbeam gets hot right away. And the moment I've finished I can put the hot iron in the All-Steel Case out of the children's reach; so they can't burn their fingers."

Mrs. A. Santangelo,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

January 9, 1925

"ONE day I left my ironing and forgot to turn off the current. When I returned, the Sunbeam was red-hot—so hot I could almost see through it. But it didn't hurt my Sunbeam a bit, except to discolor the nickel (and any nickel will discolor from overheat). It irons just as well now as before. It heats up perfectly and holds the heat just fine. I think the Sunbeam is truly a wonderful iron."

Mrs. W. J. Martin,
Chicago, Ill.

November 14, 1924

Forward or Backward—Sunbeam's Tapered Nose and Square-Pointed Heels Glide Neatly Into Gathers—and Its All-Over Heating Unit Keeps the Whole Sole-Plate Hot

TO produce an iron that would give results like these has long been the aim of electrical engineers. At length we found that it couldn't be done without making the heating unit by hand, but that meant double cost.

For no machine yet known can build an All-Over heating unit—a unit like this that covers practically the whole ironing surface. A unit regulated to heat up quickly and hold the heat, yet not permit the violent rush of heat that scorches clothes. A unit that hours of over-heating does not harm. That heats as well after over-heating as it does before. Hence one that does not have to be replaced like the units in nearly 70% of the irons repaired.

We finally resolved to pay the price of this hand-built unit, believing our loss would be wiped out in time by the large demand. And so it has proved. For women know it is more economical to buy the Sunbeam than a cheaper iron that soon needs a new heating unit. That alone costs $2 to $2.50 installed.

Delft-Blue, Art-Steel Fireproof Case, $1

To help introduce the Sunbeam Iron, this beautiful, practical case at less than cost. A $2.50 value for $1, but only when bought in combination with the Sunbeam.

Enables you to put away iron hot—no waiting while it cools. Keeps iron, cord and stand clean and safe. And always ready, always together when you want them.

Half of All-Over heating unit is here exposed to show how it extends over practically the whole sole-plate, provides more heating area—hence quick and even heat.

Sunbeam $7.50

GUARANTEED TO GIVE MORE YEARS OF GOOD SERVICE THAN ANY OTHER IRON MADE

IN ART-STEEL FIRE-PROOF CASE $1 EXTRA

In no other iron can you get the much sought improvements that we now give in the Sunbeam. Neither this Art-Steel Fireproof Case in which a woman can put her hot iron out of sight, out of harm's reach; and not lose a moment waiting for it to cool. If you want beautiful ironing, shorter ironing days, and a rested ironing arm, buy the New Sunbeam on 30 days approval from any good electrical store. After this trial you'd not let wild horses drag it away from you. Your money back if it's not as we say.

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THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A CONSUL

(Continued from Page 27)

each and every one if I gave her a list. I did more; I gave so painstaking and conscientious a lady a card of introduction to each of a dozen men. I never saw her again, but that evening a friend offered me a cigar. It was pretty bad, but in courtesy I smoked it halfway. The next day kind people pressed smokes on me with a unanimity and courtesy which charmed me, but the atrocious quality of their offerings led me finally to refuse.

"But we're keeping them for you," protested my persistent friend.

"What have I done to deserve such punishment?"

"We bought them from the lady you sent to us."

The joke was on me. It cost me a dinner to twelve men, connoisseurs of wine, as nearly all Bristolians are, and some of them epicures. Each guest insisted on making a speech. Each told how the lady had come with a card from me and with a sample cigar of amazing excellence for the price. Each had bought one or more unopened boxes, to find later that the contents were the kind, as one orator put it, "that scavengers refuse even to chew." At the end of each speech the orator solemnly presented me with the cigars he had bought. I gave the lot to a friend to fumigate his greenhouse, and he afterward assured me that he had been summoned by the sanitary authority for maintaining a nuisance.

This story smoldered for years and leaped to flame in the most unexpected places. I remember that at a solemn banquet of the chamber of commerce I was sitting next to Mr. Augustine Birrell, then member of Parliament for Bristol. A speaker, pointedly gazing at me, ingeniously wove into his address subtle references to cigars. He got the usual burst of uproarious laughter.

"What's it all about?" Mr. Birrell asked.

"The words have nothing to do with the case," I answered. "They are *obiter dicta*."

This wise and kindly observer of life, subsequently to be profoundly saddened by Dublin outbreaks when he was Chief Secretary for Ireland, slyly expressed the hope that his *Obiter Dicta* did not provoke such vacant and meaningless hilarity. His delightful essays were at that time at the height of their deserved popularity.

An Amazing Yarn

The finest story ever narrated across the consular desk was told by a Los Angeles man whose teeth were gnashing in violent malaria. His pluck commanded admiration and sympathy, for he was very ill. He looked worse than the Apothecary in Romeo and Juliet, whom I have always seen so made up as to make a skeleton look fat in comparison. He had a good business in Los Angeles, he said, and owned a cave among bowlders about ten miles out of the city in which he camped out during week-ends and shot quail.

Waked one night by voices, he found himself listening to an inner council of nihilists, gathered ostensibly as members of a labor convention then meeting. He heard details arranged for the bombing of the Czar, all the grand dukes, Mouravieff, the then Russian Foreign Secretary, and many others who were to be gathered at the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg at a certain imperial function on a fixed day.

He had gone to Russia with his story. The plot had been foiled, most of the conspirators quietly captured, the lives of the nobility saved. Subsequently summoned to receive the great promised reward, he had been overpowered as he had jumped out of the tarantass and ultimately was deposited penniless beyond the Russian frontier. Mouravieff had double-crossed him! Could I help him on his weary homeward way? He had friends who would honor a draft, among them Senator White, whose strong commendatory letter he produced with other papers. He had also a letter from the Russian Foreign Office, proving by its address that he had been in St. Petersburg.

I still believe the man's story, even though his draft came back dishonored, with a charge of nine dollars for notarial protests, which for some obscure reason the Los Angeles bank had thought necessary to have executed to prove to me that the draft had not been met. I should have known it anyway. I wrote to Senator White, who replied with much sympathy, but with the dry comment that it was not usual in the States to advance money on letters written by men in public life.

Reverting to the tale of the furniture bought on the installment plan and immediately sold to me, I ultimately got most of the money back in a way that illustrates the confidential secrecy of English banking practice. English banking is greatly decentralized; each bank has many small branches in a community and a pleasant relationship springs up between manager and neighbors. Loans in the small average account are by overdraft without red tape, and the manager knows so intimately the affairs of those among whom he lives that bad debts are kept at a very low average.

The customer is assured of secrecy. He never receives a typewritten letter; all are in the manager's own hand. All this so greatly conduces to the use of checks that men often go about with no more than lunch money and car fares and pay debts as low as three or four dollars by check. The youthful vender of furniture who had defrauded me in due time returned to Bristol and paid my debt with a post-dated check, dishonored on presentation. His account was with one of these small branches which I have described; in this instance so small that the entire staff consisted of the manager, whom I knew well, and one teller. By accident, in this bank one day I met the young man and I told him that I heard that he had pulled off something good at the races. Could he pay me?

"I have been backing the gee-gees," he admitted, "and pulled off a double. I got sixty to one for three pounds, but the overdraft has got the lot."

Salvaging a Bad Debt

He made earnest promise, begged for time and hurried away. He had held a folded check in his hand and I thought it fairly obvious that he had come to draw money, which he could not well do in my presence. There must then be some sum to his credit. I drew the worn check from my pocket and presented it to my friend the manager, who was acting as teller in the absence of the latter at lunch. He marked it R-D—referred to drawer—and handed it back. I made a deposit tag in the customer's name, paid in one sovereign and again presented the check. It was returned marked with an additional R-D. I did this six times, to receive six further hieroglyphics on the many-times-dishonored check.

"Shall I go on?" I asked. "If he's still overdrawn, I may be making him a present."

His stiff response was to the effect that all matters connected with customers' accounts were confidential. I went on feeding the account pound by pound, and at the eighteenth deposit the check was paid. I had got back forty-two pounds of the sixty-pound debt. I laughed; so did the manager.

The teller returned, the manager and I went into his private office. Presently through the open door we heard the following conversation:

AN EXCITED VOICE: What? My check refused? I have forty-two pounds to my credit.

THE CALM TELLER: No, sir, you have only one shilling and fourpence. This check for sixty pounds has been debited.

THE EXCITED VOICE: Then I must be overdrawn.

THE TELLER: No, sir, you appear to have deposited eighteen pounds.

The language which came drew the dignified manager swiftly to the counter.

"After such an exhibition, Mr. X," he said, "I must ask that you close the account."

"Close the account? It's hermetically sealed already. To hell with you and your bank!"

In this same private office I once sat when a well-known lawyer came in.

"Don't move, Mr. Lathrop," he said. "There's nothing specially private about my business." He turned to the manager. "I have only come to say that the securities I promised are not accessible today, so the arrangement is off for the moment."

"Thank you, Mr. Y. Good morning."

The manager and I finished our business; he went to the teller inside, while I passed on the outside of the counter. I heard him say, "Mr. Y's matter is postponed."

"But he said he had given you the securities and I cashed his check for £200."

An exclamation; a dash for the telephone; a call for the police. The ten minutes' start which the lawyer had gained by my accidental presence in the private office proved enough. He was next heard of in New York. The Bristolian who returned with this news named four defaulting Bristol lawyers whom he had seen walking arm in arm down Fifth Avenue.

It was a time of transition for lawyers; the city was oversupplied, they were having a hard time. It was no longer the ambition of every thrifty man to own a home; his savings were now going into local limited companies. Hence heavy fees for transfers of property and mortgages were greatly lessened. In a country where there existed no registration of title, a lawyer mastered a trunkful of parchments with each transfer of mortgage, and there were innumerable perpetual ground rents, mysterious rack rents and other legal conditions to be considered. There are parts of Bristol which cannot today be modernized as a whole on account of the varying title complications of the units.

One of these levanting lawyers, whom we will call Brown, was a young man of great charm of manner, with a solid practice and an assured future. To carry through a small matter he one day asked his rich father to guarantee his overdraft for £200 at the bank. The busy father promptly signed a guaranty unlimited in time or amount and forgot all about the trifling matter. Thus was opened a mine of wealth to the young man, who was insensibly drawn into one venture after another. He financed an author and produced a play; he started a newspaper; he entertained genially and profusely; and at the end of a couple of years he woke up. The astounded father received a letter from the bank asking that he reduce somewhat the overdraft of £10,000 for which he was guarantor. He had to pay in full, but refused another sovereign. The son, insolvent, fled that night.

Information Wanted

A couple of years afterward I received a letter from an American mother, phrased with exquisite dignity, asking for information about Brown, to whom her daughter was devotedly attached, whom she greatly liked, but about whom, in excess of caution perhaps, she felt she ought to make inquiries before assenting to a marriage. I felt bound to tell her the whole story, and did not hesitate to say that, in my opinion, but for the accidental wording of that guaranty, Brown would have been a leading lawyer in Bristol. I never had an answer and do not know what happened; but a year afterward a man told me that he had heard from Brown and had been asked to thank me for my letter. I do not even yet know whether that message expressed gratitude or was meant as sarcasm.

To another letter of inquiry I was able to write a satisfactory answer. In the early 80's a schoolmaster wrote from the United States asking assurances about the standing of Mr. X. Y. Z., whose two sons had been placed in his school. I did not know X. Y. Z., but I knew his partner well. Meeting the latter, I told him of the letter and said I knew the firm was all right, but that I ought to have some definite foundation for my reply. He readily stated capital and earnings and asked me not to tell his partner. The inquiry, he agreed, was reasonable but might be resented. We would both keep the secret. Some time later I was presented to Mrs. X. Y. Z. in the presence of the partner. He maneuvered me aside and asked me not to mention the two sons.

"You inadvertently disclosed to me," he said, "the existence of a second and secret family."

On the page of the notebook which records the incident just narrated occurs the word "Biloxi." This word recalls one of those memorable coincidences which come more or less often in the life of every man. I was writing a story about San Francisco and found to my great chagrin that I was at a standstill through the loss of some notes about Charles Cora, a gambler who was hanged by a vigilance committee in the 50's.

In the hour of this vexatious discovery a kindly policeman brought to my house an

The best stories are never written

HOW many times have you said, "This would make a wonderful short story"? But you didn't write it, and the inspiration was soon forgotten.

"Many a story banged off hot on my Corona in a front-line dugout would never have been written if I had waited to reach a spot of greater convenience." — *Louis R. Freeman, War Correspondent, Explorer, Traveler.*

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old darky, white-haired, his face cut with those deep lines which often give to the aged of the colored race an expression of infinite patience and high dignity. He had thought to go as cook for two days in a tug, he told me, but they had put him on an ocean steamer, where he had been found useless from years and whence he had been put ashore penniless in Bristol; and all the time old Sarah was waiting for him at his home in Biloxi, where he made a living "catchin' crabs at de end of de wharf."

"You are so old," I said, "you must have been a slave."

"Oh, yes, boss—in California."

"But that could not be. California was always a free state."

"I knowed that, sir, but I wouldn't 'cept that."

Persistent questioning brought the facts. He had been taken by his master to San Francisco in the 50's and had there been hired out as cook at $100 a month. Out of this, the "cunnel" had allowed him to retain five dollars. "The cunnel," it appeared, was broke and "didn't have no luck," and so was supported for four years by this faithful servitor, who was cook most of the time for Miss Belle Cora.

There it was, the information I wanted—brought to my door in the hour in which it was needed. The wrinkled face grew tense as the old man tried to think back and answer my questions, but in the end I got all the facts I wanted. A passage home was procured for this aged struggler with life and I hope he lived to rejoin his Sarah in Biloxi.

In the diplomatic branch of the foreign service there will surely be opportunity to develop an international palate, but the chance will not be certain with consuls. Capitals are, however, alike the world over, and Paris provides for them the sauces and the language of the menu. As consuls live closer to the people in a foreign land, so may they eat at friendly tables, according to local custom and cherished family recipes.

Wine-Fed Stilton

I think that nowhere in the world are natural flavors so much appreciated and so carefully sought after as in the English countryside. Provincial hotels are no criterion. The last of the old race of innkeepers disappeared when the aged proprietor of the Red Lion at Abingdon on the Thames died and William Chapman, at Almondsbury, in Gloucestershire, passed away. No more is the great platter brought in with a flourish, the shining plated cover as large as a barrel lifted with an air, and the astonished visitor who has chanced to seat himself at the head of the table expected to carve a brace of wild duck or a goose that looms in front of him like a small hillock; no more bottles of old port, brought in reclining in a basket, opened by the host himself with so gentle a hand that no flake of the crust is detached, and poured out with the murmur, "In my cellars this thirty years, sir"; no more old Stilton cheeses, fed with spoonfuls of old wine every day, and so served that you may scoop for yourself in the rich depths; no more home-cured hams smoked in the wide chimney and cut from home-bred "small white Yorkshires, barley fed, killed under fourscore, with one, and one only, inch of fat on the back." The "fourscore," I may explain, refers to weight and not to age, and the ideal small sweet ham is produced as above described. In the dreary standardization of all things in this world of machine-made products, English country hotels and inns are now appraised by metropolitan standards and often the cooking is better than the French on the bill of fare.

My consular district at Bristol extended halfway to London on the east and halfway to Plymouth, on the west, and included two food products of international reputation, Cheddar cheeses and Wiltshire bacon. The secrets of the bacon were barley-fed pigs, not too fat or heavy, and careful mild curing. The secret of the cheeses began with the lush pastures of Somersetshire, and ended with long ripening on shelves in a climate ideal for the purpose. People at a distance believe that the dripping stalactite Cheddar caves shelter the cheeses while maturing, but this is not the fact.

Among local products especially liked were the salmon from the Severn and the Wye, and a few cunning men could tell them from Scotch by the lie of the flakes, and would have none of the latter. Most epicures preferred that the fish should be kept one day, the only exception to the general rule. Lampreys, lamperns and elvers swarmed up the Severn, and the preparation of these eels is a specialty of the old city of Gloucester.

The elvers are the little ones struggling from a mysterious birthplace in mid-Atlantic, to which they must return in three years to be seen no more of man. They are pressed into succulent bricks and are eaten with gusto by those who can forget their likeness to worms.

The true sole was seldom caught in the Bristol Channel and sometimes was not to be found in the fish markets. This most delicious of European flat fish can be recognized among half a dozen species of inferior cousins only by the shape of the shoulder; hence more humbug than usual in restaurants and hotels. In the traditional absence of sauces in England, it is important that you get the real thing. In Paris, where the general use of mussels in sauces for soles provides a different but satisfactory result, it does not so much matter. It is the practice in London restaurants to show the *plat* to the diner before removing it to a side table for cutting up. I early discovered that a show dish of soles was often displayed in leading London restaurants to half a dozen tables, and inferior fish subsequently served. I have more than once followed an embarrassed waiter across a big dining room and thus made certain that the dish shown was the fish delivered.

Fish for Epicures

The big turbot was always fresh in the markets and has one or two good points, best illustrated by an account of my experience at one of the elaborate and solid banquets of one of the ancient guilds of the City of London. My host was an ex-master of the guild, a seasoned campaigner, obviously strangely favored by the waiters. I saw this when clear turtle soup was served, for his plate and mine were solidly paved with cubes of the coveted green fat, while the plates of others contained no more than two of the agreeably glutinous morsels. When the turbot came my host shook his head and my portion was promptly replaced by another.

"Only the shoulder is worth eating," he said.

He was served with the second fish course and his helping consisted of six dismembered heads, from which he expertly pressed the eyes.

"The eye of the red mullet," he said, as he gobbled the small marbles, "is the delicacy."

A man opposite angrily glanced from the plate of my host to his own decapitated fish and curtly demanded a head.

"Sorry, sir, all gone," was the waiter's reply.

Trout were rarely on the market, but the lovely streams of the Cotswolds were all preserved and some well stocked, and visits to friends in that direction when "the May fly was up" brought among other joys, fresh pleasures of the table. Oysters came aplenty in their season and were no acquired taste to one from California, where the oysters are small and luscious. Those accustomed to the larger Eastern oyster alleged a coppery taste, but I could never discover this. The favorite time for eating them was at eleven o'clock in the morning and the favored drink to wash them down was a half-and-half composed of stout and champagne.

Imported chilled beef was not tolerated in those days and the utmost care was taken by housewives in the selection of sirloins. Some elderly men went to extraordinary lengths to get the roast beef of old England.

I knew an old squire in the 80's who always worked four yoke of oxen on his home farm that he might fatten them at six years old for the table. He always maintained that mature oxen, well exercised, then rested and slowly fattened on linseed-oil cake, made the ideal marbled beef. He daily examined the joints hanging in the cool and airy larder and ordered them cooked when they reached the perfection of tenderness.

Sometimes a moist south wind came suddenly and the old gentleman would mournfully admit that he had "cut it too fine", the roast must be thrown away. Not so with the venison or the pheasants, these could hardly hang too long. He was one of the diminishing number who would not eat certain game unless it was high. Venison is a dry and overrated food; but long hung, served with a rich sauce and homemade currant jelly, its delicious flavor disguises its history; but one has known from the moment of entering the house that venison was on the menu.

The old gentleman once asked me to dinner and I spoke with enthusiasm of the pheasants, which I was glad to find had no touch of taint. He afterward told me that he had given me my own birds. Two days before I had mentioned that I had allowed a brace to hang too long and had had them buried in my garden. He had bribed my gardener to resurrect them, and such was the art of his cook that their past was hidden.

His game course was always eagerly anticipated by those who knew, for his father had laid down a lot of Burgundy from the Romanée vineyard, which is but four acres in extent. This Romanée of 1865 was a historic vintage, as were the Richebourgs, Chambertins, Romanée-Contis and other Burgundies of that year. A single cobwebbed bottle, resting open in its basket on the chimneypiece above the open fire that it might slowly warm by dinnertime, would infuse an odor of autumn leaves through a whole house.

Venison may be on the menu of a provincial hotel, but it will rarely be deer meat; and sweetbreads, the pervading English entrée, are eaten by those who know only when served whole; for there are grisly and gristly recipes for the manufacture of substitutes. I went once for some forgotten reason into the basement of a great hotel on the eve of an important banquet and there met a village butcher.

"What are you doing here, Garth?" I asked.

"Darkenin' the veal, sir," he snarled.

"Darkening the veal? Why?"

"Venison, sir. Calves is deer if you paint 'em black enough."

He refused the dark secret of the transformation, but under pressure explained his bad temper. He had, it appeared, an annual arrangement about prices with the squire in the village, and among the items were sweetbreads at half a crown each. Two of these had been summarily demanded that morning under very special circumstances; a duke was coming to dine. It was well known that sweetbreads were to his grace as cheese to Brillat Savarin, the witty French gastronome, who was of the opinion that a dinner without cheese was like a beautiful woman with only one eye. So the butcher had hurried to Bath, twelve miles away, to learn that the pancreatic gland of every dead calf in the city had been bought for the Bristol banquet. Almost in despair, he had hurried to Bristol, to hear the same story. He had followed the sweetbreads to their destination, there to be told that he could have two if he would darken the veal. He produced a small damp parcel.

"That's them," he said disdainfully. "They cost me a quid in railway fares, cabs and telegrams, and I get a measly five shillun for 'em."

His loss was a whole day and three dollars; but His Grace got his sweetbreads and we got our venison.

Fraudulent Burgundy Detected

Tricks in foods are surpassed by frauds in wines. In the grillroom of a London hotel known all over the world I have had five bottles of Burgundy in front of me, each label dated 1865 and each one bearing a famous name. The waiter bent solicitously; the manager stood upright in wounded dignity. These wines had been successively opened for me and I had promptly condemned each as a fraud.

"If you don't bring me a sound old Burgundy," I said, "I will take these bottles to the directors at the next board meeting."

The manager waved the waiter away and murmured in my ear.

"If monsieur will respec' my confidence," he confessed presently. "The manager 'oo bought, he robbed. And the directors, they say, ve mus' get rid. Ve must' sell to the Américains, they say. Ze garçon he mistek a connoisseur for an American. Pardon, monsieur."

Three times out of seven, dining in London with a friend whose palate knew every vintage port of the nineteenth century, I saw him send back the excellent decanted wine served with the fruit. Always a humble apology—"A mistake has been made."

By common consent, the finest champagne of two generations was the Perrier Jouet of 1874. I recall a curious incident in connection with this wine. It held its quality into the new century, but there came a time when the last bubble was thought to have escaped. Sitting one Sunday night at dinner, I heard two young men at an adjoining table order chops and chip potatoes, modest meal enough; but their thirst was not to be so simply appeased. To my surprise, their request for P. J. 1874 was complied with. The two touched glasses, sipped; then one called for a pen and proceeded to draw a check.

"How much for the train?" he asked.

"Two hundred and twenty."

"Seven-twenty then?"

His companion nodded. I was able to infer from subsequent conversation that the two had been together in Manchester, that one had bet the other £500 that this wine could be had in a London restaurant, that they had found no Sunday train which would take them to Town by dinnertime, that the important matter could not be allowed to rest overnight, and that to the amount of the bet should be added the cost of the special train. So I watched with interest the loser calmly sipping wine which had cost him $3400.

These young men belonged to a class of joyous wastrels whose freaks were on so grandiose a scale as to arouse a nation's contemptuous laughter. One of them—he who called his donkey cart a private vehicle and so forced his right to drive dressed in the pearlies of the costermonger among the carriages of fashion in Hyde Park—was flickering out about the time I arrived in England. One of his successors as Lord of Misrule, the Jubilee Juggins, once thought to rest for a few days amid Nature's solitudes, so I ran across him in the billiard room of a little inn in North Devon. He was backing each stroke with gold as he played with a hardy son of the soil and was raining sovereigns among the satellites who had followed him into retreat. I thought that if the sun-baked yokel, dressed in corduroys stained with the red earth of Devon, could handle a hoe as he did a cue, his cabbages must be prize winners, and I examined him with curiosity.

Snaring a Spendthrift

"Oho!" I muttered, and though I had no personal acquaintance with the Juggins, I whispered in his ear. "He's a disguised Bristol billiard marker who can run out in one break."

"My friends are always doing me," he said with sullen resignation, and went on playing and paying. He seemed afraid of these friends, who never let him go until they had plucked him completely.

One of these inheritors of hard-earned wealth chanced to mention one day after lunching too well that the sale of certain properties gave him a credit balance at his bank of £60,000. He was washing his hands in the lavatory of a big restaurant at the time and had laid a signet ring on the stand.

The enterprising employe of a large jewelry store who had overheard picked up the ring with a "Pardon me," and after examining it, said, "We have an even better intaglio than this—something quite out of the common. Would you care to come and see it?"

The young man awoke the next morning to find his room knee-deep in morocco cases and his bank account depleted by £37,000. He is said to have sold the lot back at 20 per cent discount, but he had also to pay the salesman's commission, so his momentary fancy for trinkets and gems cost him about $50,000. He formed and kept a resolution never to drink until the shops were closed, but he found other means of speedily getting poor.

In connection with this class of spendthrifts the unique proposal of my experience was made to me. A London artist whom I knew well made a surprise visit to my consulate. He mentioned casually that he had seen in the Morning Post that I had "week-ended" at —— Hall.

"Yes, I was there."

"I saw that Miss X was also a guest."

"She was."

"Is she as rich as they say?"

"Her father is a multimillionaire and she is an only child."

"I've been told that her mother is ambitious for her."

"It is more than likely that the mother has a list of eligible coronets. She is the kind to expect eight strawberry leaves."

(Continued on Page 153)

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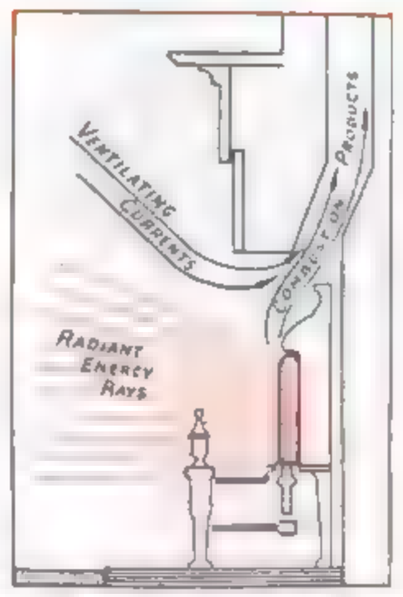

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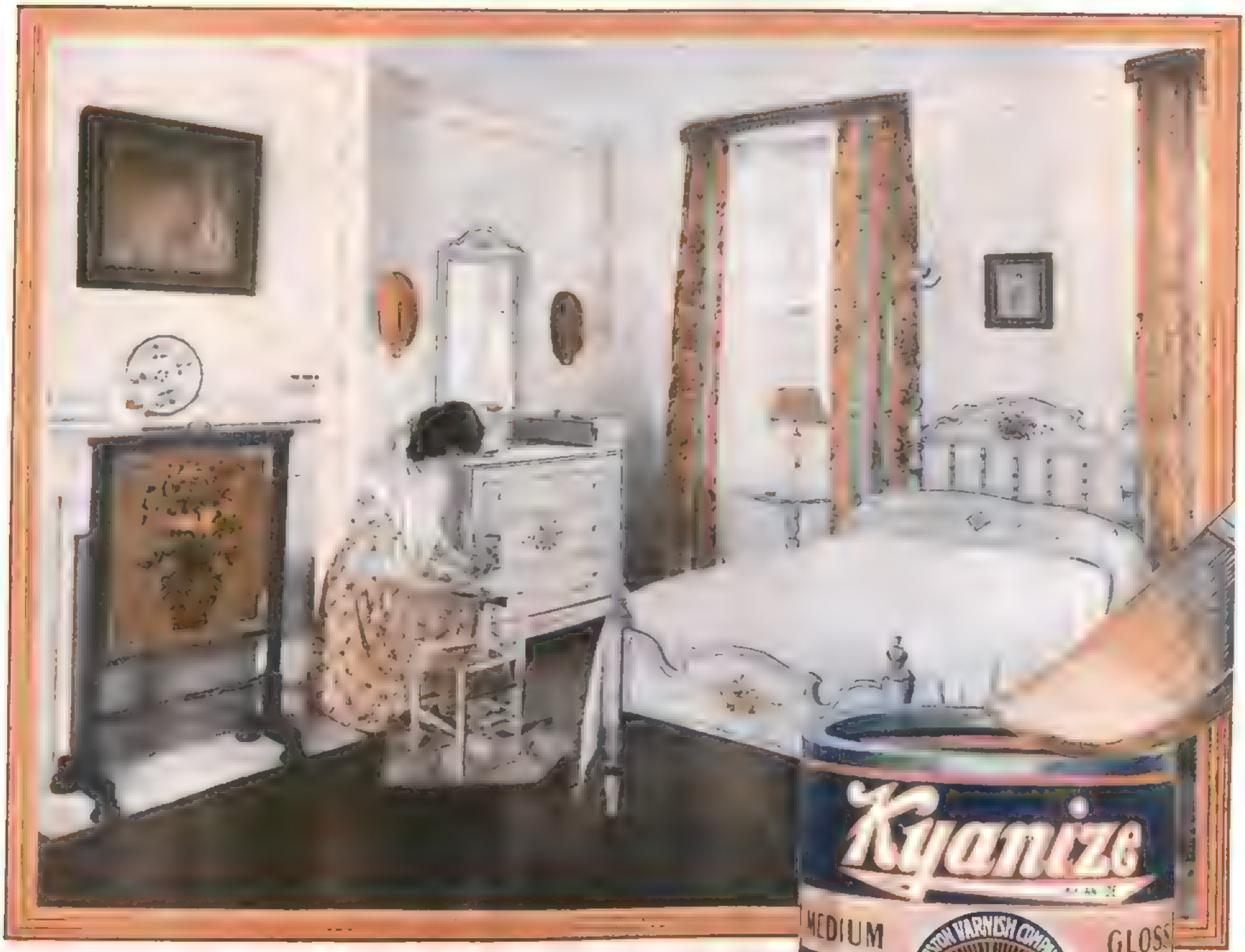

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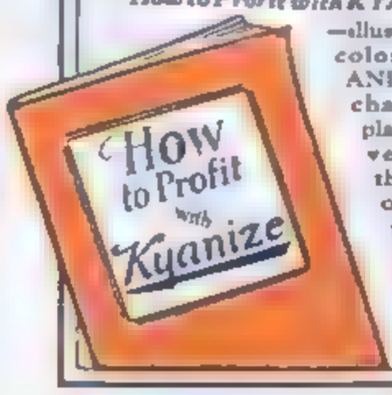

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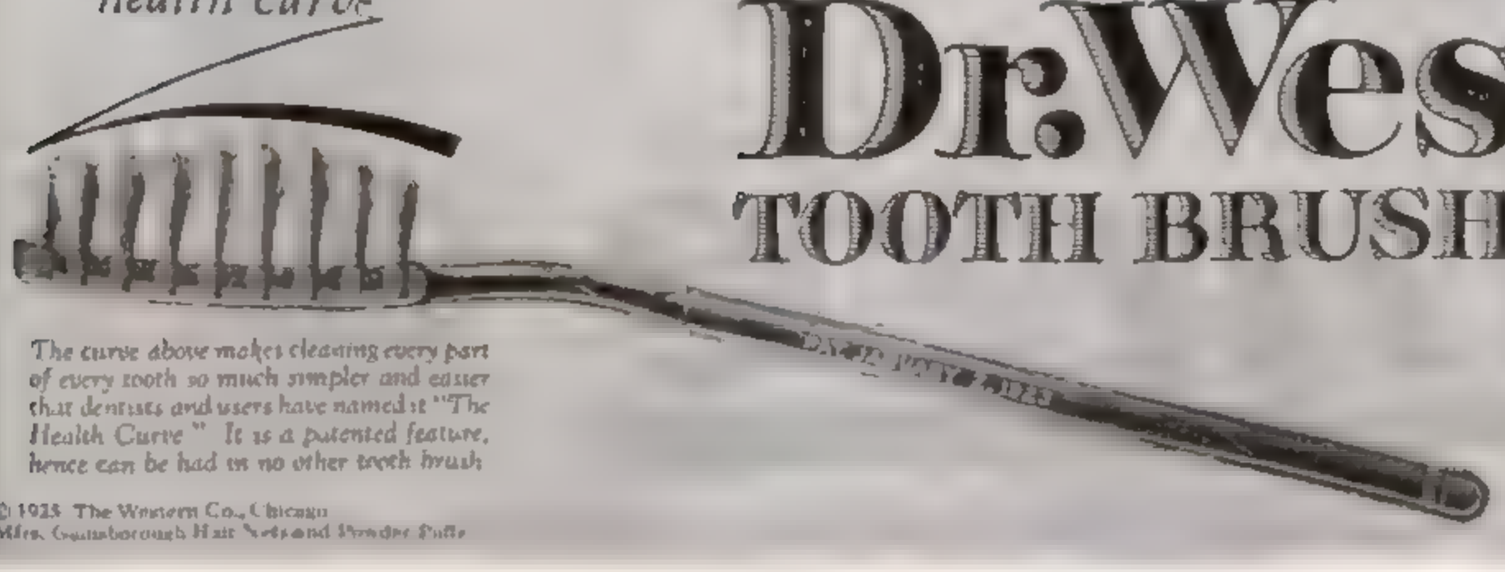

The curve above makes cleaning every part of every tooth so much simpler and easier that dentists and users have named it "The Health Curve" It is a patented feature, hence can be had in no other tooth brush

Dr. West's TOOTH BRUSH

WESCO Product

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Mrs. Goldsborough Hair Nets and Powder Puffs

(Continued from Page 148)

"They only grow in fours now."

By this he meant that there were no eligible dukes, but that eligible marquises existed.

"And the young lady?"

"Very pretty. Very bright. She has no frills, but does not underrate herself. If you want to sketch them I'll give you a line of introduction."

"Thanks awf'ly." He talked of other matters for some time and led the subject quite naturally to Lord Y.

"I was at Eton with him," he said, "and I think a lot of him. He's on the rocks, all right."

"Where else, with his record?"

"Oh, he's steadied down. He has a pedigree back to the Conqueror, good looks, a good heart, fine manners, but no money and no brains to make it with. He's flat broke and he's got to be helped."

It did not develop until we sat at lunch together that Miss X was to help him and that I was to be the marriage broker.

"I'm glad you came to me," I said earnestly. "It rounds out the list of consular functions. I have been asked to do everything and be everything but that. Is there a commission?"

"I am asking you to do this as my friend," he answered. "Anybody else would get 10 per cent of the settlements, payable as and when possible—cash, most likely, for he could borrow as soon as married."

When he left after his fruitless errand he reminded me of my promise of a letter of introduction.

"With pleasure, on one condition," I answered. "You must promise me not to mention Lord Y or to introduce him to Miss X."

"Keep your bally old letter," he retorted.

The profligate spendthrift with a press agent no longer exists, and England is no more diverted or saddened, according to individual temperament, by recitals of monstrous follies. It is not to be assumed that rich young fools no longer squander money, but fashions in spending have changed and opportunities are lessened. Gilded saloons no longer flaunt open doors at midnight. Night clubs are either genuinely decorous or must maintain outward decorum. Gambling hells are harried all over London. The lid is on; a stranger must search hard for a chance to be wild or wicked. The greater liberty wrested by girlhood from helpless parents has improved young men. The point is illustrated by this comment of a youth of riotous health and spirits, fine family and some money:

"And so you knew the old dad, did you? How times have changed! He was a stage-door johnny at my age and deep in the money lenders by the time he came of age. I think I have just as much fun, and I don't shower pendants and bracelets and dresses about, and the girls don't drop their h's and are always clean behind their ears. In the dad's time—oh, he's told me himself—a decent straight girl was like a novice in a nunnery. Now they're pals."

Changing Standards

From which comparison of two generations we may make this inference: That the flapper in doing what some people call sowing her wild oats is preventing the youth from sowing his. In Bristol, in 1883, I was told that it was not good form to smoke on the street; but on the night of the day on which I was thus instructed in etiquette I saw three men drunk at a dinner. Now everybody smokes, but to be seen intoxicated is to court ostracism. In the same year a girl of twenty-two brought sorrow to her mother's heart by riding alone in a hansom and was packed off to an aunt to be reformed. Now a girl in a taxi may give a boy a lift and nothing said.

In the early 80's, there lingered here and there the faint echo of the once-bitter prejudice of the landed gentry against railroads. An old gentleman told me that he was leaving for London immediately.

"But there's no train," I said.

"I don't hold with those abominations," he answered contemptuously.

He pointed to his immense baggage-laden landau.

"But railways existed when you were of age," I protested incredulously.

"They forced their way across my father's land," he said bitterly, "ruined his shooting and scattered his foxes. I have never entered a train, and please God, I never shall."

The fastest London train then took three hours; he drove in in three days. The delightful old town of Abingdon in Berkshire, by the way, fought so hard against railways as successfully to mar the general plan of a great trunk line, and after fifty repentant years it still watches sleepily the distant smoke of the locomotive of the Oxford train. That same spirit of conservatism I saw delightfully shown in later years by walking men carrying a red flag in front of an automobile. The law required this advance guard for some time after motor-driven vehicles were a proved success in the United States.

Bristol was thought by some to be the richest per capita city in the world. Its commerce had been with the West Indies and the government grants on the manumission of slaves in the 1830's had come in immense sums to the old city. It entered then on a sleepy half century, tenaciously hoarding its wealth, cherishing memories of a day when Liverpool was a village and London a rival on an even ground, holding fast to old customs and traditions, dining solidly, sipping with knowing palate of the venerable ports and sherries and Madeiras from the cavernous cellars beneath the houses of the old city. Private cellars were kept full and there was much solemn discussion about this or that promising new vintage and how many dozen should be laid down. The practice fell off in towns with the coming of the jerry-builder, and in the country with the financial decline of the old landed aristocracy.

The Wine Merchant's Lament

Men of finance and business who bought estates were not experienced in cellar management and could not command the fidelity of butlers attached by hereditary ties to "the great house"; nor were they trained to the long look forward and a sense of obligation to the heir, who in the changing life of the time might not continue to inhabit the mansion. They found honesty and quality in the newly established but quickly successful coöperative and department stores of London and ordered for a few months at a time. There was less corked wine, less loss by breakage and theft. I remember the profound chagrin with which a young man told me how on his twenty-first birthday they had unbricked a wall wherein had been laid down several dozen of port on his birth. They found nothing there. They recalled alterations and improvements some ten years before and the presence of masons.

Hence the decline of the family wine merchant and the empty catacombs beneath the ancient towns of England.

"Times have changed," said an old wine merchant to me. "My great-grandfather started this business and I thought to leave it to my sons. One is in Canada, the other in New Zealand, and I only open the cellar doors to take something out. I never put anything in."

He died about the time he had sold the last cask of sherry. At his funeral an old friend of his, a retired soap boiler, lamented the altered times.

"William and I lived too long," he said; "rich men buy their wine by the case and scientists make soap out of stones."

In most English cities those members of the city council who have been made aldermen take the mayoralty by rotation; but the "ancient citie of Bristol," with traditions of civic hospitality as fixed as those of London, employed a unique method of insuring the continuity of these traditions. Every autumn whisperings went about of the secret activities of the Warwick Committee, a committee unknown to law and named after the great kingmaker. The function of this secret body was to search out a Crœsus, able and willing to spend from £5000 to £10,000 in the course of the year for the honor of the city. There were plenty of Crœsuses; but most of these who were willing to pay so high a price would not give the time to the exacting duties, and there were some who would spend the time, but not the money. One who rejected the offer said to me:

"I would have taken it, but the fur-trimmed mayoral robes make you swelter in summer. My wife has heard of my refusal and won't speak to me. Royalty is coming in the year and that means a knighthood."

Hard as it is to bear the burden of the Bristol mayoral gown, there is one that is heavier. A Lord Mayor of London once told me that the bullion on his robe weighed thirteen pounds.

Ordinary knighthoods, by the way, are freely given now, and most men care little for them. The honor would often be declined if the wife of a knight were addressed otherwise than as "Lady." There is magic enchantment in this word "Lady." Wives of marquises, earls, viscounts, barons, baronets, are thus addressed; and so the wife of a knight seems to attain higher rank than her husband. I once ran across a knight and his wife in a French watering place, but the hotel register called them plain Mr. and Mrs.

"Keep it dark," said my lady; "they would call my husband 'me lor'" and add 20 per cent to the bills."

The Warwick Committee was always ultimately successful. The office was usually accepted by elderly men of great wealth who had no children to complain of the inroads on the family fortune, and the chief motive was nearly always a high and creditable municipal pride. The Right Worshipful the Mayor is now by law the Right Honorable the Lord Mayor, but His Lordship in these democratic days of high taxation is not expected to keep an open mansion house or to emulate the gastronomic glories of His Worship.

Seven Centuries of Dinner Giving

No records exist of banquets given to Cymbeline or Boadicea, though ancient British Bristol was an important town; nor to the Roman Emperor Adrian when he visited Britain; nor to Cerdic the Saxon, when he founded the Kingdom of Wessex, of which Bristol was a frontier fortress; nor to Alfred the Great, who must often have visited the city; nor to Sweyn, the Dane, who came up the Severn in 998; nor to Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror, to whom was presented Bristol Castle; nor to Dermot Macmurchad, King of Leinster, when he eloped with Dearborghil, wife of the King of Meath, and came to Bristol in 1164; the record authentically begins with Henry III, crowned at Gloucester in 1216. He came thence to Bristol, appointed the first mayor and began the unbroken line extending through 700 years.

Seven centuries of practice in dinner giving culminated in my early Bristol days. Gastronomes will deny that an ideal dinner can be served to more than twenty-four people, but sixty or seventy were constantly entertained at the Bristol Mansion House with perfection of service, cooking and wines. Dinners: "On the occasion of her or his majesty's visit to Bristol"—but King Stephen in 1141 got prison fare, having been dragged to the city in chains; "to meet His Majesty's Judges of Assizes"—but Judge Jeffreys at the Bloody Assizes was too busy hanging people to dine and called His Worship "a kidnaping rogue"; to meet ambassadors—but Count Dada, the Pope's Nuncio, in 1687 was left to dine at the Three Tuns Tavern; on the coming of peace with America in 1814—but the city conduits did not run with wine as at the Peace of Ryswick in 1697; on a general muster when the burgesses "did then muster with all kinds of warlike furniture and weapons"; to meet "Captain Martin Frobisher, from his voyage attempting to find the Northwest passage"; on the arrival of the Earl of Desmond's head "pickled in a pipkin"; when Edmund Burke was elected member for Bristol; when the Great Duke came; when the university opened; when the American corvette Enterprise, under Captain McCalla came to the port; when the American baseball teams came; when the American ambassador came; when the consul arrived; when he went away. Dinners, always dinners, under any hospitable pretense.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr Lathrop. The next will appear in an early issue.

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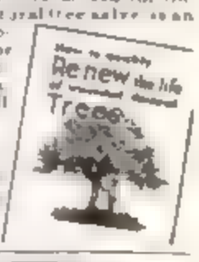

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THE POD-AUGER MAN

(Continued from Page 21)

went into Neel's shop one day to get Will to fix up a new pair of shoes for him with that jigger he had to save lacing them. Will wouldn't do it. He said it was foolishness; but 'Tilda was in the shop, and I guess she kind of felt sorry for Ernie, explaining so careful and so dumb, and sweating the way he always did when he tried to explain something; and I guess 'Tilda kind of took his part when her pa rowed at him Anyway, Ernie used to hang around her all he could after that.

"So Dave kind of took a dislike for him. And he took it out in making fun of Ernie at the store, and getting him hot, and getting him to argue about things and let folks see what a dumb one he was." Chet chuckled at some recollection. "They say Dave used to keep on till he got madder than Ernie did. Ernie was aggravating, that way. I went fishing with him once, on the Marsh Brook, and he was all for fishing upstream, because he said the trout laid with their heads that way, and so they couldn't see you coming up behind them. I couldn't make him see how senseless that was, for all I talked to him. He caught a few fish, and that was enough for him to be sure he was right. I didn't get mad, but he did kind of irritate me."

"You're quite a hand to argue yourself, if it's about fishing," Mrs. McAusland suggested dryly; and Chet acknowledged the accusation with a chuckle before he went on.

"Ernie hardly ever come down to the store without some new way of doing things," he continued. "He had some apple trees on that farm his pa had give him; and when it come to pack apples that fall, they tried to show him how to do it. But nobody ever could get Ernie to press the head down on a barrel the way it ought to be. He said it mashed up half the apples in the barrel; so he'd pack 'em loose and they'd rattle around and bruise and spoil. Then he figured out a scheme to put a piece of sacking across the top and pull it down tight to hold them from rattling; and you'd see his apples packed that way. He had some good trees, and the crop was good that first year, and he got a pretty fair price in the Boston market. Better than most, so he was sure his way was right again.

"He got in some wood that winter for cordwood. But he had to go at that backward too. He'd go down in the woods and cut down three four birches, or whatever it was. And then instead of cutting them up into cordwood lengths and piling them to season, he'd hitch a rope onto the butt ends and make his horse drag the whole trees up to his woodshed. Said he could haul more that way, and then he had the chips lying around where he could pick 'em up, instead of scattered in the woods; and he claimed the wood seasoned better under cover. I guess that was so; but anybody knows it's a sight easier to haul wood on a cart or a sledge than the way he did it. Dave used to get after him about that in the store; and Ernie'd argue that he could get out more wood than Dave could in a day, working their own ways. They fixed up a kind of a race at it, two three times; but Dave always beat him. Dave was a bigger man, and he could always do a pile of work; but anybody could do more, doing it the right way, and Ernie never did anything the right way in his life. But he'd stick to it that he was right, just the same."

He filled his pipe again, methodically whittling from a black and maltreated plug.

"I suppose there's someone in every town like that," I suggested. "Goes at everything backward."

"Never see anyone as bad as Ernie," Chet assured me, and continued the tally of Ernie's crimes. "He made himself a sledge that winter," he explained. "That was another thing. He hauled a chunk of oak down to the mill and had runners sawed out of it; only instead of one set of long runners he had two sets of short ones; and he rigged up the forward set so they'd turn. Claimed a horse could haul a heavier load that way because it was easier to swing around than if the runners was one piece, the way any man with sense would make them. Dave Pirt got after him about that, too; and he talked Ernie into trying out his sledge against Dave's, with a load of wood on. Dave had a big horse that could pull to beat time, and he made Ernie look foolish, but Ernie claimed it was the horse instead of the sledge; and he wanted to shift horses and try it the other way. Dave laughed at him till Ernie sweated like it was summertime. Dave had managed it so they tried it on the schoolhouse hill, where there was two three bends in the road, and 'Tilda Neel could watch them from the schoolhouse window. Prob'ly Dave wanted to make her see for herself what Ernie was; and she saw. And the madder Ernie got—his horse stuck, about halfway up the hill—the more Dave laughed at him, with 'Tilda watching from the window.

"Folks had begun to tell Dave by then that if he didn't look out Ernie'd get 'Tilda away from him; and that always made Dave mad, so't he licked Joe Harris and Brad Paul for it. Dave was a good man in a fight. He could handle himself. But everybody got to talking the same way, and Dave couldn't lick 'em all, so he tried to laugh it down. He used to say him and 'Tilda would get married any time he said the word. 'Tilda never said anything about it; but she went places with Dave when he asked her to. Ernie'd kind of hang around her too. She didn't seem to mind, always treated him like one of the boys in her school that didn't get along so well with his work. I heard that she lit into Dave one day for the way he acted to Ernie, and Dave promised to let up on Ernie after that.

"But you couldn't help laughing at Ernie. Nobody could. Dave was as bad as ever before very long. When it come spring Ernie decided to raise chickens and sell eggs and all, and he bought him some hens and a few roosters. Folks that had chickens around there then usually let them run; but Ernie built pens for them. He wasn't even sensible about the way he did that. Instead of building a pen the way an ordinary man would with a good high fence around it, he just built a low fence about two feet high and clipped their wings so they couldn't fly out. But they hopped over, till he was chasing them all the time. The pens wasn't more than big enough for them to turn around in. So to keep 'em from hopping out, Ernie got him some more wire. He was too stubborn to build the sides of the pens higher, so he put wire right across the top of them. The hens pretty near had to hold their heads down when they walked around. Dave made a lot of talk about that. He'd walk around the store hunched over, giving an imitation of one of Ernie's hens. Ernie stuck to it that he'd done it on purpose. 'The hens 'll lay more,' he'd say. 'They don't have a chance to run around and use up their strength. I'll get more eggs out of them.' It just happened that he'd got some good hens and they did lay pretty well, and he bragged about that; but Dave and the rest kept right on laughing at him just the same.

"He was always one to say he'd done things so a-purpose. There was a hole in the floor of the tie-up where he kep' his cows, and all that winter he just shoveled the manure down that hole under the floor of the barn. When it come time to get it out in the spring he had a lot of work, where if he'd shoveled it out the window he could have got at it easy. Dave went up there one day and Ernie was under the barn in that pile of manure pretty near to his waist, and sweating like time; and Dave told about it at the store that night and had everybody laughing. And Ernie kept telling them he'd planned it so. 'It keeps the juice in the manure,' he'd say. 'That's what does the good; that juice. Gives it a chance to rot good. You'll see the difference in my garden.'

"The farm papers say nowadays that you'd ought to keep your manure in a pit that way, but it was just an accident with Ernie, because he hadn't had sense enough to know different, and to see what a job he'd have getting it out in the spring. He was so stubborn he went right on doing it that way the next year, just the same."

Chet paused and was silent, as though he had told all there was to tell; and I thought he had in fact given me a portrait of Ernie Hadley's hard to forget. But if there was more I was curious to hear it; and I reminded him that he had said Ernie once came to blows with Dave Pirt.

"That's so, yes," Chet agreed; and he laughed at the recollection. "Yes, he did. I wasn't there, but I've heard tell about it. That was over 'Tilda Neel."

"He had wit enough to fight for her, then," I suggested.

(Continued on Page 157)

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The price-cut came down with a dull edge

THE old gentleman, pacing back and forth on the edge of the eighteenth green, did not notice his son's 10-foot putt for a birdie three. To a cheerful greeting he made no response. Halfway to the veranda he spoke: "Bob, I've got bad news—bad news. And no time to beat around the bush to make it easier for you."

Son: "You don't mean to stop work on the Erdonville plant?"

Father: "We're through with Erdonville. Lucky to get what it stands us on our books. The broker admits his offer comes from Yost & Yost. They played their high trump this morning with another 10% cut in prices. I got it straight over the 'phone from our Sales Manager in Chicago. I called the broker and he gives me till 5 o'clock to decide."

"I told you it would come," cut in the son, as he turned to the Consulting Engineer. "We've got to junk the old plant completely, double the capacity at Erdonville and get into full production there before the fall trade opens up."

"No," came the emphatic reply from his father, "I'm through. That last price cut will make a big deficit for next year. I'm going to sell now and save what I've got. I've been analyzing the figures all afternoon."

Son: "What figures! Your figures, the figures of the old plant—your—your—I'm sorry, Dad, but I can't make it easy for you, either. The old plant is a monument to low bidders. Everything in it was bought on price and not on performance. And nobody knows it better than Yost & Yost. They're afraid of me, not you; of my methods and the new plant, not of your methods and your old factory."

Father: "The product of the old plant has won every gold medal since the Chicago World's Fair."

"Everybody admits that," said the Consulting Engineer. "But where are the fine workmen who helped win those medals? You've run an apprentice system for the whole industry. Why?"

Father: "They drift to the cities. You can't stop it."

Son: "No, 80% of our terrible labor turnover is due to physical discomfort and nothing else. I've traced it down to that old steam heating system. It's one of the weasels hiding in our overhead, sucking out the profits."

Consulting Engineer: "Your son months ago foresaw the strategy of your competition. He set out to make their price cut come down with a dull edge. They know they can't compete with Erdonville, its lower power costs—up-to-date machinery, satisfied labor, made more efficient by ideal plant temperature. On top of that the hot water heating system will save $5,000 in fuel cost."

Father: "If you're selling heat the same as light and power are sold, the way McLaughlin sells heat, I'll admit hot water is the only thing, but otherwise the investment is too great."

Son: "That theory was exploded long ago. McLaughlin made his success as a production manager before he ever thought of selling heat as a commodity. The secret in his own words is this: 'Buy plant equipment as if you had to make your living selling its performance against the performance of anything else on the market.'"

Father: "Has McLaughlin seen our plans?"

Consulting Engineer: "Yes, and he's sure the savings will be better than $5,000. He urges us to accept that offer to build 50 small houses north of the Erdonville plant. Selling heat from our own system at 15 cents a day per house he says will give us a shade better profit than he makes."

Father: "That really sounds practical. Boy, you have got a head on your shoulders; you are thorough; your plan insures money-making performance. Most of us depend too much on low bids and low first cost."

Son: "Where's the 'phone. No, not the broker; the Grinnell Company. I'm going to order all that piping work now. No more weasels for us. This time we're going to have a plant—a Gold Medal plant."

* * * * * * *

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(Continued from Page 154)

"Oh, Ernie was stubborn about everything," Chet replied. "He was just as stubborn about that as he was about anything else. And the more he hung around 'Tilda the more he wanted to hang around her. 'Tilda was nice to him. I guess in the beginning she was sorry for him; but maybe there was something she liked in him too. Women are that way, where a man don't amount to much. Ain't you seen women that you couldn't figure out why they married the men they did?"

Mrs. McAusland said sharply, "Most of them are that way."

Chet laughed at her jovially, and she lifted her head and I saw the mild twinkle in her pleasant eyes. "That's right," Chet reproached her. "Lay into me every chance you get."

"I never said a word about you," she retorted. "You was talking about 'Tilda Neel and what she could see in Ernie."

"Well, it was curious," Chet repeated. "Women will do things sometimes that'll astonish you. 'Tilda had brains, I always heard tell. I used to see her sometimes, when I was in Frankfort. Never knowed her, to amount to anything, only by sight; but she looked like she had sense. And they say she was as good a teacher as there ever was in the school there.

"Anyway, she was nice to Ernie. She never laughed at him, for one thing; and when Dave Pirt would try to tell her some dumb thing Ernie had done, 'Tilda would say to him, 'Well, maybe he's right, for all you know.' Dave never took that serious; he'd laugh at it. But naturally it bothered him to have her stand up for Ernie. I guess it's safe to say he wanted her to marry him, and probably he'd asked her. I don't know. I never had any talk with her, nor him either; but everybody that knew them said it was so, the way he hung around her. And when some of them that wasn't afraid of him would tell him he'd better look out for Ernie with 'Tilda, he used to say she'd marry him when he was ready to give the word. It just happened he never said that where Ernie could hear him, till the day they had this fight I'm telling you about. That was the day old man Haddocks come down from Bangor."

"Ernie's father?" I asked. "The shoe man?"

"Moccasins, it was," Chet explained. "And some shoes. Heavy shoes and high moccasins and low ones, mostly for wearing in the woods. Lumbermen's boots, and the like. He had a pretty fair business. Been at it all his life, and he had a little factory on the second floor of a building on Main Street.

"He come down to see Ernie. See how he was getting along on the farm, I guess. The farm was a good one, and it would have done fine for anybody else; and in spite of the way Ernie went at things it had done pretty good for him. Ernie showed his pa around over the place, explaining about everything there was to explain. The old man—he was pretty old by that time, and feeble—he could see that Ernie didn't know how to do anything that there was to do; and he asked questions all the time. A man named Buker drove him down from Bangor, and Buker was with them, and he told me about it. He said it was funny to see Ernie explaining so careful, and sweating so hard while he explained, the way he always did. Buker said the old man got quieter and quieter, the more Ernie talked. He got there the middle of the forenoon, and Ernie cooked dinner for him and give him some raw turnips to eat, and Buker said the old man pretty near blew up at that. This was along late in the fall about a year after Ernie started in there, and he'd worked pretty steady. He never was afraid of working too hard. So he had things in fair shape.

"After dinner Ernie and the old man and Buker come down into the village; and Ernie's pa said he wanted to talk to some of Ernie's friends. Well, Ernie didn't have any friends, to amount to anything. There wasn't anybody except maybe Dave Pirt that had any grudge against him, but most people laughed at him and that was about all. There was 'Tilda Neel, but she was teaching school and wouldn't be out till late in the afternoon; so Ernie took his pa in to see 'Tilda's father. Will Neel's shop was in his house, and they went in and sat down and got to talking there.

"Will had got over his first row with Ernie. 'Tilda had talked him out of it, prob'ly. She'd talked him into fixing up Ernie's shoes the way he wanted them, with that scheme of a wire and all, that Ernie had worked out. It was slick, in a way, and when he had fixed 'em up Neel was kind of tickled. He told old man Haddocks about how it happened. 'Ernie kept at me,' he says, 'till I did it. He says it saves him a lot of time lacing up his shoes.'

"Well, old Haddocks had been making shoes all his life, so he didn't have any patience with this new way Ernie had of fastening them; and he told Neel so. 'No sense in it,' he says. 'Laces are good enough.'

"Ernie started in to argue about it; but his pa shut him up. I guess his pa was the only one that could shut Ernie up. Ernie was the only boy old man Haddocks had, so Ernie was bound to heir the moccasin factory when Haddocks died. Maybe that's why he didn't want to get his pa mad. Anyway, Ernie shut up; and he said he'd go get 'Tilda and come back with her when school was out. He said he wanted his pa to see her. So he went out; and Buker went along to the store, and Neel and old Haddocks stayed there together, talking, while Ernie was gone. Neel told me one day that Haddocks said he was getting old, and he hated to think of leaving the business to Ernie, but there wasn't anyone else to will it to, and he couldn't get his price to sell it. Neel said Ernie's pa felt mighty bad about having to leave it to Ernie, because he'd built it up himself, and he looked for Ernie to let it bust up. They talked for quite a spell. Ernie didn't come back, but Buker did, and he said they'd better be starting home to Bangor, because it was a long ride in a team; so old Haddocks got ready to go. But he was fussing because Ernie hadn't come back; and they come out into the yard and they see Ernie coming with 'Tilda, talking to her the way he always did, prob'ly arguing about something, and her listening with a little kind of a smile, like she didn't hear what he said nor didn't care much because she'd know it didn't amount to anything

"So Ernie and 'Tilda come along and Buker had his team there, and he was in the team, and old Haddocks waited, standing by the wheel, to tell Ernie he was going. And Ernie made him acquainted with 'Tilda, and old Haddocks was kind of struck with her, because she had the look of a girl with sense.

"You've been in Frankfort. There ain't much of anything happens in a village like that that folks don't know about. So everybody'd heard that old Haddocks had come down to see Ernie, and had gone to see Will Neel; and then when Ernie went up to the schoolhouse to wait for 'Tilda, everybody saw him. Joe Dace was driving out of town past Dave Pirt's farm, and nothing would do Joe but he'd stop and tell Dave about it; and he kind of made it out a joke on Dave, laughing at him about it, till Dave, he decided he'd go down to the village and see for himself.

"So he hitched up in a hurry and drove down, and he come into town past Will Neel's house. Will and old Haddocks and Ernie and 'Tilda, and Buker setting in the team, were in front of the house when he come in sight of it, and he come along toward them.

"'Tilda had been saying that old Haddocks would have to stay to supper; and she'd talked him into it. He was struck with her as a sensible kind of a girl. So finally he said he would. Then she must have seen Dave coming along the street, and maybe she didn't want there to be any trouble, and thought if she went in the house it would help. So she said she'd go tell her ma and get supper started, so Haddocks and Buker wouldn't be late getting off to Bangor. And she went in the house and Buker drove around to put up his horse. That way he missed the fight. Buker's been sorry ever since he didn't see Dave coming, but if he had he wouldn't have looked for any trouble, not knowing Dave.

"I figure Dave had worked hisself up till he was pretty mad. It must have got under his skin, the way folks had been talking to him all summer about Ernie and 'Tilda, and her holding him off all the time. But when he come to where they was, he didn't show his mad any. He just yelled to Ernie, the loud way he always talked, 'Hello, Ernie!' And Ernie says hello to him; and Dave says, 'How's that patent sledge of yours working out these days?'

"If there was one thing that could irritate Ernie more'n another it was any talk about that sledge of his, that Dave had beat him with. He says, 'Anybody that

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had any sense could see that's a good sledge, Dave.'

"Old Haddocks was listening, and watching, curious about what was going on. Dave got out of his team and come over, not paying any attention to Ernie, and he says to old Haddocks, 'You must be Ernie's pa. I heard tell you was in town.'

"'I come down from Bangor to see Ernie,' Haddocks says.

"'You better take him home and take care of him,' Dave told him, and he laughed. Old Haddocks wasn't any fool, and he see Dave was sore; but he got a little bit mad himself.

"'I guess Ernie can look out for hisself,' he says to Dave.

"Dave laughed again. 'Ernie must have told you that,' he says. Then he looked at Will Neel and back at old Haddocks, and he asked, 'You going back tonight?'

"'The young lady invited us to stay to supper,' the old man says.

"'Mean 'Tilda?' Dave asked, and Will Neel answered him.

"'Yes,' he says. 'Yes, we asked Mr. Haddocks to stay.'

"Dave got kind of red in the face, and nobody said anything for a minute. Even Ernie didn't have anything to say. Then old Haddocks says, 'She seems a mighty nice girl.'

"Dave was always one to talk too much, or he wouldn't have said what he did, with Will Neel and Ernie both there to hear him. 'You bet she is,' he says to old Haddocks. 'Her and me are going to get married, soon as I say the word.'

"Well, that brought Ernie into it. The sweat kind of popped out on him, and he says, 'That ain't so.'

"Dave swung around and looked at him, and he laughed. 'Why ain't it?' he asks Ernie.

"Ernie couldn't hardly talk straight, he was so mad. 'She ain't a-going to marry you at all,' he yells at Dave.

"Dave kind of moved his hand. 'Pshaw,' he said. 'You've got some wrong notions in your head, Ernie. Just because 'Tilda's been dry-nursing you for a spell.'

"Will Neel tried to break it up then. He see there was a fight coming; and he knew Ernie didn't have a chance in the world, but he knew Ernie'd be just stubborn enough to try licking Dave. Dave was mad, and they could all see it by then, so Will tries to say something. But before he could move, Ernie started in. If he'd had any sense he'd kep' his mouth shut or got out of the way; or if he was bound to fight he'd have grabbed him a stick or he'd have waited for a chance at Dave with some hopes of getting at him. But Ernie went at fighting the way he went at anything else, the way a plumb fool would. Dave was a head taller than him, but Ernie run right at him, and Dave swatted him one and knocked him ten feet away. Ernie didn't have the brains to lay still. He got up and come at Dave again, and Dave slapped him side of the head fit to loosen his teeth for him, and Ernie went spraddling again. And he come up, and gives a kind of a leap, not having sense to know he didn't have a chance. Dave would have beat him all to pieces, only when he took a step to one side, kind of, his foot caught in the edge of the board walk and he lost his balance, and when Ernie butted him, Dave fell over backward and banged his head. It must have stunned him, because he never moved. And Ernie got on top of him, and he beat him something scandalous; just mauled the face off of him till he was a sight to look at.

"Folks were coming running by that time; but nobody bothered Ernie to stop what he was doing. They just stood around till he got tired, and got up off of Dave; and they say it was a sight to see him sweating then."

Chet chuckled at the recollection. "Yes, sir, I can imagine it," he declared. "But it was lucky for him Dave happened to trip himself. Or Ernie wouldn't have had any chance at all."

Mrs. McAusland said emphatically, "I say it served that Dave Pirt right."

I asked Chet, "What did Ernie's father think of it?"

"Well," said Chet, "they say he picked up Ernie's hat and brushed it off and give it to him."

"I suppose 'Tilda married him?"

"Yes," Chet replied. "Yes, she did. Dave raised considerable noise about it. He told her Ernie didn't have the sense of a hen; but 'Tilda 'lowed Ernie'd had sense enough to lick Dave. And Dave said Ernie hadn't the brains to take care of himself, much less a wife; and 'Tilda said if that was so she guessed Ernie needed someone to take care of him."

"What happened to him in the end?" I inquired.

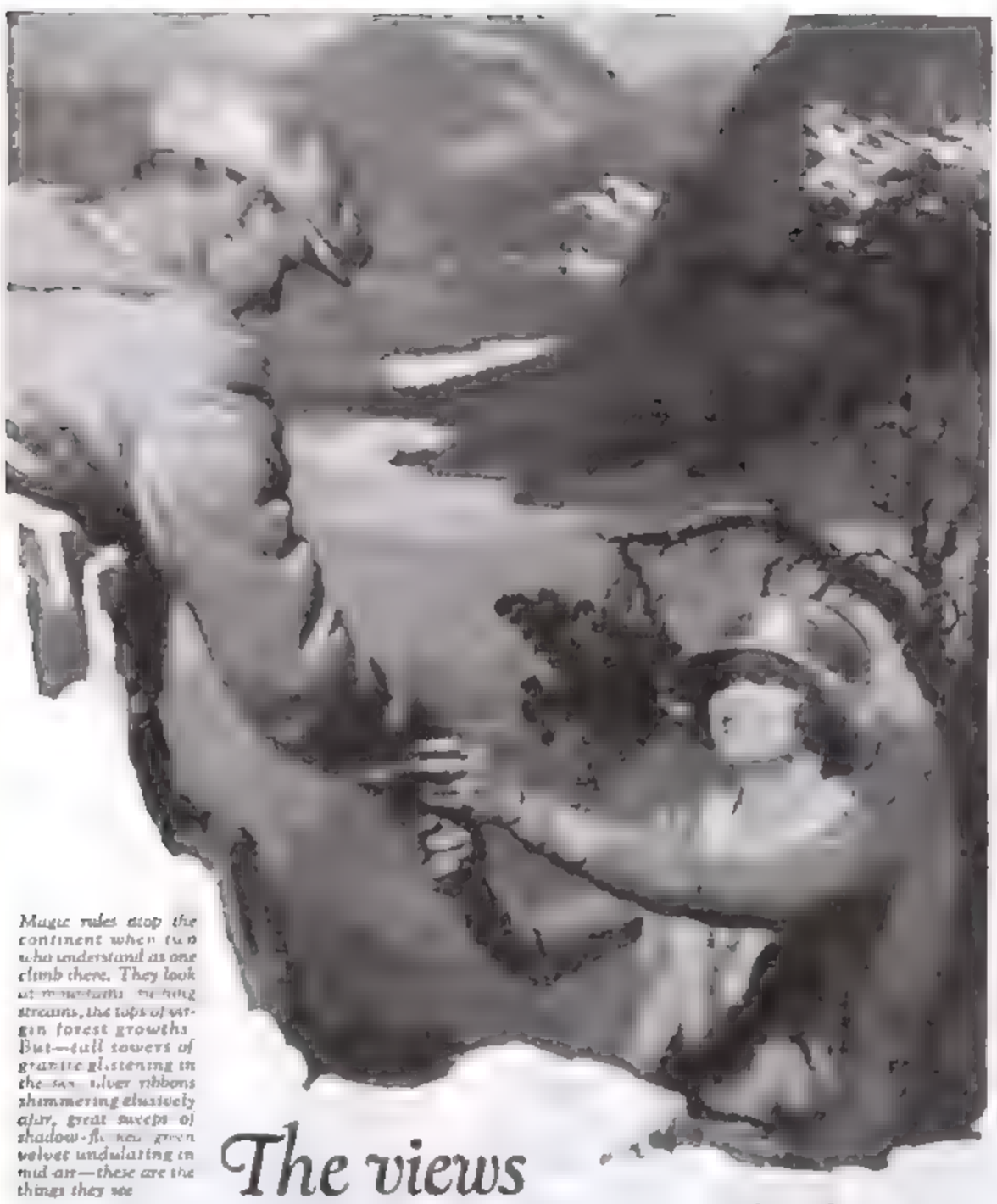
"Why," said Chet, "that was funny, too. After he heired the business he got a patent on that wire arrangement he had on his own shoes, and started making shoes and moccasins with it on them, and folks liked it so much he couldn't make shoes fast enough to keep up with his business. I guess he's the richest man ever come out of Frankfort village now."

I digested this in silence.

"So he's what you call a pod-auger man?" I suggested.

Chet nodded. "A man that's too big a fool to do the way other folks do. Yes," he said. And I suspected there was a twinkle in his eyes.

Mrs. McAusland rose decisively from her chair. "Well, if he's a fool I guess we're bigger ones, setting here all night," she declared. "It's time we was all abed."



Magic rides atop the continent when [illegible] who understand as one climb there. They look at mountains rushing streams, the tops of virgin forest growths But—tall towers of granite glistening in the sun, silver ribbons shimmering elusively afar, great sweeps of shadow-flecked green velvet undulating in mid-air—these are the things they see

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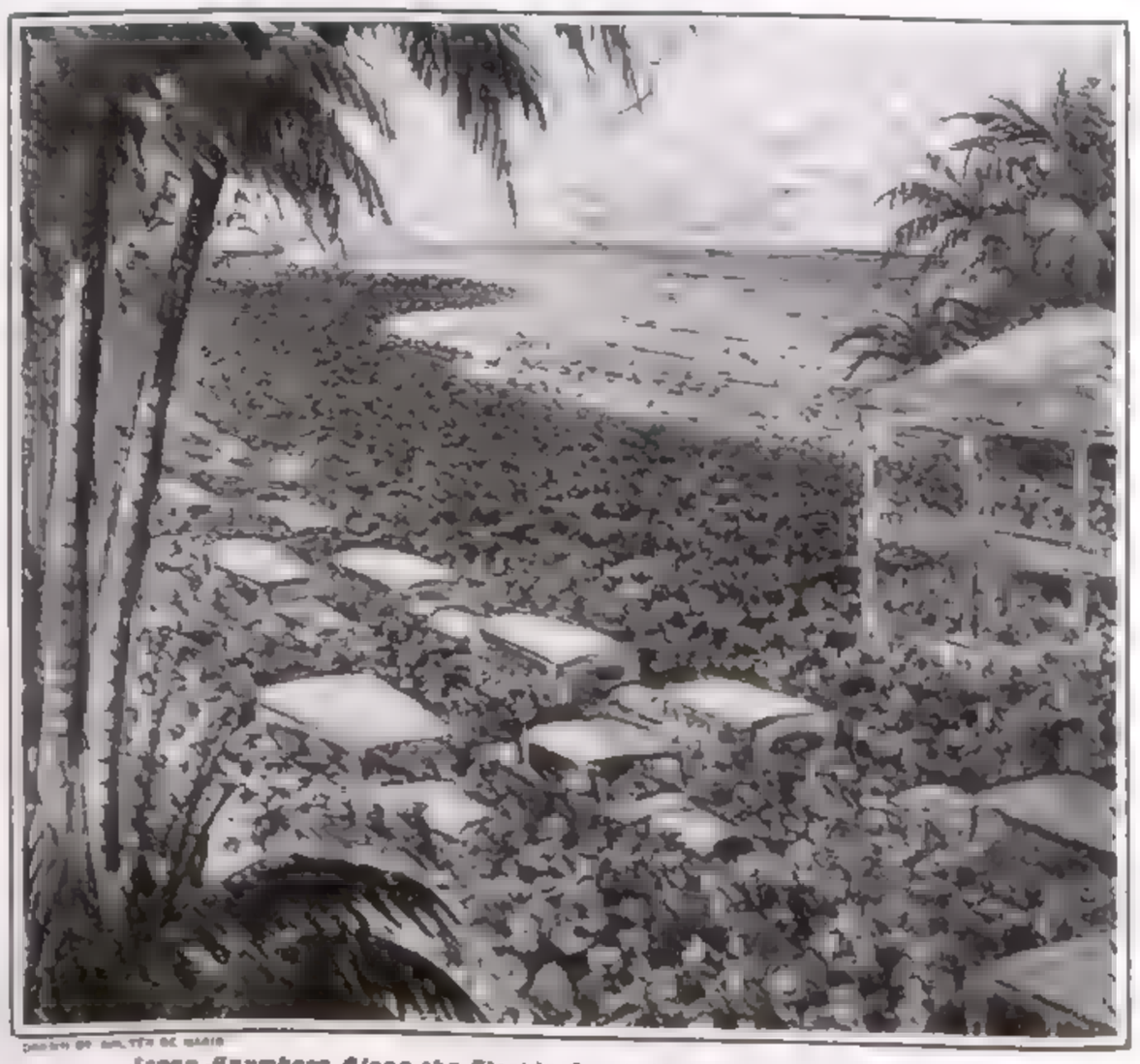

Scene Anywhere Along the Florida Coast, If All the People Were There Who Say They Were

Unfailing

A model for every car $3.50 to $15.00

TODAY more than 6,000,000 Boyce Moto-Meters are in use because leading automotive engineers and designers recommend them as an unfailing protection for the motor. These men know that the modern gasoline engine in all its perfection is still at the mercy of human carelessness. Radiators must be kept filled, fan belts tightened—and other causes of overheating forestalled.

The Boyce Moto-Meter which the manufacturer places on the radiator cap of the car you buy is his further aid to you in keeping the motor always at its high state of efficiency.

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"Your car deserves one"—too

If you could relax in your motor car the same way you relax in your easy chair at home, your motoring would refresh you—not fatigue you.

Relaxation in motoring can come only from confidence. You must be confident that no road conditions, however they may come, can throw you from your seat. This confidence must be complete. You must know that nothing can throw you—ever. When hundreds of miles and days and days of motoring have firmly established this confidence in your mind, then you will sit back, cease to anticipate, cease to brace and hold, and enjoy the only kind of motoring which can really benefit you—relaxed motoring.

And that is exactly what you buy when you buy Stabilated motoring—implicit confidence that no force can reach you to throw you off the seat.

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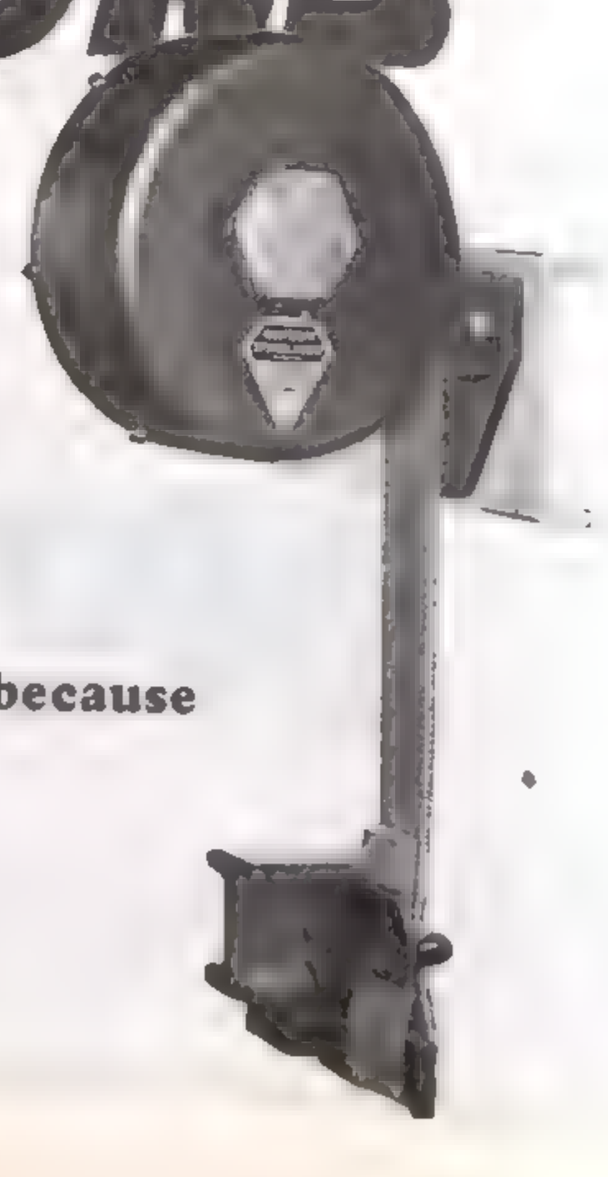
WATSON

STABILATORS



The only force which can throw you off the seat is the force of spring rebound

The force of spring rebound is determined by the extent of spring compression. And the size and power of the Stabilator brake is likewise determined by the extent of spring compression. Thus the Stabilator brake is proportionate to, and always in complete control of, any rebound force. That is the simple reason why no force can get by the Stabilators to throw you. The construction of Stabilators is patented and exclusive.

In a Stabilated car—you arrive refreshed because you ride relaxed

LOOKS AND RUNS LIKE NEW

(Continued from Page 22)

he told me he would pay cash, which is something we don't often run up against these days. He gave me a deposit of $100 in one bill, and I noticed that, in addition to this big bill, all he had in money was about two dollars. He asked that we get the car ready for delivery late that afternoon. Then he suggested a demonstration. I assented to this and my man took him out.

More than two hours later he returned, said he was pleased with the car and gave me a check for $500 additional deposit. The balance of $600 he promised to bring with him when he came for the car at four. A little dazed at the unexpectedness of this cash transaction, I watched him depart and ordered the mechanic to clean the machine up a bit and fix one of the lights which had been out of kilter. And just as I was congratulating myself on my morning's work, in popped the young man again.

"Say, Mr. Blank," said he, "I'm a bit short of cash. I wonder if you'd let me have that hundred-dollar bill back. You have my check for $500 as deposit, anyway, and I'll simply add the hundred to what I give you when I come in later."

I was on the point of giving him his century, when a little bell sort of tinkled in my brain.

It occurred to me that I knew his currency was good, but that I hadn't found out about the check. So I smiled cordially.

"Sure thing," I told him. "I'll be glad to let you have the hundred after I've had this check certified. Just wait a few minutes and I'll send Joe up to the bank."

It was not long before Joe returned, bringing back the check and with it the news that the check was no good. The nice young man did not even have an account in the bank. It made me mad.

"Now, you crook," I said, "you've had a long ride and you're going to pay for it. That hundred's going to stay right where it is, and you'd better beat it while your shoes are good."

He was a cool lad—threatened to call a cop and all the rest of it. So I had to throw him out bodily. He did not come back, nor did I ever see him again; but in talking over the affair with other dealers on the street, I found out that he had worked his stunt on some of them successfully. He was a demonstration hound.

I have been called hard. Perhaps this is true. But if I am hard, it is because I have to be. I'd go out of business if I were soft.

For instance, a man drove around to my store with a car and asked me to sell it for him on consignment. He was a stranger to me, but he looked all right and I had no reason to suspect that he was not the owner of the car. I accepted his proposition—a very common one in our business—put the car on my floor and agreed to sell it for him at a figure which would net him a certain sum. The difference between his price and what I could get for the car would constitute my profit. A day or two later the representative of one of the finance companies dropped into my place for a chat. He spotted the car in question and identified it as one whose sale had been financed by his company.

A Question of Ownership

"What you doing with this?" he inquired.

"I've taken it on the cuff," said I; "on the cuff" being trade jargon for a consignment arrangement.

"It hasn't been paid for," he told me. "Who'd you get it from?"

I gave him the name of the man who had brought the car in and described him.

"That's the fellow. He didn't meet his last note."

I asked him what he wanted me to do.

"Go ahead and sell it," he said, "but let me know before you close the deal."

A few days later I found a purchaser for the car and notified the finance man. In as much as his concern had financed the original sale and still held title to the car, it was possible to give the new purchaser a bill of sale direct from the company. The sale was made. The finance people deducted from the proceeds the amount owing to it on the first buyer's unpaid notes, I deducted my commission and sent the man who had brought me the car a check for the balance, with a letter explaining what had happened. Then came the fireworks. The man sued me for withholding a portion of the selling price. I tried to tell him he didn't have a chance, but he wouldn't listen.

I won the suit. All that was necessary was to show the judge the clause in the original contract of conditional sale which specified that the car was not to be moved from its storage place designated at the time of purchase without permission from the finance company, and that was all there was to it.

But imagine my fix if my friend, the finance man, had not happened to drop in and recognize the car. I would have sold it, all unsuspecting, in perfectly good faith. I would have paid over the money as agreed. I would have then been in the position of having sold a stolen car and would have been not only liable for the amount owing on it to the finance people but likely to be sent up for grand larceny besides.

The man who tried to pull this trick on me seemed like a clean-cut young fellow too. You can't read 'em every time.

Greed is the besetting sin of the human race and is to blame for much of the world's unhappiness. Greed supplies the fuel for all the swindling operations of bunko-stock sellers. The investing public is greedy for big fortunes overnight without working, and the fellows who cater to it want to get something for nothing too. Most of the trouble we used-car men have with buyers grows out of this same desire. People want to get more than they are willing to pay for. They come to us for used cars, knowing we sell only used cars, and yet expect the machines they buy to act like new ones. When they don't, they're disappointed.

The Overworked Guaranty

The whole proposition is unreasonable on the face of it. People should know better than to expect a secondhand article to be as good as a new one. A used car is a used car. It cannot be exactly as good as a new one, any more than a used sandwich can. If it were, it would bring an equal price. When purchasers ask me to give them a guaranty nowadays I refuse.

"If something should go wrong," I tell them, "bring the car back and I'll do what I can, within reason, to fix you up. I want you to be satisfied. But it wouldn't be fair to either of us to give you a guaranty. I'd have to take the car all apart and put it together again before I'd know enough about it to be able to do that."

The dyed-in-the-wool gyp can and often does use the word guaranty unscrupulously, knowing that if he wants to he can easily slide out of the obligation a guaranty implies. You have bought an automobile, let us say, from one of the sharper brethren. After you have driven it a couple of weeks, something breaks. You go back to the gyp to demand the free repairs you believe yourself entitled to.

"My clutch collar has broken," you tell him.

"That's too bad," he replies coldly.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"What am I going to do about it?"

"Yes. You sold me this boat with a new-car guaranty."

"That's all right; what if I did?"

"Well, I expect you to make good, that's what."

"Oh, I see. May I ask if you have ever read a new-car guaranty?"

"Well, I—er ——"

"Did you ever read one that said anything about worn-out parts? Now, Mr. Jones, you must be reasonable. You bought a used car from me, didn't you? And you knew it was a used car, didn't you? And it's only fair to expect that a car that's been driven a few thousand miles will be slightly worn, isn't it? You didn't imagine you were going to get a used automobile made up of all new parts, did you? Well, then, just because your clutch collar has worn out, you can't expect me to do anything about it. If I undertook to replace all the worn parts in all the cars I sell, I might as well go into some other line of business. You're a sensible fellow. You can see that, can't you?"

"But," you stammer weakly, "that guaranty ——"

"—— says nothing about worn-out parts," he repeats. "Now you're a regular guy and I'd like to help you out. Remember, I'm not under any obligation to do

These FILES have already paid for themselves

SOME 15 years ago this Chicago firm bought these 5-drawer letter files. The floor space these files have saved has more than paid for their total cost.

These 16 sections give this firm 16 extra drawers—80 drawers in the battery instead of 64. Five drawers to a file instead of 4 is the answer. Simple, isn't it?

Baker-Vawter began years ago to set this new standard for filing equipment. The extra drawer holding 5,000 more letters gives 25% greater filing capacity on the same floor space.

Our Space Saver files—made in 15 different drawer sizes—effect savings of floor space, sometimes as much as 40%.

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Office Easy Chairs

The Visible Expression of a Valuable But Intangible Asset —a Message for Bankers

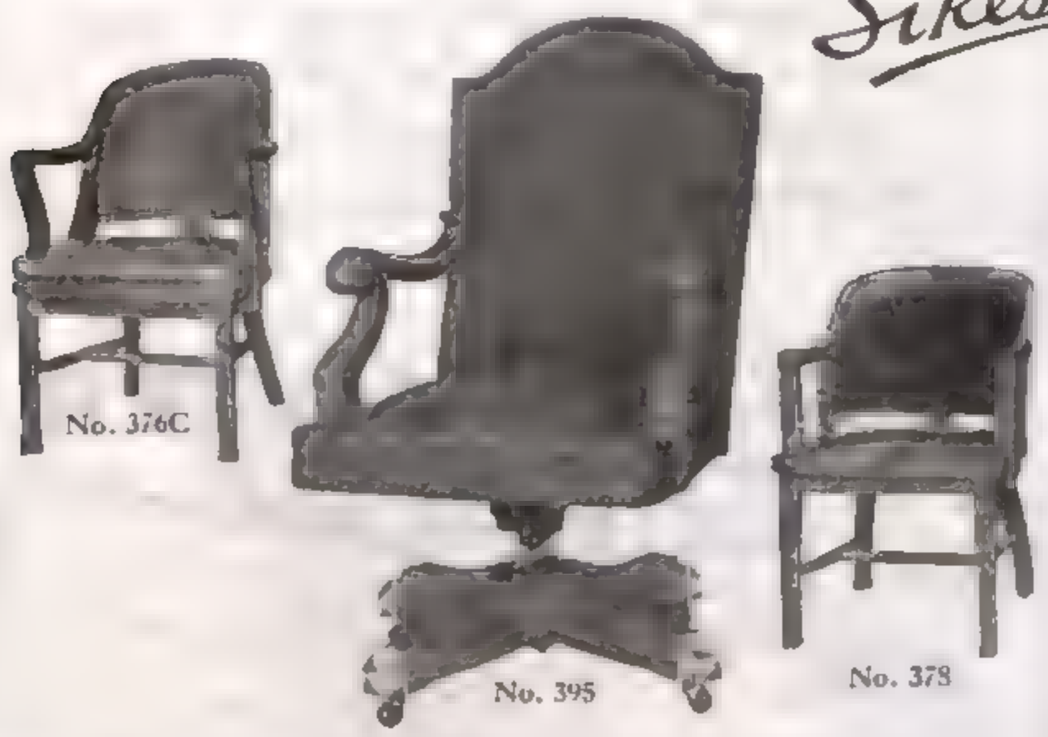
One man in a hundred may know the amount of his bank's capital and surplus. But not one man in a thousand fails to be impressed, favorably or unfavorably, by the physical appearance of his bank—the visible index of its stability.

The bank, more than any other business institution, is dependent for its present prosperity and future growth on *unquestioned* Public Confidence. In banking, as in no other business, appearances *do* count in fostering that asset of assets, which is the very breath of life to Business—Good Will.

The sixty-year-old house of Sikes has devoted much of its energies to the creation of chairs for banks—chairs which shall reflect a solidity and excellence commensurate with the dignity of an institution upon which rests the prosperity and well-being of its community. And as Sikes Chairs excel in beauty of design so are they possessed of the supreme virtue of comfort. Every Sikes Chair is an Office *Easy* Chair.

The local Sikes dealer (name on request) can show you Sikes Office *Easy* Chairs in a wide range of models and prices for the officers' sanctums, the board room, the coupon booths, the banking floor—chairs suitable for every department and purpose.

Sikes



SIKES COMPANY CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

Sikes office chairs are made in every conventional pattern and design. In Buffalo a Sikes factory is devoted exclusively to quality chairs for the home.

this, but I like to treat people right. Tell you what to do. You bring the car in here and buy the part and I'll have Joe put it in for you for nothing. What do you say?"

The hardened gyp's attitude toward the disgruntled customer varies according to the latter's manner and method of approach with his complaint. Nowadays I try to sell a man a car that will satisfy him. In fact I try to handle only the higher grade of stuff in good condition. But in the old days, when I operated on the fringe, I would sell anybody anything with four wheels. Under those circumstances, naturally, I had to use every trick of the trade to keep from being buried alive under a mountain of complaints and complainants. The man who came to kick in a reasonable frame of mind got pretty good treatment from me as a rule. But the fellow who bounced in breathing fire and threatening suit got it in the neck. Knowing I was within the law, I could throw the hooks into him, the first hook being to show him that I was under no legal obligation to do anything for him at all.

Often a man would refuse to be pacified by an offer to fix up his car. He would insist on a flat refund of the entire purchase price. To this I would counter with an offer to buy the car back—at a lower figure, of course. Or, if I didn't want to pay out any money, I would agree to take the car on sale, promising to try to sell it for him at the price he had originally paid. Needless to say, I only succeeded in this attempt if I were particularly anxious to propitiate the man. Ordinarily, I would tell him I had a bid considerably lower than the old price—after all, I had my time and overhead to take into account.

The Buyer's Only Chance

Once in a while, if the car in question were an expensive one, I would not only agree to take it on sale but would offer to lend the customer a little money on it, "to help him out." This proposition often "helped" him right out of the picture. For he would have to give a mortgage on the car as security for the loan; and later, if he could not repay it when due, he lost possession of it altogether. In that way I was sometimes able to make a profit on a sale, get back the car for next to nothing and sell it all over again.

But I would never take a car on sale or buy it back for cash, unless the customer refused to trade it in for some other machine in the store. I'd always try to get him to trade, if I could. There was more money in that method, if you knew how to work it, and there was also more of a likelihood of your ending up with a contented purchaser.

Suppose, for instance, that I sold you, for $500, an automobile that had cost me $350, and that you brought the car back with loud demands for a refund. And suppose, further, that you decided to take another car, paying a little more, of course, in order to obtain something better. I might, wishing to keep you happy, allow you for the trade-in the amount you had originally paid for it—$500. But if I did so, I would add $100 to the asking price of the new purchase, which would, as you can see, be equivalent to allowing you $100 less for the trade-in. There are more ways of killing a cat than by choking it with butter. Also, had I traded a man even, without getting some boot, I should have felt myself guilty of malpractice. The even swap seldom takes place in the secondhand-car business.

I used to be considered one of the best little swappers on the street, because I seemed to have the knack of soothing the ruffled feelings of the customer while at the same time making him shell out. It has been my experience that a thoroughly bad car, salable at a very low price, is a valuable asset. A man will buy such a car not expecting much from it, but hoping it may turn out better than he expects. When it doesn't, he brings it back to trade for a more expensive one. I sold one old car half a dozen times, making a profit each time, and each time taking it in trade for a higher-priced machine on which I also made a profit. I was really sorry when it finally left my roof for good.

You may be wondering what my attitude was toward the disgruntled customer who came back breathing fire and threatening suit; the man who refused to trade, who refused to let me take his car on consignment, who refused everything, in short, except a flat refund. The answer is simple. Knowing that, legally, he could do nothing, I invited him to leave the premises.

I remember selling a car to a foreigner for use in the hacking business. He brought four or five friends with him when he came—as men of his race usually do—and they went all over the automobile from headlights to gas tank before he decided to buy it. At length, after a lot of haggling in which his friends all took part, the sale was made. A few days later he drove the car back and wanted his money. When I inquired what was wrong with the car, he replied that the brakes did not hold. I offered to fix the brakes, but that did not satisfy him. His friends, who were along, began to get ugly and make threatening remarks.

I saw that my man had simply changed his mind about the car, having probably seen something else he liked better, and was trying to intimidate me into taking it back. I saw, too, that I would have to show my teeth. So I walked out from behind my desk into the middle of the gesticulating group and looked the car owner in the eye.

"See here," I said, "you claim your brakes don't hold. I've offered to fix 'em and I will fix 'em. If that isn't good enough for you, go out and call a cop and have me arrested. You haven't got any ground for complaint and you know it. Now speak up and be quick about it. Will you let me fix your brakes, or do you want to get a cop in here and make your complaint to him?"

They let me fix the brakes.

The only thing that gives a purchaser an ironclad hold on an unscrupulous secondhand dealer and a chance to see him squirm is to catch him in a misrepresentation, and about the only form of misrepresentation you can prove is in regard to the year of manufacture of a car. The dealer who sells you a 1923 car in the guise of a 1924 is liable for fraud and taking money under false pretenses. No careful man need ever be a victim of this form of gypping. All he need do to verify the dealer's statement is to obtain the motor number of the car under consideration and ask the local representative of that make to tell him in what year the motor was built. It is so easy a matter nowadays to find out the year of a car that few dealers try to lie about it. Once in a while, however, some overzealous salesman will misstate the vintage in his anxiety to put over a deal. This happened to me once, with consequences that were almost disastrous.

I had sold a man a car. While waiting for it to be shined up, the purchaser said to one of my men, "She's a '16, isn't she?" The man, who really did not know and had no business to say anything at all, replied that she was a '16. A few days later the buyer, having gone to the service station to buy a new part, discovered that the car was actually a 1914 model. He promptly started suit against me. The day arrived for the case to be tried. The lawyers for both sides were in court. The man who was suing me came into my place on his way to the trial. He was a human sort of fellow and seemed to regret having started the action, which he had instituted by advice of his counsel before having heard my explanation.

Settled Out of Court

Outside my salesroom I happened to have an exceptionally pretty little job, and as he got in to drive over to the court with me, I observed that it caught his fancy. We had a few minutes to spare, so I drove him uptown to a saloon I knew—this was before Volstead—and bought him a couple of drinks. On the way downtown he suddenly began to laugh.

"Let's call it off," he said. "I like this car here and if you'll sell it to me right, we'll forget about the other matter." Which was a pleasant ending to what had threatened to be a very uncomfortable affair.

In this business you can't afford to take anything for granted. We used-car dealers have the reputation of always trying to sting the public. It would be foolish to attempt to deny that from time to time we have stung purchasers. On the other hand, it seems only fair to make it clear that the people who come into our places almost invariably do so with the idea of stinging us if they can. That's one of the things that make the business interesting. "I'll show him I'm as smart as he is," they think to themselves. And I submit that the man who goes into a store in that spirit has a jolt coming to him. The golden rule is all very

(Continued on Page 165)

Shasta Cloth—the Ideal Fabric for Shirts, "Athletics" and Pajamas

Cool as the shadowed mountain peak, princely in its lustrous sheen, it's not at all surprising that Shasta Cloth should have become in two short years the favorite material of America's well dressed men. Ask for shirts, underwear or pajamas of Shasta Cloth at Wilson Bro's stores. You'll get everything a man could want in comfort, looks, wear and value.

Shasta Cloth is an exclusive Wilson Bro's fabric and can always be obtained in stores that sell Wilson Bro's furnishings

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It isn't like a sleeping car; the bedsprings are wholly separate from the seat springs; you sleep on a bed, not on the upholstery. You use a regulation mattress, which can be taken out and aired just as with any bed.

You can buy a Davenport Bed in almost any design you want; chairs to match if you wish. There are period styles, in many beautiful woods, with upholstery as simple or as luxurious as you choose to pay for.

"The Home in Good Taste" is an interesting booklet showing nearly a hundred styles of Davenport Beds. Give the name of your furniture store when you write for it.

DAVENPORT BED MAKERS OF AMERICA
More than 80
individual manufacturers
1129 Standard Oil Building Chicago

(Continued from Page 162)

well, but it ought not to be all on one side. There's no use sticking to Marquess of Queensberry rules when you're in a rough-and-tumble street fight.

I saw a piece in the papers the other day to the effect that public honesty is healthier than it used to be, because 97 per cent of the people that stop at hotels pay their bills. This may be true. But I don't notice any startling improvement in the honesty of that part of the public I happen to come in contact with. Only last week I was badly stung. I trusted a policeman. He came in to buy a car and agreed to take one priced at $900. When the time came to sign the papers, he told me he had a sedan of a certain celebrated make, 1923 model, and wanted to know what allowance I would give him on it. He had not brought the car with him, but I took his word for the fact that the car was of the year he stated it to be. I figured it worth $200 to $250 and made him a proposition to let him have the machine he wanted for his old car and $675, an arrangement which would have got me out with a reasonable profit. He accepted and we made the deal. When he delivered the trade-in, however, I discovered, on looking up the engine number, that it was a 1921 model instead of 1923 and worth seventy-five dollars at the outside; so that, far from profiting on the transaction, I actually lost nearly $100. There was nothing I could do. It is poor policy for us gyps to sue policemen.

An Escape by Minutes

In another recent case I had a very narrow escape. Two men came in, saw a car they liked and paid a deposit on it, by check. The check was dated ahead and they asked my partner to hold it until he should hear from them. They were in the course of completing some negotiations, they said, which would in a few days put plenty of ready money in their pockets. Accordingly, we held their check—and the car—for about a week. One evening they called up and said everything was all right and that we could go ahead and deposit their check. We did so next morning.

That afternoon they came around and told us they were ready to pay the balance and requested us to get the car ready for immediate delivery. They had seemed so frank and aboveboard up to that time that we agreed. We took their second check, representing the balance due, and instructed one of our mechanics to get the car out into the street. Then, just as I was preparing to sign the bill of sale, the telephone rang. It was our bank calling up to give us the merry news that the first check in the case was N. G. If the call had come ten minutes later, the two buyers would have been on their way South with the car, leaving us to nurse our singed fingers. We could probably have caught them, of course, and recovered the car, but it would have cost a lot of money and involved us in court proceedings.

I have had occasion to think quite a bit about this question of public honesty and have come to the conclusion that it is a difficult matter to lay down any rules on. I believe that the majority of people want to be honest, and, under favorable conditions, are honest. There come times, however, when circumstances change, folks get into jams and then their characters come out into the daylight. Those who are strong enough to stand the gaff face the music no matter how much it hurts; the weak ones yield to the temptation to slide out of their obligations and turn dishonest. It is pretty hard to tell in advance what any man will do when caught in a tight place. He may come through or he may fall down, and you can't get me to believe that it has anything to do with the size of his chin or the shape of his nose.

I remember one man who bought a number of cars from me, over a period of years. He owned a garage upstate. After about the third sale, I thought I knew him pretty well. The fourth time he bought a car he said he had no money with him, but asked me to ship the car by boat, promising to mail me his check when he got home. The promise was kept. We repeated this arrangement several times. I would have trusted this fellow to the limit. But one fine day I shipped a car he had picked out and failed to receive any check in return. He has never paid any attention to my efforts to collect the money, and he's not dead either. What probably happened was that he got into a fix, lacked the nerve to let me know about it, and later, when his affairs had straightened out, was ashamed to get in touch with me.

You may think, from some of these experiences, that I must be a poor judge of human nature. But I haven't been wrong every time. If I had, I'd have gone out of business years ago. Not a few of my customers, when they want to change cars, are at liberty to take out any machine that interests them from my salesroom and give it a thorough tryout from Saturday to Monday. This arrangement has never cost me anything so far, but it probably will one of these days.

Generally speaking, I am more careful in dealing with smooth-talking educated types of people than I am with rougher uncultured folks. The more sophisticated people are, the less they seem to respect the necessity of meeting obligations promptly.

A young friend of mine told me that he recently saw a big heavy old car of expensive make in the window of another dealer and went in to inquire the price.

"Thirty-eight hundred bucks," was the quotation.

"Thirty-eight hundred!" he laughed. "I wouldn't give you a nickel more than nine fifty!"

To his amazement, the dealer yanked out a fountain pen, and said, "All right, son, you're on. She's yours for nine fifty."

The sale was not made. But my friend had a hard time getting out of the place. I'm a bit hard, maybe, but I've never been so rough as that.

In fixing the bottom price, which is the lowest amount you will allow yourself to be beaten down to by a haggling customer, there are several factors to be considered: Your overhead and other regular sales expenses, how much you have spent to fix the car up, how many people will claim a share of the profit, the salability of the model, the state of the weather, the condition of your finances, and other items. It would surprise you the number of persons who will declare themselves in on a deal and demand a cut of the melon. Sometimes two or three men will come to you in advance of the actual purchaser to make a dicker which will assure them a slice of the proceeds in the event of your selling a car to the man they intend to bring in to buy. Then you must figure, too, the car you will have to take in in trade, allowing a little extra to make up for a possible loss on that. In addition to this, there are odds and ends to be taken care of, such as small fees to mechanics and other experts brought to your store by prospects to pass on the mechanical condition of cars. It seldom costs more than ten dollars to get their recommendation of a car.

A Hard Order to Fill

An amusing episode comes to my mind in connection with the matter of dividing up the profits. One evening a few years ago, just as I was closing up the store, a well-dressed young man came in and asked me if I knew the whereabouts of a certain foreign car which he had seen about six months before. It was a very expensive job, had cost in the neighborhood of $20,000 to build, and was an unusual-looking automobile. This young fellow identified himself as the son of a very rich man, said that he had admired the car tremendously and wanted to own it, that he would pay $7000 cash for it, and could I find it for him. Now I knew the car, but I had no more idea of its whereabouts than a fish has of heaven. I saw the chance to pick up a nice piece of change, however, so I told him he had come to the right place, that I owned the car, but that I had stored it away at the moment out of town. If he could come back in three or four days I would have the car in the store for him.

It was too late to do anything that night, but next morning I got busy. I telephoned everybody I could think of in the business, inquiring as to the whereabouts of this foreign car. I even stopped men on the street—other dealers of course—and asked them what they knew about it, and none of them knew anything. Finally I remembered a little old mechanic, of the same nationality as the car in question, who had at one time been employed by the importers, and tracked him down. By a miracle, this old boy had all the information I was after. He had made notes, in a little book, of the names and addresses of all the men who had bought cars of that make during his connection with the firm that sold them. It had taken me two days to find him. It took me less than ten minutes to learn that the

"Habit, old man, kept me from a *real* shave"

THAT'S what many men confess, once they've learned the advantages of the stropping feature of the Valet AutoStrop Razor.

"I formerly used an ordinary safety razor," many say. "Only the first shave with a new blade was good. After that it was a choice between a poor shave or a new blade.

"Now I give my Valet AutoStrop Razor blade a few strokes on the strop without removing it from the holder, and thus enjoy many perfect shaves until I finally discard it for a new blade."

Changing Habits

Thousands, yes millions of men are changing forward from cumbersome old shaving habits to modern and efficient new ways.

A super-keen blade is needed for *every* shave. That's why the best barbers give their razors a few strokes before every shave.

To use a blade without stropping, means each shave is harder, because the blade loses its keenness.

Utterly needless—not to have an easy, perfect shave every time.

The Final Type

There is only *one* razor that automatically sharpens its own blades without removing them—the patented Valet AutoStrop Razor. Blades are cleaned, too, without removing them.

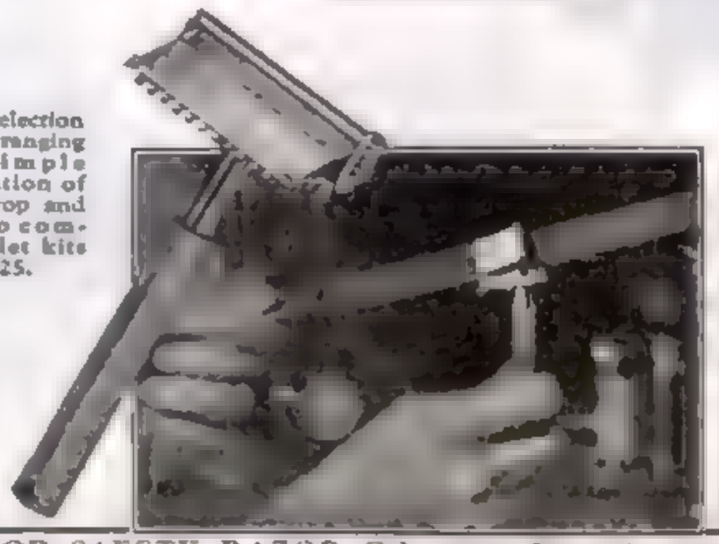
A speedy, perfect shave every time, uniformly perfect.

If you're in a habit rut, why not break loose and find out how superior shaving is so easily attainable? If you'll just switch to a Valet AutoStrop Razor you'll never return to crude ways.

Valet AutoStrop Razor

REG U S PAT OFF

A wide selection of sets, ranging from simple combination of razor, strop and blade to complete toilet kits—$1 to $25.



The RAZOR That Sharpens Itself

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., 656 First Avenue, New York City

Hot Water! Instantly!

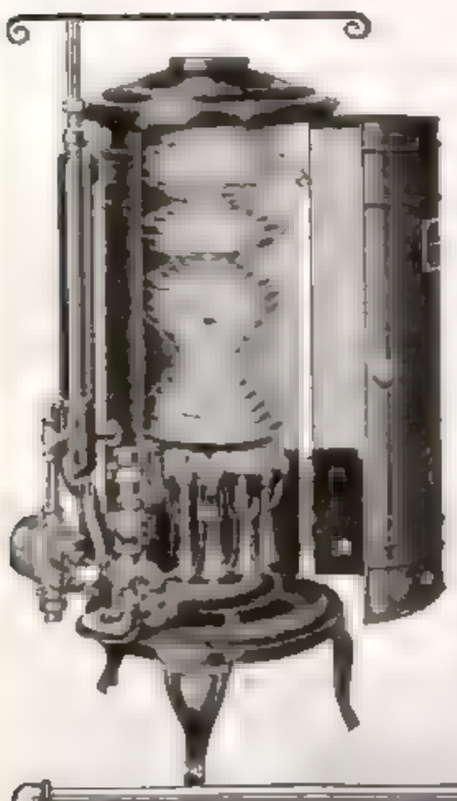
Consider Woman's Right to this Home Necessity

AS necessary to the modern home as electricity, or gas, or the telephone—a convenience and comfort equal to any and greater than most—an aid to easier work, and health, and happiness.

Water, clear and fresh, steaming hot, limitless in quantity, instantly ready, at any time, and at a saving! What woman has not longed for such a helpful service? All she need do is turn the faucet.

Now her wishes can be fulfilled. There's an *automatic* water heater for *your* home at a price within reach—convenient payment plan if desired.

New Models for Average Homes Now $90 and $125



HOFFMAN

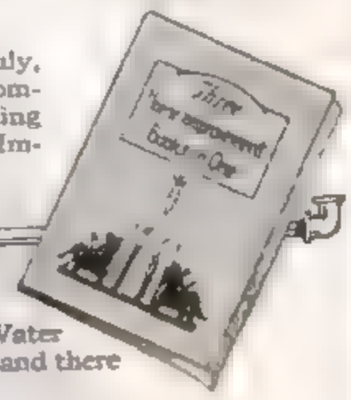
Automatic
Gas Water Heaters

There's no waste with a Hoffman. Expense stops when the flow of water stops. You heat only what is actually used—not a tankful when you need but a panful.

Being entirely automatic it requires no attention. You can't forget to turn the gas on or off. It's economical to buy and operate.

The Hoffman Heater Company
Lorain, Ohio :: :: :: Louisville, Ky.

For the sake of *all* the family, send the coupon and get complete information, including the book, "Three Home Improvement Books in One."



THE HOFFMAN HEATER COMPANY
LORAIN, OHIO

Send me complete information on your Automatic Water Heaters. My home contains ..... hot water faucets and there are ..... people in my family.

Name

Address

City State

owner of the car was in Europe. This was a blow; but having committed myself to the point of claiming ownership of the car, I had to go through with the deal one way or another. So I took a chance and cabled the real owner an offer of $6000. He accepted, I delivered the car and made a profit of one cool grand. The young lad who took the machine came up to the store with the money in large bills crammed carelessly into the right-hand outside pocket of his coat.

Naturally enough, the news of my coup went all up and down the street, and first thing I knew I was being besieged on all sides by demands for a spoonful of the gravy by the fellows I had gone to for information. The fact that they hadn't helped me cut no ice with them. The only one who asked for nothing was the old mechanic who had given me the tip—and he was the only one to whom I gave any of my takings.

When a prospect inquires the price of an automobile and you can't quite figure out how much you ought to ask him, a convenient stall is to say that you don't own the car, that you only have it on consignment, but that you'll gladly submit to the owner any offer he cares to make. By this method you are able to find out approximately what the prospect's ideas about money are, without committing yourself blindly to a bad bargain. It's as likely as not that unless he's had a great deal of experience, he'll quote a higher figure than you would have had the nerve to ask. In cases of this kind you tell him to call up or come back later on, after you have had an opportunity to "get in touch with the owner."

I know one man who has made a comfortable pile by working this simple gag. He maintains a large establishment. He will store cars for individuals at the regular rate, but he is not interested in that phase of the business, except as it helps carry his overhead. It helps sometimes, when a prospect picks out a certain car, to be able to tell him it's simply there on storage and is not for sale. This man's real business is the buying and selling of used cars.

The Dummy-Telephone Trick

He deals in high-grade stuff, specializing in two or three good makes. He gets the pick of the trade-ins, in some of the new-car places, which he buys for cash. Then he advertises these cars as privately owned vehicles, giving the impression that he is acting for the owners. He asks a good stiff price, and when a prospect makes him an offer he calls up an imaginary person on a dummy telephone and carries on a long argument in which he seems to be persuading the other fellow to accept the amount offered. Toward the end, however, the conversation turns somewhat, as follows:

"You say you've got to get more, Mr. Jones? Don't you think you could stretch a point? My customer here likes the car very much and I'd certainly like to make the sale. Of course, you're the doctor, and if you say you've got to get more, why, I'll try to get more for you. You say you've got to get $1200? Well, I'll see what I can do. Hold the wire a minute and I'll put it up to him."

Turning to the prospect, who has heard the foregoing, he shrugs his shoulders, nods toward the telephone and, with his hand covering the mouthpiece, says:

"I'm sorry, old man. He won't take $1000. Got to have twelve, he says. Will you go that far? You can't go wrong on the car. This man is a careful egg. He's kept it like new. What do you say?"

The unsuspecting prospect, if he does not fall for the full amount of the increase, usually agrees to split the difference, an arrangement to which the imaginary owner at the end of the dummy telephone never strenuously objects.

Now it happens, naturally enough, that where cars are stored for long periods, during the winter months, for instance, their real owners occasionally get into difficulties, need money, and call on the warehouse man to sell their cars for them. In these cases, as in all cases when a dealer is asked to sell a car for a private owner, the owner has to put a price on his car. The dealer asks how much, or rather how little, the owner must realize from the sale. And knowing very well that every owner always sets the price higher than the amount he will take, the dealer never by any chance offers him what he asks, even though he may find a customer for the car at a higher figure. In this way he really makes two profits out of the deal.

The beauty of selling a car in the capacity of agent rather than that of dealer is that the agent bears no responsibility for the condition of the car, whereas the dealer, to a certain extent, does. At any rate, the customer thinks the dealer does.

The Invisible Widow

One man I know used to operate from a public garage. He would buy a car cheap, doll it up a little and then advertise it, in a woman's name, something like this:

"Hassenpfeffer six, limousine, most beautiful car in the city. Just overhauled. Every equipment. Widow must sell quick for cash. Apply Blank's garage, Such and Such Street. Ask for Mrs. Dash's car."

The prospect, reading that guileless announcement and thinking to take advantage of a widow's dire need, would go to the garage and be shown the car by one of the floormen who was in on the deal. If the automobile was in good shape, a demonstration was forthcoming. If not, the purchaser had to take its condition on faith. Here again the floorman would state his readiness to submit an offer, unless he had instructions to quote a price first. In any event, the purchaser never saw the widow. He paid cash and he received no guaranty or assurance of any kind as to the mechanical state of his bargain. It is almost incredible that people can be found who will buy a car under such circumstances. Yet the man I have in mind averaged, when money was easy, a sale a week. His game is not so productive now, because very few buyers can or will pay cash.

There's another man whose operations were so flagrant that the newspapers put him out of business some years ago by refusing to publish his advertising. This fellow worked a private-stable racket. His advertisements used to read somewhat as follows:

"For sale to settle estate beautiful Beamish touring car, five passenger. Run very little. Had best of care. Starter and lights, good tires, one spare. Will sacrifice. Apply Private Stable, Blankety-Blank Street. Also chauffeur's bearskin coat."

The man who answered one of these ads stepped into a splendidly camouflaged trap. The stable was clean as a whistle. It contained an old-fashioned brougham or a victoria, a pony cart and a cutter, all shining like a ship's binnacle. On the walls hung sets of glittering harness. In the stalls stood a respectable-looking hackney and a Shetland pony. At the back, behind the carriages, dimly visible in the half light of the stable, was an elderly automobile of expensive make.

"I want to see the car you advertised for sale," the prospect would begin to the young negro with a broom who had opened the door.

"Car? I don't know nothin' about no car for sale."

"But," the victim would protest, pulling a newspaper out of his pocket, "I've got the ad right here. Look! This is Number 65, isn't it?"

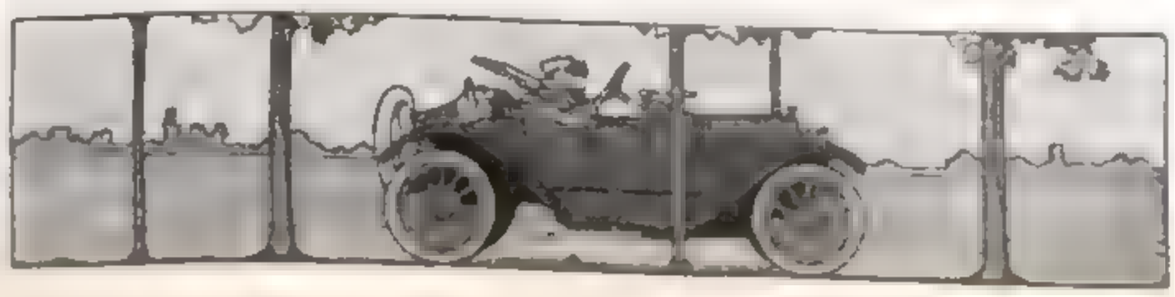
"Yas-suh, this is 65 all right. But I don't know nothin' ——"

At this point another man would come into the picture from a little room at the side; a surly man.

"What's the matter, Jerry?" he would ask, casting a suspicious eye on the intruder.

"Man heah askin' about a car for sale. He say he seen it advertised. I tell him I don't know nothin' about no car ——"

(Continued on Page 168)



The "Self-Starter" of Typewriters

The Woodstock Electrite is the kind of typewriter that appeals to progressive minds.

It reduces error by reducing the human element to the minimum.

It does away with shaded, uneven typing by putting *exactly* the same force behind each key stroke.

It eliminates fatigue by making typewriting practically *effortless*. It speeds up production by eliminating fatigue.

It does for typewriting what the electric starter does for the motor car, the electric cleaner for the home, and electrical operation for industry of every kind.

The Woodstock Electrite is simply a standard typewriter in *modern* form—an improvement that a progressive age could no longer be denied.

WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER COMPANY, 216 West Monroe Street, *CHICAGO*

THE Woodstock Electrite can be operated by anyone who can operate an ordinary machine. It's standard in every way, except that a tiny electric motor does the work instead of variable human fingers. The fairest touch engages the keys and electricity completes the stroke. The novice can turn out as beautiful work as the expert for each character strikes the paper with exactly the same force, making every impression absolutely uniform.

The Woodstock Electrite is the logical development of the standard Woodstock machine, which is regarded by experts as the finest typewriter made. Send for booklet which describes both machines.

WOODSTOCK *Electrite*

THE *MODERN* TYPEWRITER
POWERED BY ELECTRICITY

(Continued from Page 166)

The man would then turn to the visitor and ask, "Just what is it you want?"

And after the visitor had explained all over again, and shown him the newspaper, he would motion with his thumb and say casually, "Well, there's the car. Mr. Blank, he's the executor, told me it had to be sold, but I didn't know he had advertised it yet."

"May I look at it?"

"Yes, I guess you can look at it."

"Is it in good condition?"

"I don't know whether it is or not."

"Do you know how much Mr. Blank wants for it?"

"He told me he'd let it go for $1000."

The prospect would then inspect the car as best he could.

"How about a demonstration?" he would ask.

The surly one would shake his head.

"I can't give you any demonstration. The boss didn't authorize me to do that."

"Could you start the motor for me so I could hear how she sounds?"

Again a reply in the negative.

The would-be buyer, baffled, yet feeling somehow that the car might be as good as it looked—and as the carriages and harness and horses looked—would hesitate and then inquire once more as to the price.

"You said Mr. Blank wanted $1000?" A nod. "He wouldn't take any less?"

"No."

A few minutes' hesitation on the part of the prospect, while he went to the car, opened up the hood, looked wisely at the engine, closed the hood, inspected the tonneau upholstery, walked around examining the tires and then backed away to view the engine as a whole.

"All right," he would say, "I'll take it. What do I do next?"

"Got the money with you?"—cautiously.

"No, but I can give you a deposit."

"H'm—well, maybe that'll be all right"—dubiously. "When will you bring the rest and come for the car?"

"Tomorrow morning."

"All right. I'll give you a receipt."

Next morning at the appointed hour the purchaser would find the car standing at the curb. He would pay over the money and receive a bill of sale, containing an as-is clause, signed by the So-and-So Estate, by So-and-So, secretary to the executor.

The stable door would then be closed and the luckless buyer would be left with his treasure to do with it what he would. If the car ran, he drove it home. But as likely as not he would discover that it would not run. Then the only thing he could do was to get a tow.

Recourse to the surly man in the stable would avail him nothing.

"Don't tell me about it," that individual would say. "It's nothing to do with me. I told you before I didn't know anything about the car's condition. You bought it with your eyes open. What? Take it back? Oh, run along. We don't want it here. We're trying to settle up this estate."

And that was that. Rough? I'll say so. And smooth too.

To Eliminate Noise

He used to buy two or three cars for delivery one at a time, from dealers like me, at very low prices. He didn't care whether they ran or not. As long as they had good paint and upholstery and looked opulent, he'd take 'em. I sold him a lot of cars off and on. And many a time I've had them towed to his place and backed by man power onto the immaculate stable floor. He'd buy a car for $200 or $300 and seldom fail to get $1000 or more for it. It was a profitable game while it lasted. He operated on the principle that the average man who has been played for a sucker prefers to keep the story of his shame from the knowledge of his family and friends.

It is commonly believed that used-car dealers can do all sorts of mysterious things to make bad cars seem good. One of the most commonly quoted of these practices is that old-timer about mixing ground cork or sawdust with the transmission grease to deaden the sound of worn gears. This form of hocus-pocus never appealed much to me. For when you come right down to it, there is nothing you can do to eliminate noise in old machinery except renew the worn parts. One man actually placed on the market a grease containing cedar shavings. But it was an unprofitable venture. Not enough people wanted the stuff.

Another similar gag was to put very heavy oil, or heavy oil mixed with graphite, into motors that had badly worn pistons. This trick was more effective than the ground-cork stunt, but was effective only so long as the engine was moderately cool. As soon as an engine so treated became hot enough to thin out the oil, the piston noises would come back. Sawdust can be used in a pinch to plug up small radiator leaks, but while it takes care of the leaks it also plugs up the cooling passages of the radiator, which is not so good. Ether may be mixed with the gasoline to promote combustion, thereby giving a snappier engine performance, but it's dangerous stuff to have around.

I've employed mechanics who were demons for all that kind of monkey business. They would want to tighten up worn bearings, that ought to have been replaced, to a point where a few miles running would have destroyed them completely. Those fellows would do anything to make a car tight, overlooking the fact that no machine does itself justice when its power is engaged in fighting friction. No automobile runs at its best until it has loosened up a bit. I don't mean by this that I am opposed to making adjustments for ordinary wear in parts provided with means of eliminating lost motion to a reasonable extent. That is just as legitimate as it is necessary. But carrying the tightening process too far is simply inviting trouble.

The Stolen-Car Bugaboo

It used to be the practice of some secondhand men to operate so-called factories, which were nothing but machine shops equipped to handle ordinary repair jobs and a few extraordinary ones, such, for instance, as installing the rear end of one kind of car into the chassis of another make, changing both in the process. I have seen cars so altered from their original mechanical make-up, containing so many parts that had not formerly belonged to them, that even their designers would have failed to recognize them. A man who invested his hard-earned shekels in one of those misfits was badly out of luck when anything happened. He couldn't be certain what make of car he had. When he went to a garage for repairs, or wanted to sell, he realized that he had been gypped good and plenty. Like as not he would find that the number stamped on his engine had been put there by someone other than the manufacturer, from which he could deduce that at least part of his machine had been stolen.

Secondhand dealers have, for the most part, abandoned these crude and unnecessarily laborious methods of fixing cars. They have discovered that it is easier to rely on salesmanship than to try to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, so to speak. There isn't much doping of cars these days except by automobile thieves.

The stolen-car bugaboo is always with us, even now, in spite of all the safeguards devised to stop motor stealing. We are required to report to the police department daily all our buying and selling transactions. But in spite of this, and in spite of the fact that a bill of sale is involved in every deal, once every so often we are trapped into handling a stolen car. An unusual case came to my attention very recently.

One afternoon two young fellows rolled up to my door in a snappy sport sedan bearing the license plates of another state. The car appeared to be nearly new. The driver came in and asked me if I would be interested in buying it. It had been used only two months, he said. I was interested, although I could ill afford at the time to tie up any more money. This machine would have been so easy to sell, however, that I thought I would take a chance. The first inkling I got that all was not well came to me when I asked the young fellow how much he wanted for the machine, and he replied that he didn't know.

"That's funny," I told him. "You're selling the car. You certainly must have some idea of how much you've got to get for it. If you asked me how much I wanted for any of these jobs on the floor here I'd tell you. What's the idea?"

"Well," said he, "I want as much as I can get. Would you give me $1000?"

"No, I wouldn't give you more than half that much."

"All right then, make it $500."

This confirmed my suspicions that there was a joker hidden in the deck and I passed up the deal. But I didn't let on that I suspected anything. With the excuse that I wanted an associate to inspect the car, I took the young fellows up the street to another dealer, who immediately fell for the car at $500. The seller produced a bill of sale, an operator's license, a registration card, and so on. As a precaution, the dealer telephoned the concern which had sold the car originally to inquire whether a Mr. So-and-So was one of their customers. Yes, he was. He had bought the sedan on such-and-such a date.

This made the transaction seem safe enough, and I had begun to kick myself for having passed up the opportunity to grab the car at a bargain price. The young man asked if the dealer could pay him in cash, but this was not possible, it being after banking hours. So he accepted a check, signed a bill of sale and departed.

Shortly after he had gone, the dealer, thinking over the details of the transaction, remembered that the young fellow had asked that the check be drawn to the same surname as that of the registration card, but a different initial, stating that the bureau issuing the card had made an error in filling it out. That fact, together with the request for cash, seemed more and more significant the longer he thought about it. And to ease his mind, he called up, by long-distance telephone, the name on the registration card. Then he got the bad news—the man on the other end of the wire said the car was his, that he had had no idea of selling it, that the persons who had sold it were his sons, who had done so without authority. In short, the car was a stolen machine.

The father suggested that the dealer stop payment on the check immediately. This was done early the next morning, but it was too late. The sons had jumped to another city, 600 miles away, overnight and cashed the check there. It did not get back to New York until a couple of days later. Informed of this, the victimized parent showed himself a good sport.

"All right," he said. "You bought the car in good faith. Send me another check for $500, release the one that's been stopped and keep the car. It's worth $1000 to you, I reckon. I won't prosecute. The boys can't get far on their $500. They'll be hungry one of these days and wander back to papa."

The laws of the various states applying to the sale and transfer of automobiles differ; some are strict, others are lax. They should all be uniform. Meanwhile queer cases come up. Not long ago I sold a car to a resident of New Jersey. In that state, the automobile purchaser must produce a complete chain of bills of sale, from the original one when the car was new through every different owner to the present time. Without this unbroken sequence, the motor-vehicle department will not issue license plates. The car in question had been previously owned by four people, and I have succeeded in digging up three of the bills of sale. But the fourth cannot be found. Until it is found, the new owner cannot register the machine in his own state. He wants me to take it back and give him his money. Do you think I should? There's nothing the matter with the automobile or the three bills of sale, which include the first and the last. In the old days I'd have laughed at him. As it is, however, I'm going to satisfy him.

Changes in Styles

The used-car dealer's life is not exactly a bed of roses. The business has changed very materially within the last few years. Keen competition, forced production and forced sales in the new-car field have made it harder for us to make money than it used to be.

Every time the manufacturers reduce the prices on their new cars, down go secondhand values and we get it in the neck. Every time they bring out new and radically different models, down go the market quotations on previous models and we get it in the neck again. There's a car on my floor now that stood me $900 a year and a half ago. It was in unusually good shape. Right after I got it, the model was changed and a price cut broke. Since then I have been holding the car in the hope that somebody might come in who'd want that particular model and be willing to pay somewhere near its intrinsic value because of its condition. But not long ago it became an orphan, the factory that turned it out having gone on the rocks. Today I'd accept $250 for it, or even less. Last week I sold a man two cars for $60, one for $20 and the other for $40. They had originally cost me $300. Bad business? Maybe. But I've known worse. I got two things out of the sale—a new customer and some cash, neither of which is to be sneezed at.

You see, we don't get a chance to handle much cash nowadays, and I, for one, kind of like the feel of it. When I first got into the game there was no such thing as a time-payment sale. Our transactions were much simpler then. A man would come in, and if he didn't have the price to pay for the car he wanted, he'd have to hustle out and dig it up, or else take something cheaper. Formerly a man used to be shamefaced when he had to admit that he didn't have enough ready money to buy a car with. I have seen men actually quail under the eye of a salesman whose manner indicated that he considered them impudent to waste his time talking about cars when they knew from the start they didn't have enough to buy them.

At that time people were buying their first machines. It was a spot in their lives. Owning an automobile—any automobile—boosted their social standing. They wanted to be able to high-hat the neighbors, and they would move heaven and earth to raise the money.

The Good Old As-Is Clause

Not being motor-wise, they were not overcritical. If the paint looked good and the upholstery was not too badly worn, that was all they cared about. A cheap coat of "molasses"—a quick-drying, heavy varnish—and a can of leather dressing went a long way toward making sales. We'd take 'em for a short ride over a cobbled street or under the Elevated railroad, where the other noises would drown out the sound of the car, give 'em a bill of sale stating clearly that the car was sold as is, pocket their money and wish them godspeed. Frequently they would buy us a drink or two just out of sheer joy over having become car owners.

If something went wrong, they might perhaps come back to us for advice—a commodity we were always willing to dish out—but they seldom came back to kick. They knew it would be no use. The words "as is" in the bill of sale absolved us from all responsibility. Them was, indeed, the happy days.

It's very different now. Since the war, automobile design has been greatly improved. Certain features have been pretty well standardized, and it is possible to procure good reliable performance in every price class. Ten years ago, however, most every make of machine had one or more troublesome peculiarities, and each new model, as it came out, would develop a bug of some kind. A make that was underpowered one year would have so much power the following year that the rear end would not stand up. The year after that the same make might have a rotten transmission or clutch or oiling system. Car buyers, in those days, hoped for the best, but expected a certain amount of grief. Today, however, all makes are so much better that people have come to expect practically perfect performance. This has led to a change in the public attitude toward used autos. Whereas formerly a man used to figure that he could save money by buying a secondhand car and fixing it up, nowadays that same man wants to buy a used car and not have to fix it up.

The machines we sell are better in every way than the erratic old tin wagons we used to handle. But we have to sink more capital in them and make smaller profits per sale than we used to. In the old days, when a car came in we used to strip off all the accessories and make a little cigarette money by selling these separately. Today this practice is reversed. If a machine hasn't got a bumper or two and a windshield wiper and half a dozen other conveniences, a customer will turn up his nose at it.

People are fussy about the automobiles they buy; fussy not only about the paint and tires, but about the terms. You don't see 'em quail now when they're short of cash. They tell you very definitely exactly how they want to pay. Most of them want to pay practically nothing down.

"How much do you want down on this car?" the prospect asks.

"Thirty per cent," I say. "Three hundred down and the balance in six months."

"Nothing doing. I'll give you $150 and the rest in twelve months."

And there's nothing for it but to accept. Someone else will if I don't.

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These men are serving thousands of large and small businesses throughout the world. One of them will determine with you the relative value of your records—and analyze the fire hazards of your premises. He will present you, without charge, a written survey of permanent value to you—analyzing your fire dangers and the probable effect each record loss would have on your business; together with recommendations for the adequate and most economic housing of your records.

This report costs you nothing. It may save your business.

See the nearest Safe-Cabinet Man today—or write or wire us.

The highest degree of protection

There is no other record-protection equipment like Safe-Cabinet. Every Safe-Cabinet product is tested by the Safe-Cabinet Laboratory—the largest and most complete institution of its kind in all the world. A product bearing the label of approval from this laboratory must stand up under more severe conditions than are demanded by any other similar testing institution on earth. The Safe-Cabinet Laboratory label is a guarantee of worth that stands for the most practical degree of fire and heat protection man has yet devised.

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DETROIT, MICHIGAN

LOWER COST *per* TON MILE

A CONSTRUCTIVE PROGRAM AGAINST WAR

(Continued from Page 31

first step in the establishment of justice and the vindication of rights, holds out the hope that human ingenuity may find a way of avoiding appeal to the *ultima ratio* by an exercise of reason in the regulation of international conduct.

Rules of International Conduct Necessary

The more profoundly the subject is considered, the more clear it becomes that international action should be controlled by rules previously agreed upon and solemnly accepted. The sum of these rules is what we mean by "international law." The only *point d'appui* for action upon the motives, purposes and interests of nations, taken collectively, is the making, amelioration and clarification of international law. Not that such law is self-enforcing, not that it will not be violated, not that it must have an armed force to give it validity; but that the prestige, the financial credit and the prospect of obtaining all those essentials to national development and prosperity that must be possessed by a nation for holding a great place in the world depend upon playing the game according to the rules of the game; and the disposition or indisposition to make rules, as well as to observe them, is the crucial test of the stage of development to which a nation has arrived.

To this point I shall return later; but for the moment, if we cannot answer, let us at least try to throw some light upon the question: Can sovereign states, without surrendering or impairing their sovereignty, accept limitations upon the exercise of their right of initiative in declaring war?

Restriction on Military Action Already Accepted and Acted Upon

In what follows I shall, first of all, attempt to show that there has been such voluntary limitation of this right; that it has not detracted from the dignity and prestige of the sovereign states that have accepted it; and that such limitation is capable of further application in harmony with the spirit and conception of the nature of international law. It is possible to show further that the moral sentiments of humanity have demanded, and the public opinion of civilized mankind has approved the limitations already accepted.

Upon examination I find that as many as eight distinct modes of restriction applied to the exercise of military action have been voluntarily adopted by the leading nations. Some of them have been formally incorporated into the body of generally recognized law, and all of them have been widely accepted in special conventions. I shall enumerate them with as little tedium as possible.

1. The Laws of Neutrality.

One of the most widely accepted restrictions upon war is the limitation of military action as affecting the interests of neutrals. This limitation of belligerent rights has been consecrated in the laws of neutrality which provide for complete abstention by neutrals from participation in conflicts that do not affect them; securing to them legal exemption not only from participation in the quarrels of others, but also from the incidents of belligerency, with recognized liability on the part of those engaged in war for damages done by belligerents to the interests of neutrals. In this connection it must not be overlooked that the war power said to be inherent in sovereignty in itself makes no provision for anybody's rights. As an absolute right, it furnishes *carte blanche* for universal attack upon all who stand in the way, with no restrictions whatever.

The laws of neutrality essentially limit this privilege. It must also be remembered that the general acceptance of laws of neutrality is of recent date. Machiavelli held that, as every nation is liable to be injured by the belligerents in war, it is foolish to be neutral and wise to side with the probable victor, in order to participate in the division of the spoils. Even Grotius paid little respect to a strict neutrality, holding that a nation should lend its support to what it holds to be the right side and thus help to punish the wrongdoer. As a result of these opposite motives, wars, during a long period, tended to become general, and neither neutral rights nor neutral duties had any general recognition. It is proper here to signalize the fact that the part played by the United States in claiming the rights and performing the duties of a neutral state forms one of the most notable chapters in our national history.

2. Reduction of Armament.

A second form of restriction upon the exercise of war power often proposed, but seldom rendered effectual, is the reduction of capacity for war by voluntary disarmament. This was the primary purpose of the First Hague Conference, convoked at the instance of the late Emperor of Russia, which proved entirely abortive so far as that mode of restriction is concerned. It has never yet been practically proved that disarmament has the slightest practical effect upon the restriction of war. There is no instance in history when war was averted by it. The case of the abandonment of armament by the United States and Great Britain on the Great Lakes furnishes no argument for general disarmament. Had there been just occasion for war between the two countries, that self-limitation would have had no effect upon it. Good reasons for the action taken were: First, that the presence of armed vessels on inland waters of such limited extent would be unnecessarily provocative; second, that naval superiority on those lakes would not be decisive in case of a contest; and third, that belief on both sides in the continuance of peace was stronger than belief in the probability of war.

Disarmament, in that case, was an effect, and not a cause. The reasons for the limitation of capital ships by the United States and Great Britain in 1922 are too complex to consider here.

It is quite certain that physical disarmament has no preventive bearing upon war, unless it is preceded by strong moral aversion to war on both sides. When that is the case, disarmament becomes a purely economic question. When it is not the case, to disarm would be folly for which no responsible government would wish to be held accountable. If circumstances warrant it, the limitation of armament is greatly to be desired; and, as in the case of laws of neutrality, there is no impairment of sovereign right in the agreement to limit armament.

3. Ameliorated Usages of War.

A third restriction upon war powers is the voluntary amelioration of the usages of war. When, at the First Hague Conference, disarmament and even a slight limitation of armament were seen to be illusory, attention was turned in this direction, in the hope that the conference would not prove wholly nugatory. As a result of this effort to humanize war, conventions were adopted and afterward ratified by virtually all governments regarding the laws of war on land and sea—laws which it was difficult to expect it would be easy to enforce, or even to remember, in the stress and heat of battle. Their value consisted chiefly in this—that they were a gesture of respect for human rights and an evidence that the representatives of civilized nations no longer dare to stand up in an international assembly and defend the barbarities of warfare. Ineffective as many of these new rules proved to be, they helped to show that nations were disposed, in form at least, to renounce some of the freedom of action supposed to be secured to them by their sovereign right to carry on war.

4. Proscription of Savage Instruments.

A fourth mode of restricting these alleged rights of war was the proscription of certain instruments of warfare, such as dumdum bullets and poisonous gases. The right to kill was not questioned by these gentlemen at The Hague; but the right to torture, or to destroy whole battalions from the air—why, really, being gentlemen, they could not subscribe to that! And having thus "humanized warfare," the deeper question of the further prevention of war, universally conceded to be desirable, after providing a way of avoiding it by arbitration, if nobody wanted it, but not otherwise, the deeper question—the only really great question—the inhibition of military action, was postponed to the second conference. And yet the method of that conference was sound, and above all it was educational. If continued long enough, it could not fail to produce good results. If it has failed, it is only because it has been abandoned.

5. Delayed Action.

A fifth limitation upon military action was imposed upon themselves by those governments which signed and ratified the so-called Bryan Treaties. Here the keynote was delayed action. Recognizing the fact that fights begin in the heat of excitement, provision was voluntarily made for cooling off. It was a wise provision—the best perhaps now actually operative, since it gives opportunity to utilize all the others.

6. Prohibition of Conquest.

With the end of the Great War and the decision if possible to prevent a recurrence of it by stabilizing its results, the Covenant of the League of Nations called for the surrender of the right of neutrality—the largest renunciation of sovereign power ever proposed. Hitherto the effort had been to induce the nations to pledge themselves not to make war. Now they were called upon, under certain conditions, to enforce peace, if necessary, by combined force. To perpetuate and maintain the results of the war and the peace made at Paris by the victors, they agreed "to preserve the territorial integrity and political independence of the group of states that accepted, or were permitted to accept, that obligation"—Article 10 of the League of Nations. In order to palliate this greatest renunciation of sovereignty ever conceded, this obligation was explained by the highest authority to mean, not that a state was to be protected from invasion and military submission at the time it was attacked, or invaded, or subjugated in war, but when the war is over. When the invader has triumphed on the field of battle and has won a victory, then all are bound to intervene, restore the *status quo ante*, and "preserve" the territorial integrity and political independence of the victim! Invasion and war are not forbidden; war is even anticipated. What is promised is remedial intervention after the act. War may be allowed, but conquest is to be prohibited.

7. Collective Intervention.

There is, indeed, in the scheme of the Covenant another statement of obligation. It implies, if it does not prescribe, something more than the interpretation of Article 10, just cited, seems to cover. In Article 11 it is declared, "Any war or threat of war, whether immediately affecting any of the members of the League or not, is hereby declared a matter of concern to the whole League, and the League shall take any action that may be deemed wise and effectual to safeguard the peace of nations."

Now, without the slightest disposition to be captious or controversial, is it not plain that all the adherents to this Article 11 of the Covenant, in principle, if they do not themselves surrender the right to make war, claim for the League the right to set aside what has been deemed to be inherent in sovereignty by politico-military intervention in "any war or threat of war, whether immediately affecting any members of the League or not"? Do not the signatories of this Covenant therein either deny that the right of war is inherent in the sovereignty of a state, or declare that, since peace is in the keeping of the collectivity of states, they may by their superior power extinguish that right, if it exists?

The deduction I wish to make from this Article 11 is not a condemnation of it; but the conclusion that, having subscribed to it, a government cannot consistently claim, on its own part, an absolute right to initiate war for any purpose it pleases against another nation, great or small, without such preliminaries as would meet with the approval of a collectivity like the League. To my mind, it appears, after the concessions to abstract justice already reviewed, that it would be absurd for any adherent of the Covenant to pretend that it is derogatory to sovereignty voluntarily to accept a legal restriction upon the initiation of military action.

8. Renunciation of Armed Force as an Instrument of Justice.

In making this declaration, however, I would not be understood as being in agreement with those who believe that the right to declare war should be under the supervision or control of any body of men outside

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Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

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In addition to the Eight-in-Line ELCAR makes a four and a six, each famous in its class for performance and value. Motorists will find it wise to see ELCAR first before buying any new car, and dealers will find the ELCAR Agency attractive.

ELCAR MOTOR COMPANY
Elkhart, Indiana
Builders of Fine Vehicles Since 1873

ELCAR
A WELL BUILT CAR

the nation exercising that right. Such a deposit in a foreign body of virtually sovereign authority would be the creation of a superstate, the transfer of supreme authority to it, and the abnegation of national independence. Nor do I affirm that those who have accorded this right of supervision to the Council of the League of Nations have seriously intended to make such a sacrifice of their own independence. What I contend for is that what they have done is either a meaningless gesture, or else it is a recognition of the idea that the war power, wherever it is deposited, is not an absolute power to be exercised by any authority, national or international, without "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind"; and it may therefore be voluntarily limited under just and equal rules of action deliberately arrived at by consultation and agreement with other nations, without the impairment of sovereignty.

The comment I would make on the obligations of the Covenant is that they find their application at the wrong end of the problem. They come into action too late. It is futile to wait until territory is invaded and occupied, and then for the first time settle the question of possession in a diplomatic conference of the powers that have kept their hands off during the conflict. It is almost equally futile to speak of "any war or threat of war, whether immediately affecting any of the members of the League or not," as "a matter of concern to the whole League," and to affirm that the League shall take action upon it, unless war or a threat of war should sometimes be regarded as an illegal act. It would appear, therefore, that what is most fundamentally a concern of all sovereign states, in their collectivity, is the determination of what wars and what threats of war are to be regarded as legal or illegal.

Is it not then evident that, if there can be such a thing as international law at all by the general determination and agreement of the society of sovereign states, it is within the proper scope of international law to fix the conditions under which military action may be legally initiated—and this without invalidating or impairing the sovereignty of states? A negative answer to this question would identify sovereignty with anarchy and subordinate international law to the absolutism of a single state.

The Principle of Limitation Already Clearly Adopted

Grotius thought it important to distinguish between "just" and "unjust" wars. International law has not followed him in this. It has sometimes been assumed that, inasmuch as it has been customary for each nation to decide for itself what constitutes a sufficient cause for war, there can never be any international law regarding the just or the unjust causes of war. This is, however, so far from being the case that we have at least one example of the legal limitation of the initiation of military action established by a solemn convention between sovereign states which has never been violated by the signatories. I refer to the Second Convention of the Hague Conference of 1907, respecting the Limitation of the Employment of Force for the Recovery of Contract Debts, the first article of which reads as follows:

"The contracting powers agree not to have recourse to armed force for the recovery of contract debts claimed from the government of one country by the government of another country as being due to its nationals."

Here is a clear limitation on the initiation of military action. It is agreed that it cannot legally take place unless a just cause is given. In the next paragraph of the convention the nature of such a just cause is stated as follows:

"This undertaking is, however, not applicable when the debtor state refuses or neglects to reply to an offer of arbitration, or, after accepting the offer, prevents any *compromis* from being agreed on, or, after the arbitration, fails to submit to the award."

The award here referred to is intended to cover the validity of the claim, the amount of the debt and the time and mode of payment.

This convention was adopted by the conference and was ratified by all the great powers. It clearly discriminates between a just and an unjust resort to military action. To apply force for the collection of a debt the validity and amount of which has not been fairly determined is considered unjust; while it may be just to collect, even by force, a debt that is openly repudiated. Such use of force is the practice of all civilized states toward their own citizens.

Other examples of legalized limitation of military action are found in the Third Convention of the Second Hague Conference, on the Opening of Hostilities; and the Sixth Convention, relating to the Status of Enemy Merchant Ships at the Outbreak of Hostilities.

Summary and Conclusion

We are then justified in concluding that, while it would be impossible and illogical to declare with authority that war is a crime, it would be in perfect harmony with past procedure further to limit warlike activity by making definite acts of military aggression illegal under international law. This would, of course, require general assent; but a refusal to accept a just and reasonable restriction on warlike activity would place the nation thus dissenting under the ban of public condemnation. This might not at once be effectual, but eventually it would give effect to public opinion, whatever it is.

We may, I think, safely assume that, in general terms, public opinion is already, in every civilized country, against war; but it has at present no effective form of expression.

It is idle to talk of the importance of international courts so long as the law they are to apply is inadequate, and so long as there is no access to them on the part of the injured, because the injury inflicted is not legally justiciable.

The method of rendering such injuries illegal is very simple. It is presented in the following propositions:

1. That governments refusing to place any restrictions upon the exercise of war power should not be considered as representing sovereign states, which have already accepted such restrictions as constituting a part of international law;

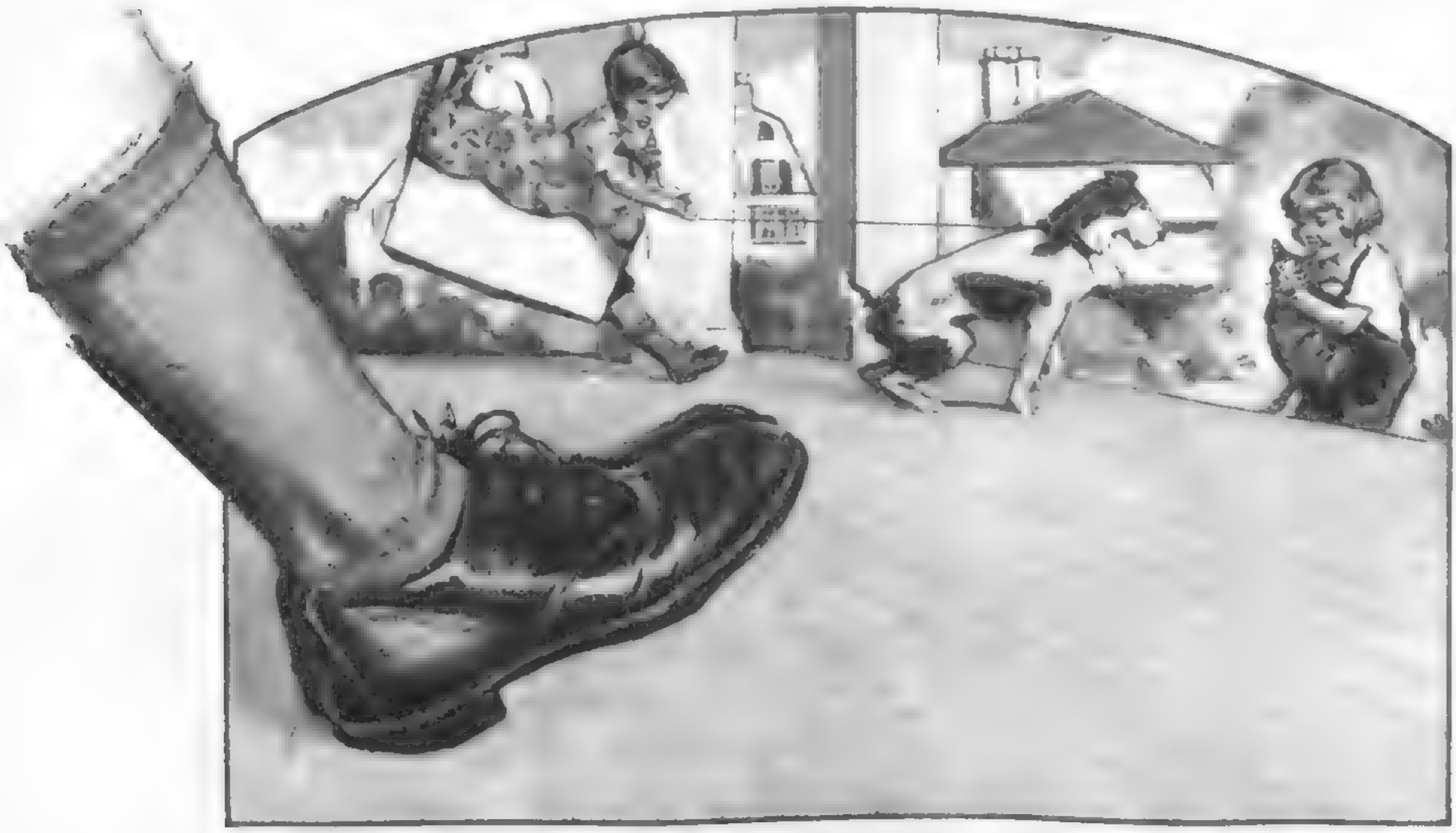
2. That conferences should be held, to which all governments claiming to represent sovereign states should be admitted, for the further revision of international law, especially in its bearing upon the initiation of military action;

3. That the rules of action generally agreed upon in such conferences as just and practicable should be embodied in a convention to be offered for ratification by all governments voluntarily accepting it as constituting for them, as between the signatories who ratify it, the law of nations.

Mt. Chocorua, New Hampshire

It's a Gift!

Certainly, *anyone* can buy fine ginger and pure sugar and sparkling crystals of fruit juices. ¶And there's quite a lot of good, pure water in the world that doesn't belong to us. ¶*Anyone* can get that, too! ¶But let this thought sink in: *Nobody* can put these things together in the Clicquot Club way—*nobody but Clicquot Club.* It's an art, for the full-pint bottles of Clicquot Club Ginger Ale (Regular or Pale Dry) contain a priceless ingredient that can't be bought—*forty years of knowing how to make good drinks.* ¶Regular Clicquot Club is full of zest and vigor. Pale Dry Clicquot Club is extremely mild and subtle. ¶Believe us—*it's a gift!* The Clicquot Club Co., Millis, Mass., U. S. A.



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KOVERFLOR

TRADE MARK

THE TETHER

(Continued from Page 25)

went past today on bicycles. They stopped to get a drink and one of them told father they aimed to go a hundred miles before they quit."

"Century run," said Marr learnedly. "Wonder if they were riding Tribunes. Wish 't I'd seen 'em."

"I was thinking that it might make a difference," Margie went on, as if he hadn't spoken. "If folks can travel a hundred miles in a day on bicycles, maybe some of them might live out in the country, summertimes. One of those men was telling father —— Anyway, there's bound to be more folks traveling along the road, so they'll see your sign."

"That's so." George Marr struck his knee. "I got to change the price mark on that first thing in the morning. I-E-E-E, this time." He meditated. "Guess maybe I'd better make it I-A-E-E while I'm at it." He stopped again to contemplate the sum. "Guess we'll have to wait a terrible while before we get any such price as that, Margie."

"I don't know's I mind waiting," said Margie—"not now."

III

THE buckboard had splashed halfway back to the farm through a swimming road before George Marr had managed to sort out the tangled feelings that he'd carried away from his talk with Squire McFarland. He saw now that it wasn't on his own account that he had this dull, helpless sense of injury and injustice. Somehow, ever since that talk with ma at the well curb he hadn't been able to resent anything pa said or did; and now, of course, it seemed as if death took a person so far away that it wasn't worth while to send hard thoughts after him. He couldn't manage to be decently angry at pa even for what he'd done to Margie. His anger had no personal object; it seemed to direct itself at things instead of people, at the soapy mud that splashed his face, the sodden dead weeds along the road, the gray sky that closed down on him as if to shut him in. The old hateful sense of a tether dragging at his foot came back to him so strongly that he moved his feet under the rubber lap robe as if to shake them free.

It was hard to believe that pa had done it on purpose. He'd always seemed to set so much store by Margie ever since she'd been living under his roof. Even on his bad days, when his face was twisted with the pain and he was short of temper with everybody else, he'd been gentle with Margie. No wonder, either, the way she'd waited on him, hand and foot, from the first day she came! George Marr shook his head at the memory of that service, tireless and patient and cheerful—eager, almost. There couldn't be many girls who'd have been so good to a surly invalid father-in-law, who'd be so unmistakably sorry when he'd gone.

It was queer that Margie should have been the one to grieve most over pa. Even ma didn't seem to take it so hard. Sometimes George wondered whether ma quite realized that pa was dead and not just away on a visit. She talked of him as if heaven was just across the glen; as if, by going over there, pa had got well again, and young and strong. It was Margie who really—he fumbled for the right word and found it—who really missed him, who wanted him back in the big chair with the pillows, fretful and exacting and helpless, like a sick child.

George Marr wished that he needn't tell her what pa had done to her. It would be bad enough to be tied here after all their plans and hopes, without having to believe that pa had hated her, had only pretended to like her while he schemed to play her this sly, shabby trick with his dead hands! She'd mind that a sight more than the trick itself

He drew rein as he came abreast of the big locust and surveyed his sign. The mystic price mark jeered at him; he'd painted that I-A-E-E with no idea that anybody'd ever offer him anything like thirty-five hundred. He wished that Needham hadn't done it; the knowledge that he could have sold at his own price, and for spot cash, only made it harder. It wouldn't happen again, he told himself. He cramped the wheel and swung down, wrenching the painted board from the tree. It had hung there so long and so firmly that the bark was flattened under it. He thrust it under the seat of the buckboard and drove on up the lane to the barn.

Margie came in through the tool room as he unhitched, a rubber coat over her head. The sight of her sent a stabbing pain through him, if it hadn't been for pa she'd be living up in Buffalo in a house like Dan Pool's, wearing pretty dresses, like Dan's fat wife.

"I saw you pulling down the sign," she said. "I wanted to ask you before you came up to the house, where ma'd be bound to hear ——"

"Think she'd mind if the place was sold?" Her tone puzzled him; she spoke as if ma might overhear, in spite of the distance and the hissing rain. "She's always wanted to, more than ——"

"I just wanted to know first," she interrupted. "Is it sold, George?"

"No; it isn't apt to be either." He lifted the wet harness to its peg and slapped the colt's steaming flank. Its hoofs sounded hollow on the planks as it plodded on to its stall. He turned. "Needham offered me thirty-five hundred for it, cash down, and I went up to tell Squire McFarland to draw the deed. Figured I'd have it all settled before I started back."

He lifted down the sack of ground feed from the back of the rig.

"Well?"

"We can't sell." He faced her again. "I hate to tell you, Margie. The way pa made his will, the farm's left to ma in trust for me. We figured we could sell it if we both signed, but the squire says we can't. The title wouldn't be good. I guess he knows. He says he told pa so when he drew the will for him."

He avoided her eyes; he didn't want to see the way they'd look as she realized what it meant.

"Not ever? You mean we've always got to ——"

Her tone drew his glance reluctantly to her face. She didn't understand—not yet anyway. She didn't even look disappointed or surprised.

"Not—not as long as ma lives." He discovered that it was hard to say. "I can sell when—when it's all mine."

She touched his sleeve quickly.

"Then you'd better go put up the sign again before she finds out."

"Finds out? She's got to know, hasn't she? She wants to sell. I'll have to tell her why we can't."

"You mustn't." Margie's lips pressed tight together for an instant, so that the color went out of them. "You don't want her to feel the way pa did, do you? As if we were waiting for her to ——"

He shook his head. Perhaps it wasn't so queer that pa should have tried to tie him down, if that was how it had seemed to him.

"No; but if I put the sign back there'll be other folks, maybe, that want to buy. I'd have to tell her."

"Not if you ask more than anybody'll give. That'll satisfy her. I'm not going to have ma looking at me the way pa used to, as if he was begging pardon for staying alive! You can change the price mark the same as before, and tell Needham ——" She stopped. "Does he know you can't sell?"

"No; he didn't go up to the squire's office. Had to go to the station."

"Then you can tell him the same thing—you want a better price, now that you've thought it over."

She twitched at his sleeve again, drawing him toward the tool room, where his paint cans stood in a neat rank on their shelf

"I'd better make it plenty high enough this time." He hesitated, the brush hovering over the pail. "Let's see. Suppose I made it A-E-E-E." He covered two of the letters with white. "Five thousand! My, that's a sight of money, Margie! Just suppose we had it right now—so's we could put it into Cousin Dan's horseless-carriage factory—right on the ground floor!"

He felt her eyes soften, though there was no relenting in the line of her mouth. Sometimes he had seen that very look when she had been waiting on pa.

"Maybe you'll get it one of these days." The plodding speech made him remember her as a little sober girl in a sunbonnet. "If you keep on fixing things up ——"

"No; that's over with." He shook his head. "I don't want to be thinking about—about ma ——" He stopped. "No, this

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time it's got me—got the both of us, Margie. We're tethered now."

She watched his brush for a little silence.

"Maybe we are, but we better not let her see it. We got to pretend, anyway, that we're counting on selling out, or she'll know. Ma guesses things pretty near right most time."

He knew that this was so—a recurrent, mysterious phenomenon. Ma would assemble three or four mistaken ideas and reason all wrong, and yet arrive, unshakably, at a sound conclusion, like the time when she'd known he'd gone swimming because his hair was so dry and he'd rubbed dust on his neck and wrists and bare legs. There was a kind of comfort in the thought. Even if it wasn't any use to think about getting your money out of the place, it would be fun, sort of, to keep on scheming up ways to make it look as if it was worth what you were asking for it.

Through the open doorway he could see the rain spurt on the rush of cream-and-coffee flood water through the mended channel of the brook. Before he'd raised and strengthened that weak place at the bend every heavy rain had scattered gravel all over the feed lot, in plain sight of the road.

"That's so. She's smart, ma is." He stood the sign on edge on the workbench. "No sense putting it back till it's dried. If she says anything we can say I took it down to change the price mark."

Margie nodded. They ran up the slope to the woodhouse door. Ma was busy at the stove and there was a pleasant smell of baking in the dry warmth of the low wide room. She inspected George above her glasses and prescribed dry clothes exactly as if he'd been twelve instead of twenty-six As he changed in the little bedroom off the kitchen he could hear her talking. This rain would put George back with his spring plowing if it didn't let up pretty soon.

"Pa'd have fretted. Liked plowing, pa did. Hated to be late with it." The oven door slammed and a hot spicy smell of cookies floated in to George. "Take a sight of comfort thinking how glad pa is to have his strength back again."

George Marr had a queer vivid glimpse of ma's heaven, a kind of glorified farm where pa could drive a plow along an endless furrow and turn the rain on and off as he pleased and toss a whole load of hay up to the wagon rack in a single forkful, with that hint of ferocity in the heave of back and shoulder that George remembered with puzzling clearness.

He heard Margie's even voice from the next room.

"He thinks he'd ought to hold out for five thousand. Changed the price mark on the sign just now."

"It's a sight of money." Ma clicked her tongue almost reverently against her teeth "It seems 's if nobody'd ever put that much into a farm."

"George figures that these horseless carriages are bound to fetch more folks out from the city, summers," said Margie. "More than the bicycles used to; richer folks that can afford to buy a farm just for summers, like the Osterhauts that bought Joe Dole's place. Ever since Cousin Dan Pool went in the business George has been sort of studying how it might help us get a better price for the farm."

George Marr thought wistfully of that last letter from Cousin Dan, typed on thick, crackly paper with a picture of the Pool Horseless Buggy at the top of it—the Horseless Buggy of the Future. Cousin Dan had the right idea about that—none of these freak contraptions with little rubber-tired bicycle wheels for him! Hit a rut in one of those gimcracks and you'd drag on the road! No, sir, the horseless carriage of the future was bound to be built like a real buggy, with regular buggy wheels, high enough to keep you off the ground, and steel tired, so you didn't have to worry about running over a piece of glass or a nail! It wouldn't be all cluttered up with chains and sprockets, either, like a bicycle. Cousin Dan had the right notion there, too, using belts between the jackshaft and the ex, the same way it was done in the sawmill. One of these days you'd see more folks riding along the road in Pool Horseless Buggies than in all the others put together.

If a fellow had even two or three thousand to put into that preferred stock that Cousin Dan was keeping separate for his special friends and relations, if a man could start in right now, on the ground floor, and grow up with the business, instead of being hitched by the leg to a farm —— George Marr pushed the dream away. There wasn't any sense in fooling himself with such notions. Tethered!

IV

TWICE, as he walked back from where Radner's hired men were building their share of the new line fence, George Marr moved aside before the bleat of a horn and the ring of tires on macadam, frowned at the whisking passage of a car. It was hardly safe to drive a horse any more, they were getting so thick in the glen. Folks that lived close to the road had to shut up their children and chickens—just as well, after all, that great-grandpa had built a good ways back. Ma was always worrying, as it was, for fear David or Jennie would get run over

He glanced up at the yellowing sign as he came to the old locust, now beginning to show dead limbs at the top. About time to change that price mark again, just to be on the safe side. After the fool price Teed Gerry'd got for that worked-out place of his there was no telling when some other city man with more money than sense would pay sixty-five hundred for a first-rate sightly farm like this.

As always when he stopped at the end of the lane, the house warranted that word Margie'd been right about setting out those pines behind it; they made it look like a house in a picture, with their blackish green for background to its shining paint. Every one of them had lived; it was smart of Margie to pick up that root-pruning notion from old John Tilgher. They'd have cost a sight of money if they'd come from a nursery, and Margie'd got them for nothing, just by digging a trench around each of them the year before they were transplanted, cutting their feed roots so that they'd have to put out new ones close in to the trunk, where they wouldn't be hurt when the tree was moved. They looked as if they'd been growing there for thirty years instead of six or seven.

Margie'd kept it up all these years. You might think she really expected to sell the place any minute. Every time she planted a rosebush or stretched her butter money to pay for fresh paint on the shutters she talked as if it was bound to make somebody walk in and plank the asking price down on the table, and every time she made George change the letters of the price mark she'd claim that it was only right to ask more money after all the improvements they'd been making. Margie was smart, or she couldn't have kept ma from finding out all this while.

Sometimes George Marr wondered whether Margie was as patient about waiting as she seemed. He kept his own mind barred against the word; he wasn't waiting; he'd just stopped looking ahead, even when he had letters from Cousin Dan Pool about the big future there was bound to be in the real-estate and insurance business. You could almost forget, if you tried hard enough, that the time was coming when ma wouldn't be sitting there by the kitchen window in pa's big chair, with the old Bible on her knees. But she wasn't Margie's own mother, after all. It must be harder on Margie to keep from thinking about the time when they could break the tether and go live in Buffalo, with money enough to go in partners in Cousin Dan's real-estate business and buy a shiny car to ride in over all that asphalt pavement.

He heard her call his name, found himself running up the slope in answer to some unfamiliar quality in the clear, round, carrying voice, a heightened note that made him fancy, absurdly, that Margie was afraid. The wide blankness of her eyes when he came to the door where she waited deepened the illusion of fear, reminded him of the grave little girl in the faded sunbonnet, big eyed and still, who watched Georgie Marr kill a puff adder in the deep grass; it seemed as though fear passed into him from the touch of her hand on his arm.

"What is it?"

Her eyes led his to where ma sat in the big chair by the window, her folded spectacles marking the place in the worn Bible where she'd left off reading when she went to sleep. It was a moment before he understood that it wasn't sleep this time.

He wondered dully why he wasn't sorry for ma, why there should be upon him that sense of self-reproach because he was so sorry for himself, because he was afraid for himself, standing now in the front rank, without ma's shielding presence between

(Continued on Page 181)

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The vital place of TASTE · · COLOR *FRAGRANCE* in every meal

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(Continued from Page 178)

him and the enemy that waited in the dark. Margie's hand slipped down to his, a comforting touch now, as if she had forgotten her own terror in the knowledge that it had closed on him.

"She'd waited so long, George."

Waited? For this? He shook his head. Ma had always drawn away from the name of death. She must have dreaded it, hated it.

Margie lifted the old Bible and opened it. The page was thumbed and frayed where ma had left off reading. Margie's finger drew his glance to the dim pencil marks that bracketed a verse. He knew it without reading—the verse about a bridegroom coming out of his chamber and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race.

He caught in his breath. It was almost as if he saw ma, young again, and pretty, in the doorway of a shining kitchen where the stove never smoked and the wood box was always full, with that almost forgotten smile at the corners of her mouth as she looked out at the sun-flooded meadow where pa rejoiced in the only way he'd ever know, a strong man's joy of strength.

Then he was back beside Margie, holding tight to her hand, afraid before the thought that forced its way inexorably into his mind past all his shock and sorrow, afraid because the tether had fallen from his feet at last and set him—set him free!

ON HIS way up from the mail box George Marr put Cousin Dan Pool's letter carefully into his pocket and decided not to tell Margie about it unless this man Slater showed up. Cousin Dan wrote as if he were absolutely positive, but Cousin Dan wrote that way about pretty nearly everything. There was no sense in stirring up Margie's hopes until it was certain, at least, that Slater was interested enough to come and see the place.

There was a relief in reaching this decision. Marr didn't want to talk about selling, even to Margie; just thinking about it seemed to suggest a doubt of the way he felt about ma. He was dimly grateful to Margie for not mentioning it; he wanted to keep on believing that she missed ma as much as he did. It wouldn't be so bad if an outsider forced the subject on them, if this man Slater drove up, as Cousin Dan declared he would, and offered ——

He wouldn't, of course. Nobody'd be fool enough to give eight thousand for a farm like this, no matter what Dan Pool said. There couldn't be any such luck for George Marr, anyway—certainly not just when Cousin Dan was opening up that new country-property department and had such a splendid opening for a man who knew farm values and could put a few thousand dollars into a business where Cousin Dan saw such a big future! No, it wouldn't be fair to get Margie all excited; she'd been disappointed often enough as it was.

The lawn ought to be mowed, though, just in case Slater did show up, and it would keep a fellow out in front of the house most of the afternoon without starting Margie wondering why he wasn't down on the flats. She was always glad to get anything done to make the place a little sightlier.

The lawn mower needed just enough thrust to give him a pleasant sense of his strength; a little stir of air whispered in the pines and drew a cool touch across his cheek when he paused at the turns; there was a warm smell of sun on bruised grass blades, and Dave and Jennie splashed and shouted in the brook, where the water glittered on the paddles of the toy mill wheel he had built for Dave. Beyond the road he could see cloud shadows race across the cropped grassland, the ripples in the pale gold of the wheat.

He was faintly sorry when Margie brought her garden basket and stooped to weed and stir the earth of the flower beds. If he'd thought about it in time he might have persuaded her to drive across the glen to her brother's, so that if Slater did turn up by any chance she needn't know about it till afterward. She wouldn't say anything if this new disappointment had to come; but she'd take it hard, all the same—all the harder because she wouldn't whine or scold like some women.

The big car had turned in past the dying locust tree and trundled slowly almost to the retaining wall before George Marr discovered that his hands were clenched, and his teeth; that he was afraid—afraid of that stubby, prosperous man behind the wheel; that he hated him and the plump, soft, pink woman at his side, as if, instead of bringing him and Margie all they'd wanted all their lives, they'd come to cheat, to steal.

Instinctively, as the brisk man squirmed out from the driver's seat, Marr edged a little nearer Margie. What was the matter with him? Hadn't he slaved and waited all these years for just this moment of release? Why should he be afraid? Why should he feel alone and helpless and sorry for himself? Why ——

Slater talked fast; you could see he'd had a lot of practice. George Marr listened, distrustful of that cordial, easy fluency. Dan Pool had written as if Slater was a big man up yonder; it must be a different kind of bigness, Marr thought, from the kind that measured a man out here. Slater didn't look as if he could have taken over a worn-out piece of land and just by main strength made it worth eight thousand dollars; that pink, soft woman wouldn't be able even to keep the house and garden as sightly as Margie'd made them.

"All we want to see is the house." Slater showed gold-mended teeth. "Pool says the land's in first-rate shape, in case I take a notion to try to farm it, but I guess I've got enough fish to fry." He showed his teeth again as if he had said something smart, and Mrs. Slater nodded as though to say that he had a great many other fish indeed. "We just want a first-rate place to spend a while in the summertime," Slater went on. "Might rent the land—let somebody work it on shares. It doesn't matter. If the house looks as good inside as it does from here, I guess we can do some quick business. Pool says you're asking eight thousand."

"You say"—Marr cleared his throat—"you say you wouldn't want to work the farm?"

His glance moved past the stubby man and the big car to the sweep of level fields that seemed to listen, grass and grain and the distant fringe of willows along the creek that were somehow his only in the way that Margie was, and the children. He turned his head so that he could see Dave and Jennie in the little pool below the splashing, shining water wheel.

"Guess you can see I'm no farmer." Slater's grin, the motion of those restless hands, seemed to imply that this was humorously meant, but George Marr felt the muscles tighten under his cheek. Yes, he could see that. Sell the place—sell those fields that he'd nursed and fed and petted? He had to do it, of course. He couldn't go back on Margie now, couldn't fasten that tether about her neck, after all her patient years of work and planning. The tether—he'd always thought he hated it, and now that it was broken —— Against his will his eyes moved to meet Margie's. He saw a sudden tightening about her lips that made him think of ma.

"It's too bad you've come all this way for nothing," she was saying, looking past Slater at the woman in the car. "Mr. Marr can't sell unless I sign the deed, and I've never bargained to—not at any price. I wouldn't. It's too bad."

George Marr broke happily in upon Slater's amiable disbelief.

"No, sir, she isn't saying it just to raise the price on you. She means it. It's no use talking about it any more. Dan Pool ought to have made sure we aimed to sell before he sent you traipsing all this way. We feel ——" Hadn't he been hating this decent, puzzled little man, just a minute ago? No sense to that; nice folks, both of them. "Wish you'd come in and rest a spell—like to have you stay for supper."

They didn't believe it at first; and when they did, he couldn't persuade them to come in. It was too bad; they were real nice people, and it was bound to look as if they hadn't been treated fairly. It wasn't their fault that Margie'd changed her mind that way all in a jiffy. He drew in a deep breath as the car turned out of the lane.

"I couldn't do it, George." Margie was looking at her bank of thrifty transplanted pines. "Nobody's pruned my roots—I couldn't leave go of the ground. I——"

"I know." He put his arm awkwardly about her shoulders. "I couldn't either. Guess—guess we're both tethered tighter than we knew."

He looked out again at the fields; some trick of cloud shadow, or perhaps something in the way the wind ripples wavered in the wheat, gave him a queer notion that the face of the land had smiled at him, as Margie smiled sometimes in her sleep, when her hand found his and held it against her cheek.

"Tethered," he said again, contentedly. "Let's go take down that sign."

Medical Authorities Declare Careers are Made and Blasted in the Nursery

What Will *Your* Baby Be?

TODAY, yonder in the crib, just a lovable, laughing baby. Tomorrow—what? Happiness, health and success—or misery and premature age?

Those laughing baby eyes are the same eyes that must serve all the years that baby lives! Are they GOOD eyes? Will they be GOOD eyes ten years from now—twenty years? Will they help shape a successful career or will their weakness be a terrible handicap?

Dr. Royal S. Copeland, U. S. Senator from New York, and a national health-authority, says: "*It is surprising how little attention is paid to the quantity and quality of light. Too bright a light is dangerous to the eyes.*" In his book, "The Care and Feeding of Children,"* Dr. L. Emmett Holt explains that a *brilliantly lighted nursery causes nervousness.* Other authorities agree that *weak eyes, caused by glaring lights, are a tragic handicap for future careers.*

Let every mother stop and ask herself this question: "Am I shielding my baby's eyes from sudden floods of glaring light—or am I unwittingly straining and hurting them?"

It's so easy to protect baby eyes. Simply by pulling the cord you can turn down your electric lights as easily as your mother turned down her oil lamp. Five changes of light at your finger tips. Just lift the darkness by degrees. No strain. No glare.

All good electrical and hardware stores, many drug and department stores, sell Dim-a-Lite plugs. If you can't find them, send us $1.25 with the coupon below, and we will send, postpaid, a complete Dim-a-Lite plug ready to place in the socket.

H'art Company, 5221 Greene St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Enclosed find { CHECK / M. O. / ASSIGNED } for $.....

Please send me, postpaid, Dim-a-Lite plugs at $1.25 each and tell me where I can purchase them in my locality.

Name.....

Address.....

Dim-a-Lite plugs are fully guaranteed. If not thoroughly satisfied your money will be refunded.

DIM-A-LITE

GLARE DIM DUSK NIGHT LIGHT DARK

* *Published by* D. APPLETON & Co.

The Servus
Ralph Jones Professional
FIT
Specially narrow cushioned heel prevents rubbing and absorbs shocks
FIT
Scientific last gives extra support to instep bones and muscles.
FIT
Scientific cut keeps foot from sliding forward and cramping into toe of shoe
Play Better in Sport Shoes That Fit
Spring is the time to get back on your feet. Time to loosen your tennis racquet from its winter in the press. Time to shake out boat sails and polish up camp equipment. Time to slip into Servus Sport Shoes and get back on your feet.
Whatever your game, you'll play better because you'll feel better in sport shoes that really fit.
Servus Sport Shoes fit as perfectly as the highest priced leather shoes. Made over a scientific last, they give extra, restful support to instep bones and muscles. Your foot can't slide forward and jam your toes into the end of a Servus Shoe. The specially narrow cushioned heel prevents rubbing and absorbs shocks.
Servus Shoes are sturdily built, reinforced where strain and wear come heaviest. The soles of tough, springy rubber may be had in a variety of styles: Crepe, cross-ribbed, or [see Ralph Jones above] with actually moulded suction cups. No skidding. Fit—comfort—wear and, added to these, trim appearance with just a suggestion of swagger.
Your dealer will be wishing you a successful season when he fits you with Servus Sport Shoes today. If you don't know the name of the Servus dealer in your neighborhood, write us.
We have an interesting proposition for dealers, athletic coaches and camp directors. Write for full information.
THE SERVUS RUBBER COMPANY
ROCK ISLAND, ILLINOIS
SERVUS
SPORT SHOES
As perfect a fit as your street shoes

THE MAGIC DISK

(Continued from Page 23)

youth who played with my voice. The dial before him shows the volume of sound. Its finger must not vibrate beyond certain points. When the soprano sings fortissimo, he must not amplify her voice so much; when she whispers lovingly, he must increase his medicine. If he does not follow the changes in her voice quickly enough, signals from the transmitting station soon tell him.

Actually, a transmitting station sends out what is called a radio frequency carrier wave, a very rapid monotone wave suitable for traveling long distances. The waves made by the voice in the current through the Mike are superimposed, saddled, on this carrier wave. They change its shape, just as the sound waves changed the shape of the first current.

At a transmitting station one sees four huge vacuum tubes, perhaps a foot high and the thickness of a man's wrist. They stand proudly in a steel cage, dimly a-glow. Two are oscillator tubes, parents of the high-speed carrier wave; two are modulator tubes, busy enveloping the carrier wave with the tone of the microphone current. They are silently industrious, solemn with their responsibility, wrapped, to the uninitiated, in the mystery of unknown power.

The control rooms are more colorful. To check their work, most regulating rooms install a receiving set whereon they pick up their own broadcasting, and the laboratory is filled with gay music or ponderous propaganda.

In ZYX, a row of colored electric-light bulbs gave the signals from the distant transmitting station. The regularity with which the operator said "Damn!" to the flashing of the red bulb mystified me until he explained that it meant "overmodulation"—the ambitious soprano trying to get upstage with a microphone—and the transmitting station was bawling him out for amplifying too much her already powerful voice.

It is on this operator, usually, that the burden of censorship falls. If, after announcing her talk on plays for the young folk, a publicity-seeking actress begins to chant on stage vices—with inappropriate word pictures—it is this youth's job to keep the American home undefiled. He is a Horatius who guards the bridge with a hard-rubber knob instead of a sword. Such incidents are rare, I was told, as all programs are approved before going on the air, but occasionally the necessity for abrupt action arises. Profanity, obscenity, too-virulent propaganda on controversial subjects, are the chief objects of deletion.

Broadcasting to Seven Cities

Newspapers are quick to see a censorship story in any gap in a radio program. When a prominent actor's speech was cut short by an actual breakdown in the transmitting arrangements at a certain station, weeks of controversy followed. Since the gentleman happened to be engaged in a dithyrambic against critics in general, no amount of explaining on the part of directors could convince cynical reporters that he had not been railroaded out of the air.

But I get ahead of myself.

In each control room there listens, a provision of the laws of navigation, an operator who takes wireless code signals. At the first faint whisper of an S O S on 600 meters, all broadcasting must cease. There is great rivalry between stations to see who can get off the air quickest when the fatal letters come.

The most fascinating control I have seen is that of a big New York station where from one studio a program may be broadcast simultaneously from seven cities. The room itself looks a nightmarish exaggeration of a telephone central, but the genie of so many lamps is in a small black box which rests innocently in one corner of the actual studio.

Along the top of one face runs a line of tiny green lights; beneath them, an orderly company of little black buttons parades—no more. Yet, seated before this wizard, a man may play with cities thousands of miles away, waft them sweet music, plunge them in silence, give to one a jazz concert, to another a lecture on economics.

I watched this station prepare for its wholesale entertainment one night. At seven o'clock, all over the area covered by this network, the local operators in other cities began linking up their stations with New York. Mechanically, the sounds of the studio are amplified in New York and sent out over specially designed long-distance telephone lines to the cities from which the actual transmitting into the air is accomplished. Like some mystical singing vine, the music of the central station crawls out over the countryside, only to pop up here and there, blossoming into song over a gathered multitude.

As the carrier waves of each far-away post began to scatter out over the cities around them, the little green lights in the box lit up one by one. Each light showed that another station was

"Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm."

I was in one of this station's three studios. A contralto was pacing nervously up and down near me, waiting until they were ready to throw her voice out over the six distant cities on the circuit. In another studio an orchestra was tuning up to play to New York.

Radio Problems

Now Washington and Pittsburgh were ready for the contralto, now Boston. The green light that indicated Buffalo glowed steadily. The operator, a solemn, youngish man with an enigmatical smile, whispered to me:

"After the green light shows that the station is ready, the button just under it connects this studio direct with the air over that city. If anything goes wrong, or I don't want to give this program to that particular city, the button still further below cuts it off the air. Or with these lowest tabs I can talk it over with the operator in that city by direct wire. The jacks on either side," he went on, "switch from my announcing microphone to the studio microphone, or from this studio to the outside, as when we're broadcasting straight from some hotel or concert stage."

At eight o'clock to the dot all the green lights burned. With one finger, the solemn one tapped the master button, which sent every whisper in the studio vibrating out into space over six cities. In a calm everyday voice he began to tell those cities about the lady who had stopped her pacing and stood still a few feet from the little black disk on the pedestal. The sphinx-like board told him that the orchestra in the next room was already setting New York swaying to its rhythm.

It is not until one has seen such sights that one can gain any conception of the possibilities of entertainment on such a scale. By a new and magic means a tremendous theater has been created—a theater in the broader sense, as one might speak of the theater of life. Its stage is the microphone, which may be placed anywhere; its audience is unseen, gigantic, indirectly contacted. It licks stamps instead of clapping its hands.

In radio are all the problems of the theater, enlarged, distorted beyond recognition, and one is without precedent in solving them. What shall be presented to this huge audience? How shall this theater be run? How shall it become a commercial asset? It is the element of exploration which makes broadcasting such a fascinating game.

The organization of the entertainment end of a studio may be as simple as one director of programs and an announcer. The station with the fascinating control board employs seventy-five men and women, who are segregated into five departments, of which program is but one. The others are publicity, commercial, accounts and plant.

I once sat in on a conference between the general director of this station and the heads of four of his divisions. They were all men under forty, young, active, with keen, interested faces. They sat about a desk, smoking cigarettes and drawing little diagrams on pads in their laps. The problem was a minor one—a lecture course, given in New York, was to be broadcast in Boston. On certain nights it conflicted with a general program devised for half a dozen cities.

As the blue smoke enveloped the speakers, they played conversational battledore and

(Continued on Page 185)

After a Week-end Visit

Foods still fresh and wholesome in the Zone of Kelvination . . .

Wouldn't it make your week-end trips more enjoyable this summer to know that when you return you would always find your refrigerator well stocked with foods in perfect condition?

Wouldn't it simplify your going-away preparations if you could simply forget foods, knowing that the refrigerator would stay cold without ice, and that its contents would be as good next week as today?

Even when you stay at home, wouldn't it be a welcome relief to know that your refrigerator *keeps itself* cold, week after week, and never demands attention? Put Kelvinator in your refrigerator and you can enjoy all these advantages —this summer.

The Kelvinator dealer in your city will tell you more about Kelvinator. Get in touch with him, or write us for Kelvinator literature.

KELVINATOR CORPORATION, 2067 WEST FORT STREET, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Kelvinator of Canada, Ltd., 16 Temperance Street, Toronto (115)

Kelvinator

The Oldest Domestic Electric Refrigeration

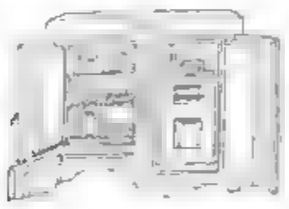
The ZONE *of* KELVINATION

Few persons know that there is a certain kind of refrigeration that not only *keeps* foods a long time but actually *improves* them. This is refrigeration with air that is not only very cold, but dry and frosty as well.

This zone of dry, uniform, intense cold is the Zone of Kelvination, and is produced by Kelvinator Electric Refrigeration.

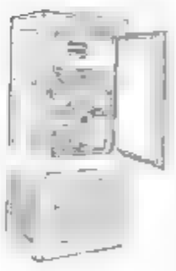
Kelvinated Foods

Foods kept in the pure, cold air of the Zone of Kelvination really get better. Meats become tender, mellow and flavory. Green vegetables regain the crispness they have when fresh from the garden. All perishable foods are chilled to a point where deterioration practically stops, and they remain fresh indefinitely.



Fits any Refrigerator

Kelvinator can be installed in any good refrigerator. It requires but a short time to make the installation and the necessary electric connection and from that time on you simply *forget* it. Your refrigerator actually keeps itself cold.



The Kelvin-et—$250

f. o. b. Detroit

The Kelvin-et is a compact refrigerating unit for small homes and apartments, priced at $250 f.o.b. Detroit. It is Kelvinator and refrigerator, all in one. It is delivered to your home like an ordinary refrigerator, and requires only an electric connection. The Kelvin-et is ideal for the small family.

Kelvinator Ice Cream Cabinets

are made in sizes for every retail business. The Kelvinator air-cooled principle makes installation simple and economical.

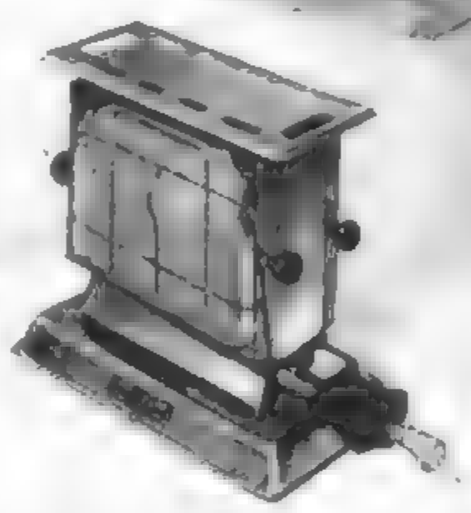
It takes her just

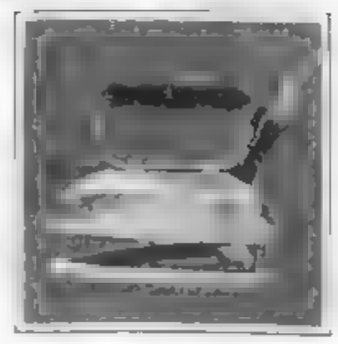
Six Minutes to get Breakfast

HERE is the modern home-maker for you! She runs her home quite as efficiently as her husband does his business—perhaps more so. She prepares appetizing meals smoothly and quickly—because she has the proper equipment. She has availed herself of the newest and most intelligently designed aids to her job of home-making—Manning-Bowman electrical devices.

Breakfast, for example. She sets the table the night before—with percolator and electric toaster in place. While she is dressing, the percolator goes about its cheerful, savory duty of making coffee. The toaster is ready at the touch of a button to turn out golden, crispy slices of toast. And the rest of breakfast-getting takes no time at all.

The Manning-Bowman Company have designed and manufactured electric appliances from the viewpoint of the woman who will use them. Since the first business of a percolator is to make coffee, the Manning-Bowman percolator makes the most delicious, hot, amber-colored coffee imaginable. But more than that! With its beauty of line and superb finish, it is as lovely a table appointment as a piece of fine silver. And because a busy woman may forget sometimes to turn off the electric current, there is a safety fuse to do it for her. This protects the percolator and the heating element from possible harm.





Manning-Bowman electric [illegible] No. [illegible] correctly balanced and [illegible] for greatest efficiency. Beautifully finished. $6.5[illegible]

Manning-Bowman electric waffle iron. Exceptionally handsome and compact. Easy to keep bright and attractive. No. 1620, price $15.00

The Manning-Bowman toaster is a sturdy, handsome, useful affair. It is large enough to take a full-sized slice of bread. It is especially easy to clean of crumbs. And its reversible door turns the toast for you with never a catch in its smooth operation.

Your own housekeeping will be the pleasanter for Manning-Bowman appliances. They combine the latest and most efficient electrical improvements with the fine design and finish that have characterized Manning-Bowman household appointments for more than seventy years.

See them all at the better stores—the percolator in a great variety of graceful styles; the toaster, waffle iron, laundry iron and other devices. Handsome, superbly finished and reasonably priced—as only Manning-Bowman can produce them.

You'll be greatly interested in "Bright Breakfasts," a booklet full of happy suggestions for the morning meal. Write for a copy today. And shall we also send its companion, "Alluring Luncheons"? Manning, Bowman & Co., Meriden, Connecticut.

M Means Best
Trade-mark

The [illegible] Manning-Bowman [illegible] pieces may be purchased separately. Other percolators from $15.00 up.

Manning-Bowman

Electric Appliances

(Continued from Page 182)

shuttlecock with cities whose populations number millions. They lectured one, made another laugh, sang a third to sleep with a lullaby. They took a whole hour of air away from the first and casually tossed it to the fourth. They excused themselves with a statistical gesture, made a technical joke, laughed and broke up.

But just before they sauntered out, it developed that certain plans that the director had in mind were not mechanically possible, a necessary hook-up could not be arranged. Instead of discussing it, the director merely explained why it was that he desired the new combination.

"Yes," said the technician, "I see *your* point all right."

"Then that's all I want," countered the director; "if I've convinced you of the necessity, I've satisfied myself that you will invent some way of meeting it."

The technician made a grimace and laughed.

When they had gone, I suggested to the head that he had requested an invention to order.

"Yes," he answered, "that's radio for you. But he'll do it. If all our problems were as concrete as that, it would be easy.

"What *I* have to invent," he went on, "is a way to be a theatrical booker, a college dean, a city editor and an electrical engineer all in one. A radio director has to be all those things and a musician as well."

To convince oneself that he is right, only consider the material already utilized in broadcasting. Music, of course, from jazz to opera; plays; sporting events, including talks, descriptions and results; current news events; reports such as market, weather and time; lectures and travelogues—not to mention that newest butt of the joker, the bedtime stories.

When another New York station recently broadcast The Miracle, a two-hour pantomime, with the aid of half a dozen microphones and a descriptive interpreter, it would seem the ultimate in the impossible had been accomplished.

With so many elements at his disposal, the director's next problem is to find out what the audience wants; difficult, when perhaps but one-tenth of one per cent of that audience applauds or hisses at all—and then only the next day in the mailman's sack.

Probably the greatest single audience ever estimated was for the John McCormack concert when nine stations were hooked up by direct wire, broadcasting to 8,000,000 people at once. The immediate mail reaction was only 90,000 letters!

What the People Want

The largest stations receive between 500 and 2000 letters a day, the number varying with the program and the season. But even this is but a tiny fraction of the number of eligible listeners.

For today 150,000 receiving sets have been sold within the practical radius of New York stations—estimated 750,000 listeners—and one chain of stations claims an audience of 4,000,000 to its daily program.

How then can one find out what it is these silent people most desire? For with their set has been sold the tacit understanding that they shall be entertained. And when most receivers can choose between at least four—at most dozens—of the programs on the air, the competition is intense. The theatergoer may decide on one theater or another, but it is difficult to go to more than one in an evening. The radio listener travels 1000 miles to another show with the twist of his wrist, and he has no fear that his money will not be refunded at the box office of the show he left.

I have heard several directors complain of the arrogance of a fraction of the spoiled public. When they are not talking for publication, they will tell you of the dictatorial fans who call up to say, "Will you please stop broadcasting? Get off the air! We're trying to listen to station XXX and you're interfering!"

Larger stations have staffs of letter readers who go over their enormous mail and chart the responses—so many letters praising this artist, faint praise for that orchestra. It is a laborious, uncertain process. Their findings are turned over to the program director and are the basis for his rebookings.

In my own first experience I was astonished by the number of people who wrote, telegraphed and telephoned, not about the program, but about how well and with what instruments they were receiving it. I remember one telephone call the announcer let me listen in on. It was from Kentucky, well over 1000 miles away, from an unknown amateur, and it began:

"Sa-ey"—with Southern drawl—"you-all come in on a two-tube parawobble."

In great length it detailed the history of the parawobble, Aunt Martha's mishap when the buggy overturned—an event coincident with the purchase of the set—what Uncle George thought of the whole radio business, gave a minute description of three separate and distinct hook-ups tried, and ended:

"But I told him it ain't the set, it's how you tune it. . . . Sa-ey ——"

But something less reliable than his radio snapped just then and the unknown faded to the other end of the 1000 miles.

"Often," the announcer told me, "people call up on long-distance and spend twice what their set's worth telling us about it."

But those days, like the days when we went automobile riding to enjoy the sensation, are already passing. Statistics on letters show two interesting facts. One is the decline of radio golf—or The Itch, as old amateurs used to call tuning for distance only; the other, the increased appreciation of music above the jazz plane. In 2000 answers to a test question sent out in the East, 62 per cent wrote asking for more symphonic music.

The Decline of Jazz

From the figures of a station whose mail increased from 17,000 letters a month in 1924 to 54,000 in January, 1925, it appears that the percentage of radio fans who favored jazz has, in the last two years, dropped from 75 to 5. Good music—that is, concert and standard numbers, philharmonics, and the like—now leads all other forms in popularity, nearly half their letters calling for it. Symphonic music ranks second, talks third.

Contrary to belief, radio broadcasters foster this latter change. One large company has planned its programs to fit into a scheme of improvement lasting over a period of years, gradually introducing more and more classical music and intellectual topics. So far, the infusion has been painless.

To the hazard of an unresponsive and yet critical audience is added the danger that the best of programs may go wrong after being transmitted, may be swallowed up by atmospheric conditions. The bugaboo of static has yet to be overcome. An attempt was even made by one company to insure a special program against bad interference, but the cost of installing test receiving stations over the area covered was too great to make it practical.

One has the feeling, in talking with the members of this new profession of radio directors, of the uncharted path they tread. The personnel seems to have been drawn from all the allied arts; one was a theatrical manager, another a musician, a third a publicity man. Eventually there may come into the air a director who so tops his fellows that he becomes the Ziegfeld or the Gest or the Belasco of the microphone, as out of the talent entering the movies men have come to be exclusively great movie producers. But the game is still too new.

What the radio has already produced is entertainers who are best titled descriptive reporters. Such men are Major Andrew White, who described the Dempsey-Carpentier fight, Graham MacNamee, who worked with him on the Democratic convention, and Sigmund Spaeth. The latter turned from music talks to a dramatic portrayal of the Notre Dame-Stanford football game, using imaginative word pictures built only on a telegraphic report of the plays. They are among the first to write their names in the air, using the microphone as the medium of a new art evolving from the announcer.

The problem of these men is to make their disembodied voices register as whole personalities. Its solution requires something known as radio personality, a quality comparable to the register of the moving pictures, the recording voice of the phonograph. A clear distinct voice is, of course, necessary, but it requires more than that—a quality as yet undefined.

But the radio audience seems particularly quick to appreciate it. When I met one of these descriptive reporters he was in the throes of deciding how to dispose of a crate of apples he had just received from

Good News
for
Man—Woman—Child

Shoes Clad with Natural Crepe Rubber Soles for Everybody's Everyday Wear

Man's Walking Shoe made by Peh

NOW you can enjoy sport-shoe comfort in your everyday shoes. Not the bulky soles you see on sport shoes but a thin, neat, firm sole of Natural (Plantation Finished) Crepe Rubber. You can buy these Crepe-Clad Shoes anywhere, everywhere, in your favorite style—made by your favorite manufacturer—and at the price that fits your purse.

Besides being as neat and good looking as any soles you have ever seen—you get rubber heel comfort for your entire foot. This live resilient rubber absorbs all shocks and seemingly carpets the roughest roads and side-walks with velvet. It relieves foot and leg strain—banishes fatigue. A thin waterproof sole of Natural Crepe Rubber will outwear any sole you have ever worn. It solves the problem of children's shoes. They simply cannot kick them out.

Before you buy that next pair of shoes ask your favorite dealer to show you those soled with Natural Crepe Rubber. They give the longest wear and the greatest comfort. They cost no more than ordinary shoes. Buy them and forget shoe repairs for a year.

Women's Walking Shoe made by J. P. Smith Shoe Co.

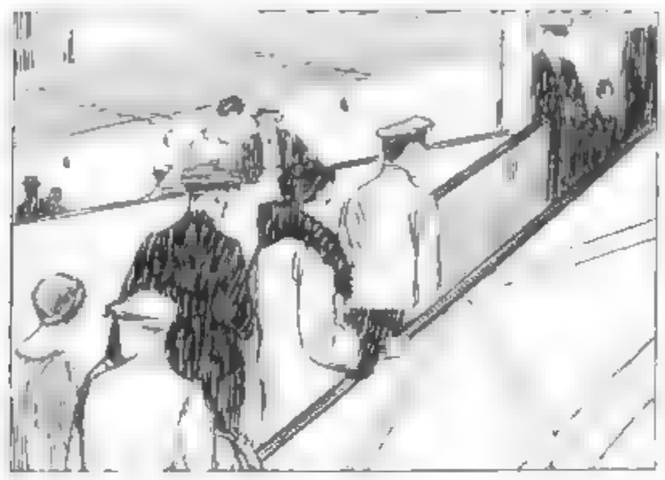
Child's Moccasin made by Adams Bros.

RUBBER GROWERS' ASSOCIATION, Inc.
of London

New York Office: 13th Floor, 244 Madison Ave., New York City

NATURAL CREPE RUBBER
[*Plantation Finished*]

Come along to EUROPE with the College Men Round Trips $155 and up



A new opportunity for travel abroad that is setting the fashion this year. Solid comfort—attractive staterooms for 2, 3 or 4 as desired. Good food and plenty of it, nicely served. Everything spic and span—clean as a pin, but no frills. Just the thing for those who have always thought Europe out of their reach.

Ample accommodations available on 25 sailings of ships whose entire Third Cabin is reserved for college students, men and women of the professions and similar travelers. You sail with congenial people only. Here are some of the ships to choose from. Rates: $155—$180 according to steamer.

New York to Cherbourg and Southampton

MAJESTIC *World's Largest Ship*

HOMERIC *The Ship of Splendor*

New York to Plymouth, Cherbourg, Antwerp

BELGENLAND *Queen of the Red Star Fleet*

PITTSBURGH *Famous Cabin and Third Cabin Liner*

New York to Boulogne and London

MINNEKAHDA

Only steamer in the world devoted exclusively to Tourist Third Cabin. No other passengers carried. You have free run of all decks.

All-Expense-Inclusive Tours

From New York

Regularly during Spring and early Summer

Upward from **$215** for **24** days

From Montreal—Four Splendid Ships

Doric, Regina, Megantic, Canada

Via the short scenic St. Lawrence Route

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WHITE STAR LINE

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INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

an enthusiast in Maine, and, in the same express, another of oranges from Florida! The day before, he had acknowledged a huge meerschaum pipe, its silver mounting inscribed with the words, From the Radio Enthusiasts of X, Massachusetts.

"The great fascination of broadcasting," another, Hollywood McKosker, told me, "lies in the letters one receives. I've had more than 30,000 from people I did not know."

"I suppose," I suggested, "that the mail box is the stage door of the radio, then."

"It certainly is," he went on. "People want to know how old you are, whether you're bald or brunet; thousands write for pictures. There is always a striving after the personal. One tenor I know got more than twenty invitations to dinner after a single concert over the radio."

Not only do enthusiasts write but they often come to the studio itself, especially when it is in a metropolitan district. When celebrities such as Baby Peggy and Jacky Coogan of the movies broadcast from Newark, the police reserves had to be called to handle the crowd around the studio. The nicest incident I know was when a small boy appeared at a broadcasting station with two fat cigars "for the man who tells me 'tories every night."

"Sporting events," Sigmund Spaeth told me, "are the hardest to cover. Tight-rope walking is child's play compared with balancing the line of fairness in describing a contest where all one's listeners are violently partisan. During the California game I had two telegrams come to me at once, each violently denouncing me as favoring the other's team in my description!"

Though descriptive reporting is the exclusive development of radio, the list of singers, musicians, lecturers, and the like, already made famous by it is long. Almost all are known to the air by some characterizing phrase: The Original Radio Girl, Miss Vaugh de Leath—the Red-Headed Music Maker, Mr. Wendell Hall—Ukulele Ike, Mr. Cliff Edwards—and so on.

Most interesting of these is the history of W. E. Snodgrass, the King of the Ivories, who played his way to fame while a convict in the Missouri State Penitentiary. Broadcasting from behind the bars, he gained such popularity that he was besieged with engagement offers on his release.

Daily the list of those who get their chance only when they get the air increases, until today there are as many theatrical scouts listening in for talent on the radio as formerly frequented small-time vaudeville-circuit houses.

Fear of the Microphone

The broadcasting studio, with its managers and its artists, falls naturally into a parallel with the theater. Most curious is the analogy between Stage Fright and Mike Fright.

Mike Fright is a strange disease; unlike its stage brother, in the words of one announcer, "The bigger the celebrity the harder he falls for it." Singers and lecturers who have appeared before millions falter in front of the tiny microphone. Their voices break, they lose their speech.

Directors of one station pointed out to me a strip of carpet in their studio anteroom worn bare by the inimitable feet of Charles Chaplin, who, they claim, lost ten pounds shuffling up and down, nervously waiting his turn.

"They come," another radio host affirmed, "as dressed up as a prospective suicide. The more scared they are, the more they dress up. One of our biggest problems is to nurse celebrities through the operation."

The handling of 150 artists a week, the rate of a New York studio, is no small job anyway.

"Yet," my host added, "nothing could be simpler than talking to a Mike. It's their expensive imaginations that ruin them. They are hypnotized by the thought of their unseen audience."

One tragic instance of this hypnosis was an opera singer whose first radio appearance was ruined by a crippled horsefly. Nerves already a-jangle, she had asked to be left alone in the studio with her accompanist. Her song began a little unsteadily, but she seemed to have just found her voice when listeners in the control room noticed a strained tone coming from the amplifier. Rushing to the glass door of the studio, they saw the singer standing rigidly, her eyes bulging and fixed glassily on one of the curtain draperies by the microphone. Even as they watched, her voice broke and a sort of spasm passed over her.

The operator switched her from the air, the announcer rushed in and found the lady in a state of collapse, gesticulating wildly toward the curtain. There, at about the height of the microphone, they discovered a large horsefly with one wing broken, crawling feebly up the hanging. The singer's attention, undistracted by any audience, had fixed itself upon the innocent insect. Its jerky progress had completely unnerved her.

Another singer, a man, cut his rendition short because the draperies by an open window were blowing slightly. He could not stand their silent movement.

Though directors, fearful of its effect on prospective broadcasters, minimize the psychological terror of the Mike, one studio has acknowledged it so far as to experiment with a panacea. There a huge packing box has been fitted up to represent a view of the audience from a stage, in the hope that it will make the performers feel more at home. The footlights, with the microphone before them, are in front; behind stretches the pit of the theater, the house packed with a miniature audience. Everything is complete, even to the model boxes and the exit signs. When the artist steps up to begin his act, the house is lighted. After the announcing is over, the lights fade, leaving only the EXIT signs glowing red.

Brevity and Diversification

Such inventions are in the nature of experiments. The technic of radio entertaining is still in its infancy. It is commonly agreed, for instance, that brevity and a continuous program are the soul of broadcasting. People will not listen to speeches lasting much more than ten minutes; they will not stand by between numbers. But the question of the personal touch in announcing is violently disputed.

"Sincere, accurate and refined," says one station; "anything to get away from the formal," says another.

At present almost all stations aim to give a diversified program, containing appeal to every type of listener during an evening. Yet they admit that the jazz fiend will not sit through a symphony to wait for his syncopation. Instead, he will switch to another wave length. The ideal seems to be a number of broadcasters cooperating, one to present light music, another classics, a third lectures and news, so at any time a listener may hear his favorite material.

But today this appears far away. Each station is so little interested in the programs of its competitors that there have been instances of a single number being played from fifteen stations in one night.

The commercial possibilities of radio are also still in the experimental stage.

The air is sold as a medium of publicity, but it has already been determined that this kind of direct advertising does not pay—people don't have to listen, and won't. The movies learned the same lesson when they abandoned the still slides which told us of Blank's Pork and Beans and the latest style in toothbrushes between the reels of the day's thriller.

Broadcasting stations cost from around $50,000 a year up—way up! The bill, in noncommercial stations, is usually paid by the publicity for the owner and the artists. But here I broach very near the great controversy upon the question of payment of artists, a controversy in itself a symptom of the hysteria resulting from the tremendous growth in power of radio.

No one knows accurately just what radio publicity is worth. Executives and artists both are inexperienced, groping at tremendous new problems. To me, only one thing is certain—the storm that would descend on my head if I were to so much as suggest a solution. As Spaeth found in broadcasting the story of a football game, it is hard to seem fair to the violently partisan.

My adventure in radio began in the orthodox short talk; it ends in the pleasantest of relations with a number of directors and broadcasters. To them, who have taken the helm and manned the mighty new radio ship of state, is only the highest praise.

As the janitor of the studio at ZYX said to me when I bade him good night after my first appearance:

"Good night for you, sir! But not me! You artists come and go, but we fellows who run this place—we go on forever."

GULBRANSEN
The *Registering* Piano

NOW~the Gulbransen *REGISTERING GRAND!*

A new creation by Gulbransen! A genuine, full-size Grand Piano, playable by music-roll and pedals. Playable artistically, satisfactorily, for the first time!

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First exhibited before the Music Trades of the United States at their National Convention in New York City, in June, 1924, the new Gulbransen Registering Grand created a pronounced sensation. Immediately, it won the unreserved endorsement of musicians and piano men alike. Following that first showing, even Gulbransen production—the largest in the world—has been unable to keep pace with the demand. To avoid all-around disappointment, public announcement has been deferred until this time.

The week of May 3 to 9 is National Music Week. Gulbransen merchants, and others, all over America will be promoting the cause of Music. What time more opportune to visit your Gulbransen dealer's and inspect this new and unique piano-achievement, the Gulbransen Registering Grand!

Is yours a silent piano? Or an upright player? Or perhaps you have no piano. Here is your opportunity to own a piano you can play at will, with *your own personal expression*, in a beautiful, life-time Grand. See it during Music Week. Write us for form on which to describe your present piano. We will then tell you its trade-in value. Or send for name of dealer where you may inspect the Gulbransen Registering Grand the week of May 3, or at your leisure.

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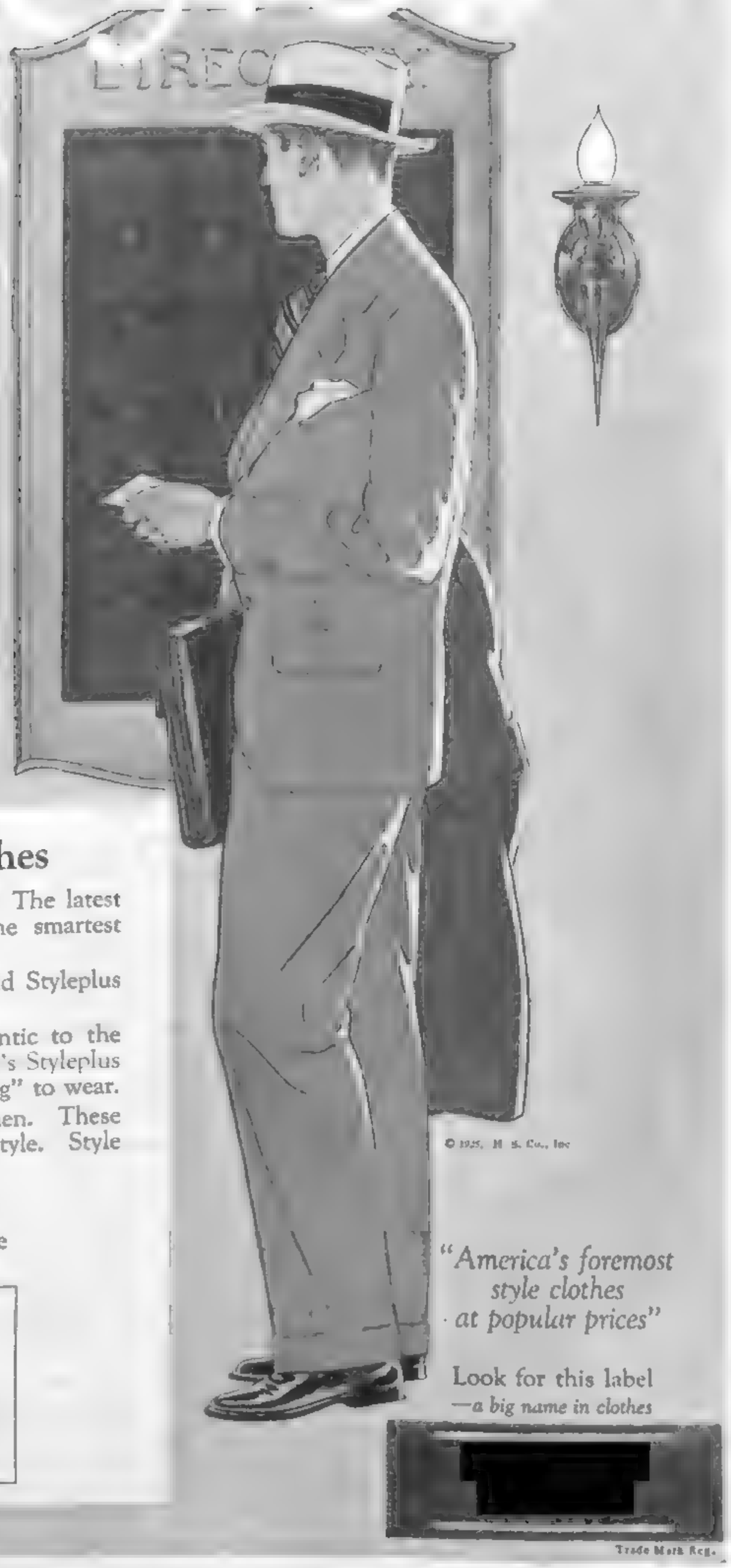

The Style Week of Style Clothes

What are the new ideas in clothes this season? The latest and most stylish fabrics? The popular shades? The smartest models?

You want to know these things, young men, and Styleplus Week lets you do it.

It's a great national style event from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Big special displays are made of all the season's Styleplus models. It's your chance to learn just "the right thing" to wear.

Styleplus are especially popular with young men. These famous all-wool clothes are up to the minute in style. Style that's *tailored* in. Style that's moderate in price.

Inspect—then select. This week!

Henry Sonneborn Company, Inc., Baltimore

York Blue: Silk-Lined Suit

A special Styleplus attraction at a price you can afford!

The best known semi-formal suit in America. A blue unfinished worsted lined with striped silk. An English loose-fitting coat and the moderately wide trousers so popular with young men this season. Decidedly smart.

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"America's foremost style clothes at popular prices"

Look for this label
—a big name in clothes

Trade Mark Reg.

FAIR, FIT AND FORTY

(Continued from Page 17)

I thought that she would cry, but I knew that she would not kill herself. She did neither. She arose as I did, furiously angry and blazed out, 'If you think that you can tell me what to do, you are mistaken. I shall take every one of your old treatments just to spite you. And when I finish the last one I shall have a few things to say.' She may at that, but meanwhile she is 1000 per cent improved and can work an entire day without fatigue."

Incidentally, this man is called the highest-priced health expert in the world. His cheapest course is thirty treatments for $250. Admission to the studio is almost by card, and he is more careful of the names that he enrolls than many a dance hostess. He, like so many other health experts, was first interested by his own personal need. With a sickly childhood back of him, he determined that his young manhood should not be so handicapped. He studied and worked with himself to such good purpose that he was inevitably drawn to health as a vocation. And a very successful vocation he has made of it, with a goodly number of clients who have been with him the entire sixteen years. In fact, most health studios do most if not all their advertising through their satisfied customers, who not only come to them year after year but are continually introducing to them friends and acquaintances who need their treatments. I use the word "need" advisedly. It is a very small percentage who come before they are compelled by physical disqualification. I made special inquiry in this connection and met little variety in the answers. One man said:

"Youth and money are very similar. They are both easily dissipated, both hard to save. The government thrift propaganda has induced many persons to have a definite place in their budgets for the savings fund. And the physical training publicity that came with the war has turned many to a consideration of health. Yet the majority are still indifferent. It is curious how few realize that after thirty any physical fitness they have will be the result of their own efforts. Nature spends many years contributing to the growth of the body and the development of the organs, and then at last she says, 'I have done what I can. Now it is your turn.' Everyone who has reached thirty should have a health program."

How Much Time it Takes

His views were practically corroborated by another man who voiced his tenets:

"Parents should teach their children that their greatest asset is a strong, clean body. There should be no hard exercise in the growing years, no strenuous exercise ever. Running is always bad for the heart, and therefore does more harm than good. But after the age of twenty-five everyone ought to settle down to a physical routine that is as matter of course as the toothbrush."

"How much time would be a good daily average?"

"Time? Time? How much time do you devote to your baths, to donning fresh linens, to caring for your teeth and hair and nails? I will tell you: As much time as is required. Exercise is on the same basis. Keeping clean inside may not be so noticeable as external cleanliness, but to a fastidious person it ought to be even more important."

Its importance is not gainsaid, but difficulty lies in forming the habit. It is to that fact that the studios owe their largest success. Women are accustomed to make and to keep appointments. In truth, some regulate their entire lives by their engagement books. So it is quite in line with the day's tasks and pleasures to save an hour or two several times a week for the health studio.

And how are these hours spent? A treatment generally begins with exercises, light or heavy, according to the individual's requirement. Then there is the cabinet bath, which opens the pores and drenches the body with perspiration. It is followed by a scrub bath, hot and cold needle shower and a massage. On paper, there seems to be little variance in the different studios. Yet the treatments do differ in many respects.

The exercises may center on apparatus—walking machines, reducycles, rowing machines, weights, Indian clubs, dumb-bells. Or they may be simple movements of arms, legs and torso in a carefully ventilated room under an instructor. The cabinet bath is always an event, lasting from ten to thirty minutes. With the warm rays of the electric lights reënforced by hundreds of mirrored reflections, the body is forced to relax. And on the supposition that all women are fatheads, the greatest care is taken to prevent the head from melting. Iced cloths are twined about the throat and the chin propped on ice bags, while cold water is imbibed at frequent intervals. The hardest cases lose their desire for combat after the cabinet. I saw in one place that ministers to an enormous clientele not only cabinets but electric blankets, which are merely electric heating pads on a large scale. The routine is the same, only the patient does not sit for her bath, but reclines. Wrapped in these heating blankets, every impurity is drained from the body. I ought to know, for I saw several leave the blankets for the next step; and the muddy-green liquid which had come from their pores left them thoroughly cleansed.

Medical Supervision

The scrub bath may begin in a hot room, continue in a steam room, end under a needle shower or on a marble slab. At all events, it is merely the preparation for the frosting of the whole cake—namely, the massage. Over the scrub bath one is expeditious, a matter of business. But over the massage one lingers, an enchanting luxury to be enjoyed to the last second. The body is given a quick rubdown with oil or cream and then with lightly perfumed alcohol. There is a delicious sensation of deepening languor, while supple fingers knead and smooth the glowing flesh, gently, deftly. One talks a little at the start, then drifts into monosyllables and silence, a silence deep with comfort and warmth and slow rhythmic motion. The treatment is over, unless the patient desires to rest.

There is a close and fine coöperation between these studios and the medical profession. In fact, some of them will not admit persons without their physicians' authorization. I was discussing this idea with a woman who heads such an institution.

"I should think that you would find persons occasionally who would refuse to consult their doctors," I suggested.

"I do," she said. "But I have resources. Suppose you come with me. By the way, have you seen your physician recently?"

"No," I answered. "I am in excellent health and have had no occasion to refer to him."

"No matter. I want to show you our rooms and equipment." And she led the way into the gymnasium. We lingered a few minutes over a curious reducing machine, then went to the cabinet room. "I wish you could have stepped into that machine," she said. "It is most interesting and unusual."

"I can," I answered. "I have the time."

"I was not thinking of the time. It would only take a couple of minutes to demonstrate it. But if your heart were a bit under normal I should not want to be responsible."

Unconsciously I put my right hand on my left wrist, taking my pulse. It did seem a little fast and not too strong.

"I might ask Doctor Ware," I said. "But I think I am quite all right."

She laughed.

"See how easy it is to turn a client to her physician? I was just answering your question. Let us go back and try that machine; it cannot hurt you at all." She explained further: "If there is an absolute refusal even to let us call the doctor on the telephone, we simply decline to handle the case. We feel justified too. People may look perfectly well, and yet be running high blood pressure or have erratic hearts, and the risk would not be worth the return to us. We often, on the other hand, not only consult the doctor at the beginning of the treatments but follow his suggestions through the entire course. This is especially true of people who are overweight."

"Is that a large percentage?"

She sighed.

"Too large. Fat puts an extra strain on every vital organ, so, of course, stout people are prone to the most ailments."

"Such as ——"

"If I gave you the entire list it would read like a medical concordance. But a few

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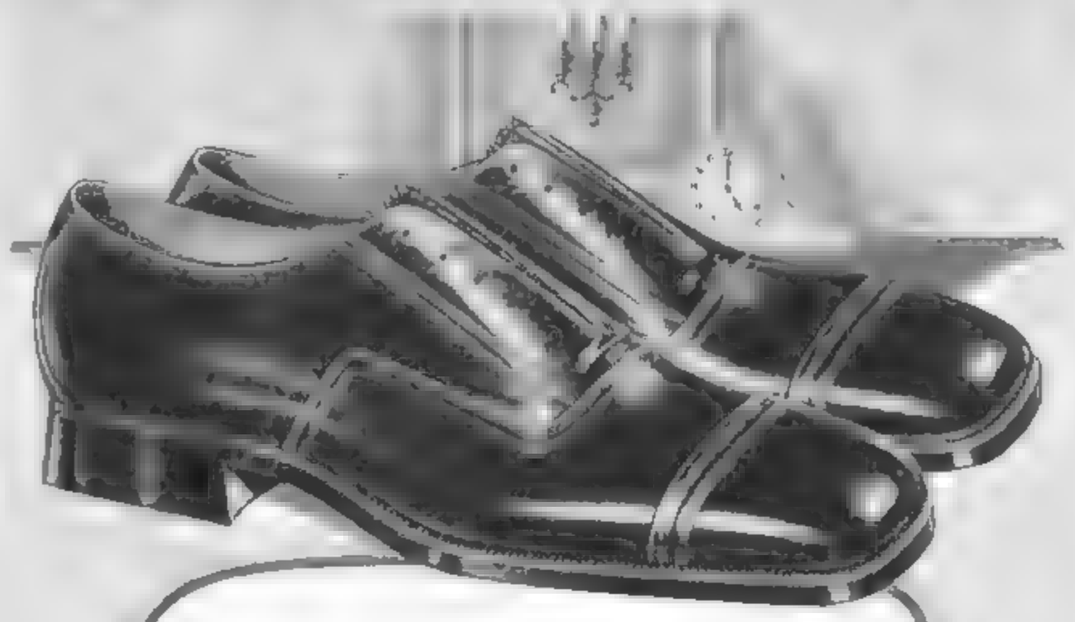

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SPRATT'S

DOG CAKES AND PUPPY BISCUITS

of the commonest are diabetes, heart troubles, high blood pressure, kidney disturbances, gout, digestive complications."

"I have enough to convince me," I interrupted. "I shall never be stout."

"Not if you are sensible," she said grimly, "and exercise and eat wisely."

Exercise and eat wisely—sad combination for most of us. I said as much to a New York expert.

"Who wants to spend one's life munching dry bread and a chop?"

"No? To spend all the time munching bread and chops would be frightful gormandizing, even though the mastication was very slow. I want you to do this experiment. Get a fine meat chopper, a kettle and a lid; you will need the lid. Bring the temperature of the kettle to 110 degrees, then throw in half a dozen oysters, well ground. Follow that with soup, a small fish, a steak, potatoes, peas, asparagus, a salad with dressing, ice cream, cheese, a demi-tasse. And be sure to grind up all the solids before you toss them in. Then take a look—I can't. And as you look, think to yourself: 'I shove those three quarts of horror into my unoffending pint-and-a-half stomach.' Then tell me if you are proud of the result. You might dash in three or four glasses of water, too, if you like, and some nuts and mints."

I had no desire to dash anything and told him so. But he was thoroughly engrossed in his subject.

"And people wonder why they have acute indigestion, why they feel muggy. The wonder is that they can feel at all! I enjoy my breakfast and my luncheon and my dinner, and I don't have to slip a few soda tablets into my mouth at the end of every meal either."

"What do you eat?"

I expected him to say health bread and spinach and lamb chops. But "Anything I like" was the surprising answer.

"Anything?" I was incredulous.

"Anything I like." He emphasized the last word. "I cannot insult my stomach by offering it certain combinations. I would never eat a sauce or gravy or a juice in a public place. A fowl can be dead, much too long dead, and be dressed in regal style by the proper sauce. But not for me. Aside from the element of risk, the dressing kills the fine natural flavor of well-cooked, perfectly fresh food, which is the only kind that is fit to be eaten. Simple dishes are much more appetizing and more easily digested, and more satisfying too. Lean meat, fresh vegetables, fruit and a liqueur satisfy me completely. I never eat pastry. In fact, I owe most of my business to French pastry."

Smoked Into a Fortune

That was the third item to which men attributed their health business. One man had decided that cigarettes kept him in affluence.

"Just for curiosity, I asked five tobacconists who bought their high-priced cigarettes," he said, "and in every instance they said that the women did. Any number of girls smoke their three or four packages a day; and the older women average almost as high. Of course, that helps my business."

The other man who had mentioned a contributing force referred to motor cars.

"Nobody walks," he said, "so people have to come here to have their walking done for them."

I had asked them all about the matter of eating too. And there was practical unanimity of agreement with the New Yorker: Simplicity of food and moderation. Chops and brown breads and green vegetables always took honors, as did fruits and eggs. But in ordinary cases nothing was barred that did not disagree with the patient.

Health studios are not designed therefore to help the hotel business. And yet, curiously enough, many of them are located in the large hotels of the country. Perhaps the hotel managers feel that it would be better for their patrons to live long enough to pay their bills, even though they do eat less. A more recent development has been to have health institutes as a corporate part of apartment houses, and it is proving most satisfactory.

The financial consideration still plays an important rôle. It costs money to maintain high-grade establishments, and this must be covered by the clients. A number of business women in their late forties took a health course instead of a seashore vacation. They professed themselves thoroughly satisfied with the results. They enjoyed the treatments and they were built up for the entire year. Considerable contrast to the usual post-vacation let-down.

But business women generally pay promptly and without apparent difficulty. They are accustomed to handling money, and when they do decide upon an expenditure, they have the necessary finances in sight. It is women of wealth and leisure who seem to have difficulties with finance. A young married woman was discussing terms with a director.

"I cannot pay $100," she said. "I can pay four dollars a treatment, or five or six dollars, if you ask that much. But a course in advance is beyond me."

The director smiled.

"May I ask you a personal question?"

"I suppose so."

"How much did you pay for your coat?"

"This? It cost $10,000. But it did not cost me a cent. My husband bought it for me. I never have any money. I charge at all the stores and he pays the bills. I should have trouble enough to find five dollars, let alone $100."

The director suggested that he send the bill to the husband. But that had a disadvantage too. She did not want him to know that she was taking treatments. He might consider that move an extravagance. He had been talking to her that very morning about economizing. She had an ugly unhealthy skin and was generally in need of repair, and yet she finally vetoed the course because it cost too much.

The Converted Sea Lion

"I should think that you would make an exception in a case like that," I said. "She is willing to pay more than the regular price, providing she settles at the end of every treatment."

"It would be very poor business. She might take only two or three treatments, enough to make her feel better, but not enough actually to improve her condition. We will not undertake a case and half complete it. Neither side is satisfied. So we never give single treatments except as a trial treatment. We have had too good results to jeopardize our reputations."

I inquired about the results and he gave me names and facts.

"We secured one girl a husband." He smiled reminiscently. "She came to us three years ago, a young girl of seventeen, weighing 194 pounds and suffering with chronic indigestion. We gave her special exercises, put her on a strict diet and had her come three times a week for treatment and baths. She was very amenable, for she had no outside distractions. No one invited her to parties, she had private tutors, and boys troubled her not at all. At least, they did not by their presence; their absence may have given her some concern. I do not know. Two years later she weighed 124 pounds and was lovely to look upon. She came here six months ago and slipped off her glove.

"'Wish me happiness,' she said. 'I am going to marry a perfect duck of a husband.' And then she added sweetly, 'He would never have even suspected my existence if it had not been for you. No man notices a fat sea lion!' Which is true enough.

"Another case which we had recently gives me still more pleasure. A woman had an open wound from an appendectomy. She did not come to us on that score; she was troubled with gout. We gave her three treatments of her course and the wound healed. She holds us entirely responsible for the good result. In a way, she is right. Once her body reached good physical condition, the wound could not fail to heal. Her gout is improving, too, and she has not had thirty treatments. So many ills clear without medicine, once there is proper consideration taken of the physical being.

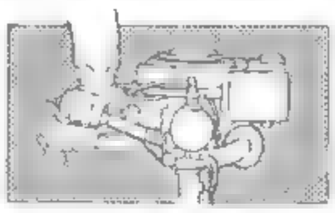
"A second instance in point occurs to me. A woman who does a great deal of public speaking lost her voice. Rest and careful exercise and proper eating brought it back fully in two months. Of course, there is satisfaction in keeping people in good condition. But it is an even deeper pleasure to see people who come all gnarled with rheumatism or twisted with swollen joints emerge presently with straight fine bodies. We are a money-making enterprise, but there are compensations that transcend even an excellent ledger balance."

"The gratitude of the people who receive such valuable help from you must be a very pleasant part of the day's routine," I suggested.

He laughed a bit hardly.

(Continued on Page 193)

EVINRUDE "Champion" Features

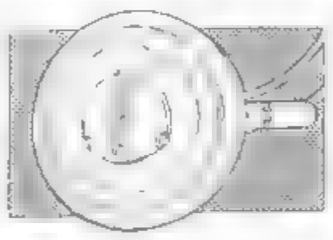


Automatic Instantaneous Reverse

Exclusive Evinrude feature. Just a lift of the tiller sends your boat astern. You don't take your eyes off the course ahead—you don't swing the motor even a fraction of an inch—you don't have to stop it and crank it backwards. This positive, fast reverse makes this the most safe and easily maneuvered outboard on the market.

Automatic Tilt-Up—yet Motor Locks Rigid for Starting

Another exclusive Sport Twin feature. When the propeller strikes an obstruction (or boat is grounded in shallows as shown above) the motor tilts automatically, snubbing the shock and preventing damage to the boat, motor or propeller. An easy, easy-to-get-under setting locks motor rigid for starting. No walking—the safe way is to step right over and pull on the Easy Starter and away you go.

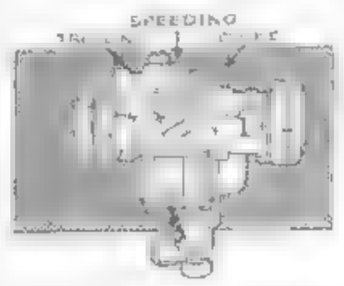


Super-Power Magneto

Four hot sparks at a single pull on Easy-Starter. Super-Power Magneto current is so powerful it will jump eight times the standard spark plug gap. Columbia Hot Shot battery ignition if you wish—and at lower price.

Power-Focus Drive

Evinrude is the only outboard motor using costly ball bearings in power transmission—sealed in a water-and-sand-tight housing. Power is conserved and focused at the propeller blades where power really counts. Arrow points to famous "No-Clog" pump, located high up above dirt and mud.



Carburetor

—chokes for instant starting like your car. Runs on combustible mixture at the flip of a valve—instant starting. Speeding mixture, trolling mixture. Needle valve, too, for perfect results under any weather or climatic conditions.

THE GREATEST EVINRUDE ever built—*and that means the world's finest outboard motor!* Not built for speed alone, for power alone, nor just for lightness. Created, instead, to combine perfectly these three ideals.

A revelation in eager power and smooth speed; an achievement in handy operation—quick to start, reverses instantly, easily set for slow trolling or racing speed to and from the fishing grounds. Light weight, too—yet not a single sacrifice of strength.

The key to new pleasures in Vacationland—the new Evinrude Sport Twin. A true "1925 Champion"—named so because it *is*.

Write for copy of the new 1925 "Evinrude Year Book". Know why other motors are not Evinrudes. Mention if interested in our popular plan by which any dealer can arrange easy monthly payments for you on any Evinrude—outboard or inboard.

More Evinrudes in use than all other makes combined.

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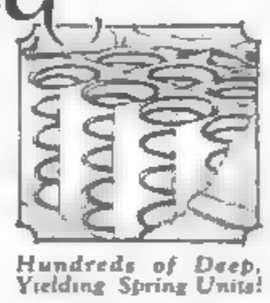
The New 1925 Champion

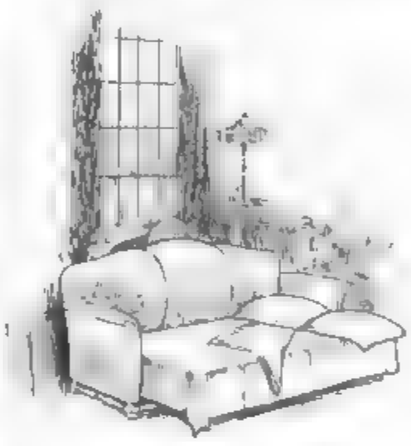
EVINRUDE Sport Twin

A New Principle Royal Easy Bed-Davenport

with the Soft, Luxurious Box-Spring Guest-Bed



Hundreds of Deep, Yielding Spring Units!



Does Not Fold—Cannot Sag!

YOUR guest deserves a fine soft bed—as good as your own. At the same time *you* want a fine soft davenport—so attractive in design and luxuriously restful that no one would dream it concealed a bed. In a Royal Easy Davenport *both* desires are gratified—beyond your expectations.

A Royal Easy Davenport is a revelation in sleeping comfort—and at the same time is a wonderfully comfortable, stylish, splendidly-designed davenport. There is no hint of the remarkable full-width, soft, box-spring bed it conceals. A new principle in Bed-Davenport construction. Does not fold—cannot sag.

Royal Easy Bed-Davenports have Nachman spring-unit construction made especially for Royals. No extra mattress to buy. Cedar-covered bedding compartment in the base.

Royal Two and Three-Piece Suites include the nationally famous Royal Easy Chairs, and make a most pleasing group. Mail coupon below for name of your dealer and Royal Style Book, free.

Announcing the Pull-Ring on *The "World's Easiest Easy Chair"*

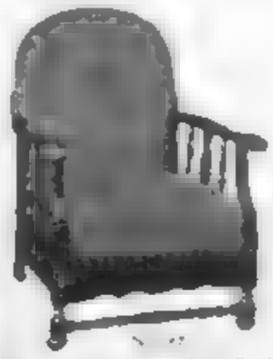
A NEW and appreciated improvement on all overstuffed models of Royal Easy Chairs is the "pull-ring". Wood models have the famous "push-button". Pull the ring or push the button, and back reclines to any position you like best for complete rest and relaxation. Disappearing foot-rest. Truly the "world's easiest easy chair".

Manufactured Solely By ROYAL EASY CHAIR CORPORATION, *Sturgis, Michigan, U. S. A.*

No. 7019
Stretch out and relax! Pull the ring—and back reclines.

No. 1027 Cornell
Luxuriously restful! Pull the ring—back reclines.

No. 0164
Soft, yielding, restful! Pull the ring—and back reclines.



Rest and dream in this! Push the button—back reclines.

Relax in utter comfort! Pull the ring—and back reclines.

For rest and relaxation! Push the button—back reclines.

Write for this Style Book — *Royal Easy Chair Corporation, Sturgis, Mich. Please send me your free Style Book.*

Name _____ St. Address _____

City _____ State _____

Mail this Coupon

P 4

(Continued from Page 190)

"Often it is," he admitted. "There are persons who cannot say enough about us. But we do not count gratitude as part of our payments. We charge for the course, and if the results please the client or patient it is well. I had a funny case this winter. A woman had a heart condition due to too much flesh. She was a nervous type, wept and said, 'Unless you can help me I shall die.' I knew that she would not die for some time whether I assisted her or not. However, we went to work. She took a course of thirty-three treatments for $100. At the close of twenty-nine treatments she felt quite all right. She refused to take the four others and insisted that she was entitled to a refund."

"Did she get it?"

"I ought not to have given her a cent. But I did refund five dollars. I figured that she would have to return for treatments within a month or two, and she might enroll permanently the second time. That woman cannot afford to relax a single week on her routine or she loses all that she has gained. She was satisfied with the five dollars, but not jubilant."

I was interested in his cases, but I had an additional idea about the general reason for refusal of single treatments. I put the question to three health experts. Only one of them gave it any credence.

"Yes," she said, "we do have people sometimes who want to be sobered. That is more often true after holidays. But the women who need such attention are not likely to come to places like this. If they can afford our courses they generally have a maid at home to take care of them until they know what they're doing. Once in a while someone slips in. But if it is a bad case, we soon slip her out again. We are so careful about everyone who comes to us."

She was exactly right. Not only she but all the high-grade experts give every individual the most detailed attention. They scorn the idea of an average and exalt individualism. Each case is a law to itself; there is no type. Disposition, as well as environment, plays a part in the routine of treatment. I was standing outside of a steam room. A woman came trembling from the hot room and paused on its threshold.

"Oh, I can never go in there," she shivered. "Please, do not ask me."

"All right," said the attendant. "I am going inside for a moment. Wait for me."

Gentle Handling

She left the door ajar and started across the room. Her quick step loosened a towel that was on her arm and it fell to the floor. The woman, who had ceased to be apprehensive as soon as the danger of the steam room was averted, saw the towel drop. Without a thought, she took the three or four steps and handed it to the apparently unconscious attendant. She had entered the room and it was not terrible at all. Once inside, she was easily persuaded to remain the necessary five minutes. I commented on the niceness of the handling.

"Why not?" was the answer. "It is rather awe-inspiring the first time or two. To make a nervous woman more nervous would be a low grade of service. Two hundred and twenty-six persons came to us yesterday. They were women who came from 226 homes with 226 kinds of worries. One had a tiff with her husband, another left a croupy baby, one is just over an operation, one waited for a son who had not come home when she left the house at ten that morning. They all need gentleness. That is the least that we can give."

I was wishing that the world were filled with health directors. Everyone can do with a trifle more of gentle handling. But I wanted time to myself in order to cull the health suggestions that I could follow most easily, so I made my exit.

I found a fine brief ceremony with which to begin the day. Drink two glasses of warm water slowly. I repeat this direction as it was given. When it comes to drinking warm water I have to drink it slowly. Then sit on the floor with weight resting on the hands, legs straight, and contract and distend the muscles of the abdomen ten times. This is not a breathing exercise, and care must be taken to prevent it becoming a simple inhale and exhale. Next, shift the weight to the left hand and turn the body lightly to the left. Repeat the contraction and distension of the abdomen another ten times. Last, shift the body to the right and repeat again ten times. This exercise takes about four minutes and has the effect of a thorough internal bath.

Swallow slowly. The stomach is already fed up with surprises. It likes to have some inkling of the kind of food or liquid that is about to descend upon it so it can make the proper preparations. Besides, any enjoyment that comes from food must occur while it is in the mouth. Many children understand this instinctively. That is why they adore all-day suckers.

Do not be an eye eater. One health expert estimated that the hotel waiters selected half the meals that were served to the guests. If your appetite is so jaded that it cannot make its own demands, knock off a few hours and consult someone who is interested in your health and not in the size of the tip.

Relax. After I had received a very stern lesson on the subject of relaxation from a high-ranking health director, I began to take note of the persons who passed me on the street. At least nine out of ten had a tenseness of attitude that spoke ill for their efficiency.

"Being tense is worse, much worse, than overeating or starving," said my adviser. "It is analogous to leaving the car engine running all the time you are at lunch a terrific waste and needless strain of the engine—and it is so easily a matter of habit."

"But it is difficult to relax," I objected.

Drooping Lilies Out of Fashion

"Not at all. Relax the hands at the wrist, so." He illustrated. "Then the entire body follows suit. Relax when you are eating, when you are reading, when you are lying down. Then when you do need to concentrate you have a fine reserve on which to draw and your effort counts. Otherwise, you are using your entire force all the time, and when you want an extra punch you have nothing. A fifteen-minute relaxation after every meal doubles the day's efficiency."

"In a business office ——" I began.

"You do not have to lie down," he answered. "Just let your muscles droop. You can do it if you are reading or thinking or talking or walking. It is simply a matter of will for a month or less, then it becomes an easy habit."

He it was who gave me a very simple headache cure. Put hands at hips and bend the knees, then resume upright position. Repeat this exercise until the legs become quite red and full. This draws the blood from the head and often gives instant relief.

Take a sweat bath once a week. It can be managed at home quite handily. After a hot tub bath roll in warm blankets. Imbibe hot water freely and have a hot-water bottle at the feet. It will require thirty to forty-five minutes to get the body in a fine sweat. Then take a hot shower, followed by a cold one, and a salt rub. The feeling of utter cleanliness that is gained is worth the time and trouble.

After being told that 90 per cent of the persons who fail can trace their failures to physical inefficiency, and that a person who neglected his body was a slacker, I was much pleased to hear that women make a point of keeping well in far higher percentages than men.

"It might be called vanity," explained one man who did not want to leave the honors so poorly divided. "Or it may be that with women competing in men's fields they want to be sure of their health. Anyway, they are more sincere in following our rules and show better results."

"It is a matter of pride, too," I said. "The drooping lily is long obsolete. A woman glories in her ability to play golf and tennis and swim as well as her husband or brother. And she wants to keep young, of course."

"Indeed she does. She cannot see herself fair, fat and forty, can she?"

"Nobody admits to forty these days," I answered tersely. "But fair and fit—always."

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How much did you pay for the suit you have on?

A rather personal question—but we have a good reason for asking it! Because it is *not likely* your clothes look any better, or fit any better, than a Simpson tailored to measure suit. And it's *quite possible* you paid twice the Simpson price!

Smartly patterned virgin wool, cut to your individual measurements, styled and sewn by the best tailoring talent procurable—$31.50!

How can anyone produce quality clothes at such a figure? Not everybody *could*. Our plan of making and selling them is unique. The old story of big volume applied a new way to high grade clothes. Let a Simpson representative call—at your home or office—and *show* you these super suitings, superb styles, big savings, and the great convenience of buying clothes this way. A postal will bring How to Tell All Wool—a mighty enlightening booklet.

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Hundreds of Simpson representatives will tell you the opportunity we offer has not its equal. There may be territory still open; ask for The Simpson Plan.

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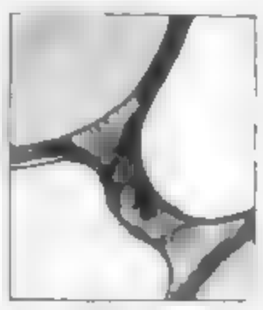

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See NEW Sights and

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Round Trip $335

From your home town (on main line point) and back, in either direction

Including First Class ticket, meals and berth on Panama Pacific liner New York to Havana, Panama Canal, San Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco and railroad ticket back home over choice of routes with stop-over privileges.

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Use an oiling can to squirt Carbona into the moving parts. It carries away the old gummy oil and dries without wiping, leaving the parts ready for clean oil.

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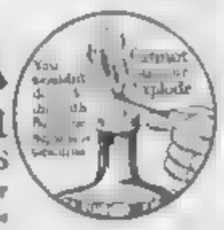


SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 32

They walked together into the mansion. Multy Grand left his old friend in the library and went to speak to Mrs. Grand.

A nice old-fashioned family party smote his gaze when he opened the drawing-room door. He recognized all present, the whole fifteen of them; they were his wife's people from back home in Opaluka, all there in their Sunday suits.

"Don't you remember that I invited them to come and spend the holidays with us, Multy?" said Mrs. Grand. "I gave you the invitation to mail; I'm so glad you didn't forget to post it!"

"How could I?" muttered Multy Grand with a ghastly smile.

He went up to his room and fell into a chair, clasping his head in his hands. He remained so through several whirling minutes; then he rose with a look of strange joy, went to the wall safe, opened it, and took out a gayly decorated box on whose cover was inscribed: Greetings—Pull String to Open. He coiled the said string with loving care, wrapped the box, wrote on it Silas Jambell, President Jambell Memory Method, Bush Crossing, Ohio, and rang for a footman. "Mail this at once!" he ordered.

Mrs. Grand entered when the man had gone. Her eyes widened in fear when she saw that the safe was open and empty. "Multy, love," she cried, "what have you done with that infernal machine that was sent you by those anarchists on the occasion of your last birthday?"

Multy Grand's brow wrinkled as it had not wrinkled since he saw the advertisement of the method that had banished his forgetfulness forever. "I—I can't remember, Milly," he confessed. "By George, it's clean escaped me!" —*Thomas McMorrow.*

Love Adown the Ages

THE CAVEMAN *(approvingly)*: Ug!
THE CAVEWOMAN *(coyly)*: Galump.
THE CAVEMAN'S CLUB *(on lady's head)*: Tonk!

* * * *

SUITOR: Six cows?
FATHER: Twenty!
SUITOR: Twelve cows?
FATHER: Eighteen!
SUITOR: Fifteen cows!
FATHER: Take her.

* * * *

KNIGHT: It ill beseems a knight untried to speak of love to one so good and pure and beautiful. Yet my heart speaks what modesty would hide. I crave a boon—your glove—that I may wear it on my helm, a token of your trust. And should I prove myself a gallant knight, I shall return and let my valorous deeds plead for me, that your love may guerdon be for all my efforts and my sufferings.

LADY: Fair Knight, the boon you crave I gladly grant. Here is the glove; and may it ever be a lodestar to you in your wanderings. To lead you ever to uphold the right, smite the oppressor, succor all the weak; and finally bring you back, unscathed and pure, to one who waits your coming eagerly.

* * * *

GENTLEMAN: Sensible as I am of my unworthiness, the fact that you have permitted my attentions, and must have rightfully interpreted their import, emboldens me to hope that you do not look with entire disfavor upon my suit. From the first I loved you devotedly, madly; and further acquaintanceship has but increased the pure fire of my ardor. Dare I hope that some day you will consent to become my cherished and adored wife?

LADY: You well know, I fear, what I have been unable wholly to conceal: that I entertain for you the liveliest sentiments of regard and respect. If my parents look with favor on your suit I shall be willing to let time decide whether the feeling I have for you will ripen into love.

* * * *

BOY *(boredly)*: Dance broke up early; it's only 2:30. Too soon to go home. Let's drive over to the next village and get married.

GIRL *(yawning)*: I'm with ya—step on it.
—*Chauncey McGarry Morley.*

Drab Ballads

XV

LAST night, at the Sorghum Corners Opera House down here, HELEN MARIA (MARIA & BLAZES, SWISS BELL-RINGING & FIRE-EATING FANTASY) sang with great success the words and music entitled:

STOP! DO NOT TIE THAT MARRIAGE KNOT! THEM NUPTIALS CANNOT BE!

The church was stirred with whispered talk,
And folks of high degree
Were there to see a noted couple wed.
The organ played the Wedding Walk,
And all heads turned to see
As down the aisle the bridal couple tread.

But ere the knot was tied, a tattered creature
Burst through the crowds and rushed down to the rail;
He fixed a piercing, black eye on the preacher
While all aghast, the people heard his tale:

REFRAIN

"Stop! Do not tie that marriage knot!
Them nuptials cannot be!"
The bridegroom paled and muttered "What!"
The bride swooned hastily.
With sternness graven on his face
The parson asked, "Oh, why
Do you thus enter in this place
This contract to decry?"
The man just bowed his head, and burst out crying:
"This ceremony I have not defiled.
But no wedding bell shall ring
Till you all join in and sing:
(Close harmony)
OH, FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD!"
Harry G. Smith.

In civilized mart or where the heathen rage,
This is the homespun hymn of the age:
ONLY A POOR CHORUS GIRLIE

Trees at Night

The Widow

Prove Yourself a Man

By a Noted Inspirational Writer

IT IS the man who KNOWS that wins the coveted laurels of success.

Our mighty captains of industry rose to exalted heights because they acquired the habit of storing away useful information. Thus, when opportunity presented itself, they were prepared to prove their innate ability. They KNEW; therefore they ascended the ladder.

This truth was exemplified in a startling manner recently. The board of directors of a quadrillion-dollar corporation in New York were holding their annual meeting. Considerable friction developed, for the auditor's report showed that the dividend would have to be passed.

"How do you account for this state of affairs?" they asked the president.

"I don't know," he stammered.

The secretary, the general manager and all the other executives gave a similar reply.

At that moment one of the bookkeepers, unaware of the meeting in progress, opened the door. Just as he was retreating the chairman of the board, acting with the inspiration which all big men possess, called to him.

"Perhaps," began the chairman, "you can tell us why this company is not making any money."

Conscious of his inner power, for he was one who KNEW, the bookkeeper replied: "Yes, sir. It's because the executives are out playing golf every afternoon in the summer, and going to the matinées and movies in the winter."

Knowledge paid in this case, as it always does, for when the bookkeeper found another job a month later he received two dollars a week more than he had been getting.

The moral is obvious: *Prove yourself a man.*

—*Robert Hage.*

Precious Tooth Enamel

This Dental Cream *protects it*

By Ira Davis Joel, B. S., M. S., Department of Bacteriology

YOU BRUSH YOUR TEETH FAITHFULLY. You brush them carefully. Yet when you visit your dentist you are often surprised at the number of cavities his instruments reveal.

You feel baffled. Others seemingly no more careful than yourself enjoy the blessing of sound teeth. What is the trouble?

The trouble is that your teeth require a certain kind of protection which you are failing to give them—the protection they need is adequate dental care and the daily use of a *germ-killing* dentifrice.

In a paper read before the Stuyvesant Medical Society, a famous dental surgeon gave this advice to those who would avoid abscesses in their teeth:

Protect the enamel and you protect the life of the nerve; a tooth with a live nerve is a healthy tooth.

Your dentist can be of *greatest* help in preserving your teeth. Next to him is daily brushing with Kolynos.

THE protection they need is the germicidal protection of Kolynos Dental Cream. Kolynos not only keeps your teeth white and glistening, but its main properties are highly antiseptic—extremely important properties if you are to have sound teeth, teeth free from dangerous, offensive, and painful cavities.

Kills germs—washes them away

Did you ever watch snowflakes collect upon a window-pane? That is the way germs collect upon your teeth. The first few find it hard to cling, but soon they build up rapidly. First, *Bacilli Acidophili* lodge on the enamel. They are tiny, short threads of germs. In your saliva is a sticky substance called *mucin*. Little flakes of this adhere to the teeth. Thus a close, sticky, web-like film spreads across the enamel, a film of malignant germs that cause decay.

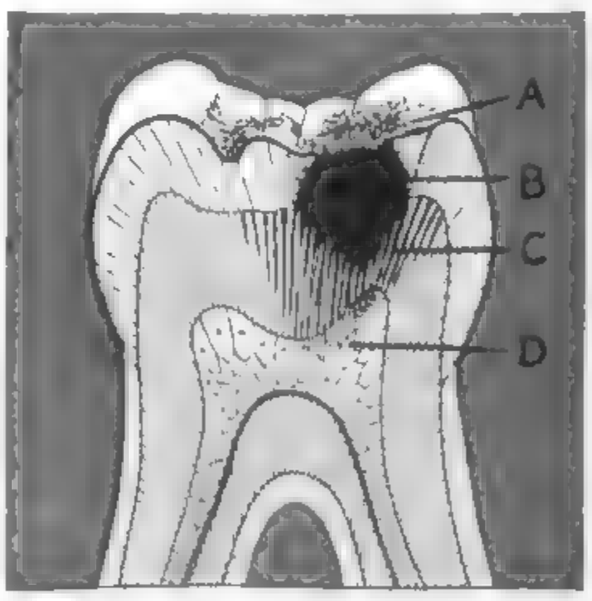
These germs multiply with amazing rapidity. Each produces tiny quantities of harmful acid. The film holds this acid against the teeth while it gradually eats into the enamel.

Kolynos checks this. To begin with, it *kills germs*. It breaks up the film. It washes away the film, with its multitude of germs, from your teeth. It leaves comparatively few germs in your mouth; hours pass before there are again enough to be dangerous to your teeth. And even then, so thoroughly polished are your teeth that it is very much harder for the germs and the mucin to cling to the glossy enamel surface.

Less danger from tartar

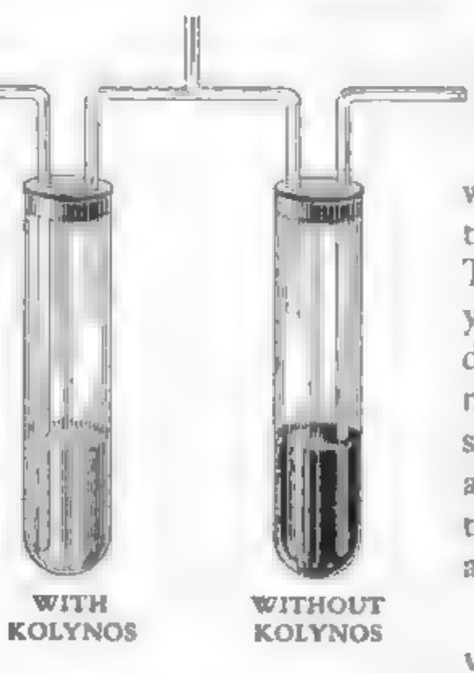
The accumulation of tartar on the teeth is greatly retarded by the use of Kolynos. How important this is! Consider the ugly aspect that tartar gives your teeth and the pyorrhea which it so often causes. Your teeth stay beautiful. They glisten. Their full natural luster shows in your smile. Then, too, Kolynos is delicious in taste. It leaves your mouth with a clean, fresh, wholesome feeling. It counteracts the acidity in your mouth caused by the fermentation of food particles and the excretions of germs.

You can understand better how valuable all these qualities of Kolynos really are when we tell you that 51,000 dentists and 89,000 physicians, after trying this dental cream, asked us for samples of it to distribute to their patients. You can appreciate why the use of Kolynos has spread to the people of seventy-seven nations in all parts of the world.



Section of a Molar

A—The sticky, web-like film of germs, mucin and food particles begins to form. B—Acid then begins to eat into the enamel rods and separate them, before it finally destroys the rods themselves. C—Germs swarm through the break in the enamel and attack the dentine under it. D—When the decay reaches the pulp which surrounds the nerve, toothache follows.



THE contents of both these tubes were inoculated with germs that infest the mouth. Then air was pumped through the tubes. The air forced through one tube was first brought in contact with Kolynos. The air forced through the other was not. At the end of the experiment, for every 200 germs in this tube, there was only one in the Kolynos tube. Kolynos kills germs.

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A BALANCED NAVY

(Continued from Page 11)

side was so great that he had to rise to the surface for air and abandon the enterprise. Before this, in 1620, a Dutch physician invented a submarine, and James I took a trip under water in a larger one that was built subsequently. The Confederate Navy operated a crude submarine in Charleston Harbor during the Civil War. The first practical submarine was built by Mr. John P. Holland, an American, and was adopted by the United States Navy the first year of the present century. The periscope, enabling it to see the target when submerged, made it a practical weapon.

The first steam war vessel was driven by a paddle in the center of the vessel, and was armored with wood so thick that the cannon of that day could not pierce it. This vessel was the Fulton of the United States Navy. She was armed with two 100-pounder guns and had a ram-shaped bow. In 1819 the American steamer Savannah was the first steam-driven vessel to cross the Atlantic, and seagoing steamers were developed rapidly in the merchant service thereafter. The development of steamers in the Navy was slower. In 1836, Ericsson patented some propellers in England which did away with the objection to the paddle wheel, and from that date on steam propulsion became commonplace in the navies of the world, though sails were maintained for more than half a century as an auxiliary.

The Russians, in 1853, annihilated a Turkish squadron by using explosive shells instead of solid shot for the first time in a naval battle. "Keep out the shells" became the slogan of the day. The terrible effect of shell fire was probably responsible for the armored ship of iron. The Crimean War was followed by the development of the torpedo, the rifled gun, the armored ship and rapid-fire guns and blockade mines. Their peacetime development undoubtedly would have been slow, but the impetus of war pushed them forward rapidly. The torpedo had become fully as great a menace to the modern battleship in 1900 as the shell fire was to the big ship of 1853. The submarine was an infinitely greater meance to it than the crude Russian mines of the Crimean War ever were.

Our Navy's Uses

Great potentialities reside in aircraft. The new capital ship may be an aircraft carrier similar to the Lexington and Saratoga and displace the superdreadnought of today. However, in the future as in the past, the capital ship must adjust itself to the needs of the hour; and if its main purpose is to carry aeroplanes, nevertheless it will be protected by guns and armor as well as by planes; and it is altogether likely that some of the guns and armor will be on other ships, without aircraft, but operating in the fleet with the aircraft carriers, thus affording mutual protection against surface craft and aircraft, as is now planned. Surface ships, for supplies, for protection of commerce and as bases for aircraft, must always be a part of a nation's defensive and offensive power, and these ships will be called upon to fight similar ships no matter what emphasis may be placed upon aircraft, although such aircraft may be carried by all ships as a means of offense and defense.

It may be well to keep in mind the uses for our Navy. Navies have been used to prevent hostile invasions, as the Greeks did at Salamis, and navies have safeguarded commercial shipping whenever it was found necessary. We know how the great sea battles have influenced the world's history. We hear so much said today of the command of the sea and of command of the air that we are liable to forget that after all what is really important is command of the land. So long as we must live on the land, nothing is of great importance in war except so far as it affects events on the land.

All the fleets in the world may meet in battle and destroy one another, and the result be wholly ineffective if that battle does not change what is happening or is to happen on land. In other words, the Navy is important solely because it does or may influence events on land. Even when the war is one purely of economic pressure exerted by blockade, the acts of the blockading force derive their importance from the effects they have on the enemy people on land. They may be partially starved; they may realize the hopelessness of further resistance; but it is only the effect upon those who live upon the land that counts Too often the superficial thinker claims it is the business of fleets to fight one another without realizing that the result of such a battle might be wholly inconclusive in the struggle between nations.

The complex industrial organization of the world today, with the vast trade in raw material and manufactured articles, has given to sea communications an ever-increasing importance. Many nations depend for their very existence upon seaborne trade and would not long survive if they were shut off from all that comes to them by sea or were deprived of the right to send their products to foreign markets. This dependence on sea transport is vastly more acute and pressing when war makes its excessive demands for men and material. So it is the business of navies in war to guard the world-wide sea communications of their country and to destroy those of the enemy. This function so inevitably leads to numerous conflicts between opposing fleets and ships that the naval engagement is likely to be mistaken for one to destroy an enemy's naval vessels rather than as a step toward the attainment of the real objects of naval strategy—namely, the destruction of the enemy's sea communication and the maintenance of our own.

The fundamental naval policy of the United States is that its Navy shall be maintained in sufficient strength to support its policies and its commerce and to guard its continental and overseas possessions.

The New Aircraft Carriers

Only a Navy—a well-balanced Navy—with its surface and subsurface vessels and its aircraft and aircraft carriers, can accomplish this.

Congress has just appropriated $15,500,000 toward the completion of the two 33,000-ton aircraft carriers the Lexington and Saratoga, now building. Each of these aircraft carriers will be equipped with about seventy-five airplanes, thirty-six of which will be bombers. These ships are about 60 per cent complete, and will be completed about October, 1926, and will then, with their equipment, including aircraft, represent a total investment of $90,000,000. The aircraft carriers are intended to make a speed of thirty-four knots an hour, and to do this they require engines having a horse power of 180,000 for each ship, or a total of 360,000 horse power for the two ships.

To appreciate the significance of these figures, it should be remembered that at the conclusion of the Civil War, America had the most powerful fleet in the world, and all the engines on every ship in the Navy at that time aggregated 725,000 horse power. At the time of the commencement of the Spanish-American War, the total horse power of all the engines of all the ships in the American Navy was 395,000. This would be much less than the combined horse power of the Lexington and the Saratoga and the proposed new 23,000-ton aircraft carrier. The total horse power of all the aeroplane engines belonging to and under contract for the Navy is more than three times the horse power of the Navy of 1898 and more than twice the horse power of all the capital ships now in our Navy.

The Lexington and the Saratoga were begun in 1917 and were intended as battle cruisers. By the Treaty for the Limitation of Naval Armament it was agreed that they might be converted to aircraft carriers. That work has been going on continuously since July 1, 1922, and the Government has already spent more than $15,000,000 on each ship. In the meantime our experience with the Langley, a 13,000-ton collier which was converted to an aircraft carrier, has suggested certain changes with relation to the construction of the Lexington and the Saratoga.

Experimentation with aircraft has been going on during the period of their construction, and, of course, it is necessary that the accommodations on board the ship be fitted to the aircraft she is to carry. The limitation of space on board ship places definite restrictions on the design and construction of the aircraft to be carried on board. Thus the size of the aircraft, particularly their wing spread, is a matter to be considered in relation to these ships. Experiments have been going on with the Langley to ascertain the difficulties in flying on and flying off the

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deck of the aircraft carriers. It has been demonstrated that aircraft can take off from the flying deck of the Langley in a moderate sea, but it is not yet determined whether they can land on the deck of the Langley in a heavy sea. In still water there has been no difficulty in landing. The importance of this lies in the fact that if the planes taking off from the decks of an aircraft carrier cannot land on the deck upon their return, the planes and possibly the men will be lost in a rough sea. In view of the greater stability of the Lexington and the Saratoga, it is anticipated that there will be no difficulty in landing upon their much larger flying decks.

Under the Treaty for the Limitation of Naval Armament we can build only 69,000 tons more of carriers of more than 10,000 tons displacement. So we can build three 23,000-ton aircraft carriers in addition to the Lexington and the Saratoga, and no more. It is possible to build as many ships under 10,000 tons weight as we may desire for any purpose. It is with reference to the latter that the trials of the Langley are of the most importance, because if aircraft cannot land on the smaller and more unstable deck of the 10,000-ton ship, the Treaty for the Limitation of Naval Armament will in effect confine us to the five aircraft carriers already indicated. This limitation therefore has a particular significance to the Navy.

The treaty did not limit the number of light cruisers if under 10,000 tons, but merely limited the armament of such vessels to eight-inch guns or less. The light cruiser is a vessel having the same speed as the destroyer, but having a heavier armament of guns and a greater freeboard—that is, they are higher out of the water and consequently constitute a more stable gun platform. In view of her higher freeboard and greater horse power, the light cruiser is able to go faster in a heavy seaway than a destroyer with the same rated speed; but in order to force this larger hull through the seaway at the same speed as a destroyer it is necessary to have engines with a horse power of about 90,000 to 100,000 for each cruiser as against 30,000 for the destroyers and battleships.

Owing to her greater speed and stability and larger guns, the light cruiser not only can be used for scouting but also can overtake and destroy the so-called destroyers.

The Navy's Building Program

The light cruiser is impotent against a battleship, although a large number of them, using their torpedoes and attacking simultaneously, could perhaps sink a single battleship. To gain an idea of the relative value of light cruisers, costing about $16,000,000 each, and a battleship costing $40,000,000, it is not too much to say that in actual combat a single modern battleship would have a fair chance of destroying every light cruiser in the world, built and building—there are about ninety of them. Their purpose is for scouting and attacking destroyers and the commerce of the enemy. The general board of the Navy has recommended that we build twenty-two of such cruisers in addition to the ten already completed in order to place us on a parity with Great Britain and on a five-to-three ratio with Japan.

To build the equivalent of the light cruisers England has already built and is building would cost us $360,000,000. Congress has authorized eight scout cruisers of 10,000 tons each—of the twenty-two recommended by the general board. Two of these are to be commenced this year.

Submarines, too, are no longer the inexpensive expedient they once were. Our new fleet submarines will each cost us as much as the battleship Oregon cost, about $6,000,000, and we are building or are to build six such submarines, none of which is yet fully completed. This involves an expenditure of $36,000,000.

In addition to the building of submarines and light cruisers, the Navy is modernizing its battleships and is building aircraft carriers and aircraft for these carriers. It is installing aircraft aboard our battleships and plans to have aircraft on practically all our surface ships. We have even built an aeroplane for a submarine and have altered a submarine to carry it. From the foregoing it may be seen that the Navy has a carefully developed and comprehensive building program, having due regard to its economic and military value for the specific needs of this country.

It is to be remembered that the capital ship is a floating fortress constructed, so far as human intelligence and foresight can anticipate, to meet all possible means of attack. The capital ship must be able to stand against the big-gun fire, the submarine torpedo, the mine and the aerial bomb, so far as it is possible for it to do so.

The explosion of sufficiently large quantities of high explosives in contact with the underwater skin of a battleship may sink her, and the means of protection against sinking from the rupture of her skin is by having several inner skins. In event that these have not been or cannot be provided, a substitute is installed by building an outer skin to the ship which is known as a blister or bulge. This increased cellular construction is intended to localize the water allowed to enter the outer skin and confine it by inside water-tight bulkheads.

Further improvements have been rendered necessary by reason of the fact that at long ranges the shells from distant guns fall at angles of from fifteen to thirty degrees. Also bombs dropped from aloft may fall directly upon the ships and may penetrate the vitals and cause serious damage to the ship's offensive and defensive power. To obviate this difficulty a steel protective deck, sheltering the vitals, has been incorporated in the construction of all our battleships; but in some it is not sufficiently thick or strong to resist the plunging fire of shell at long ranges or the falling of very heavy aerial armor-piercing bombs from aloft.

Increased Deck Protection

It seems strange that there should be opposition to the expenditures for bulges and increased deck protection upon our battleships while at the same time it is contended that such battleships can readily be sunk by aerial bombs dropped from aircraft. We must also remember that under the treaty we are not permitted to build any new battleships for eight years to come. Certainly we must construct our capital ships so that bombing planes cannot carry several bombs each sufficiently large to sink the ship. The more protection we give to our ships the heavier the bombs which will have to be carried and the greater the number of planes that will have to be used against them in order to inflict major injury. In increasing the weight that any type of bombing plane must carry in order to be an effective military weapon, its range of action, the height that it can fly and the time it can stay in the air are decreased. These are important factors based on natural laws.

It is for these reasons that the Treaty for the Limitation of Naval Armament authorized increased deck protection and installation of bulges. In the judgment of the signatory powers these features of battleship construction were wise and necessary to meet conditions of modern warfare. Great Britain has already installed bulges upon some of her battleships and no doubt has or will increase, so far as may be done, the deck protection of her ships.

In preparation for war, glittering generalities cannot control. To say that an aircraft can carry a bomb large enough to sink a battleship does not give sufficient data to justify the claim or to indicate that the battleship is useless. The naval architect at once wants to know how large a bomb the airplane must carry, how far it can be carried, from what altitude it must be dropped, what the chances are of hitting a target from that altitude and if the target is hit what the chances are that the ship will be sunk or her offensive or defensive power wholly destroyed.

When it is remembered that a single shell from a fourteen-inch or sixteen-inch gun will penetrate the armor of an enemy's battleship at a range of ten miles or sink a destroyer or seriously cripple a light cruiser, and that a battleship's normal complement of shells is about 1200, it will be realized that the battleship, so long as she remains afloat, is a serious menace to any enemy.

The capital ship has ever been the mainstay of the Navy and the essential rallying point of all lesser craft. Whether in the form of the trireme of the Phœnicians, the galleon of Spain, the ship of the line of England, of wood and sail, or the superdreadnought of today, the capital ship has always been the expression of ultimate naval strength. It has been constantly changed to meet every new form of attack, whether coming from the air, on the surface of the sea or under the sea, and it has so far successfully met every form of attack.

(Continued on Page 200)

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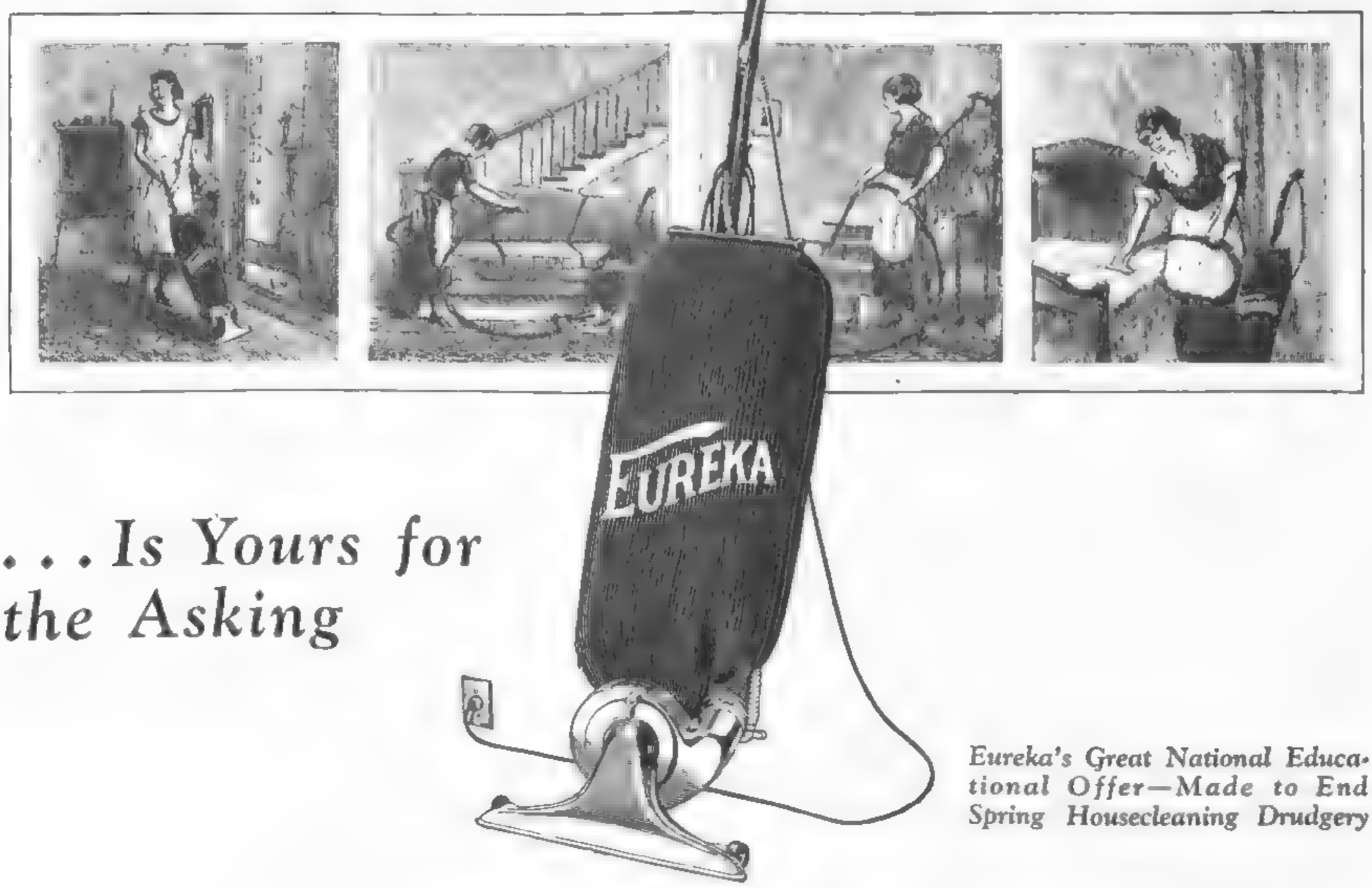

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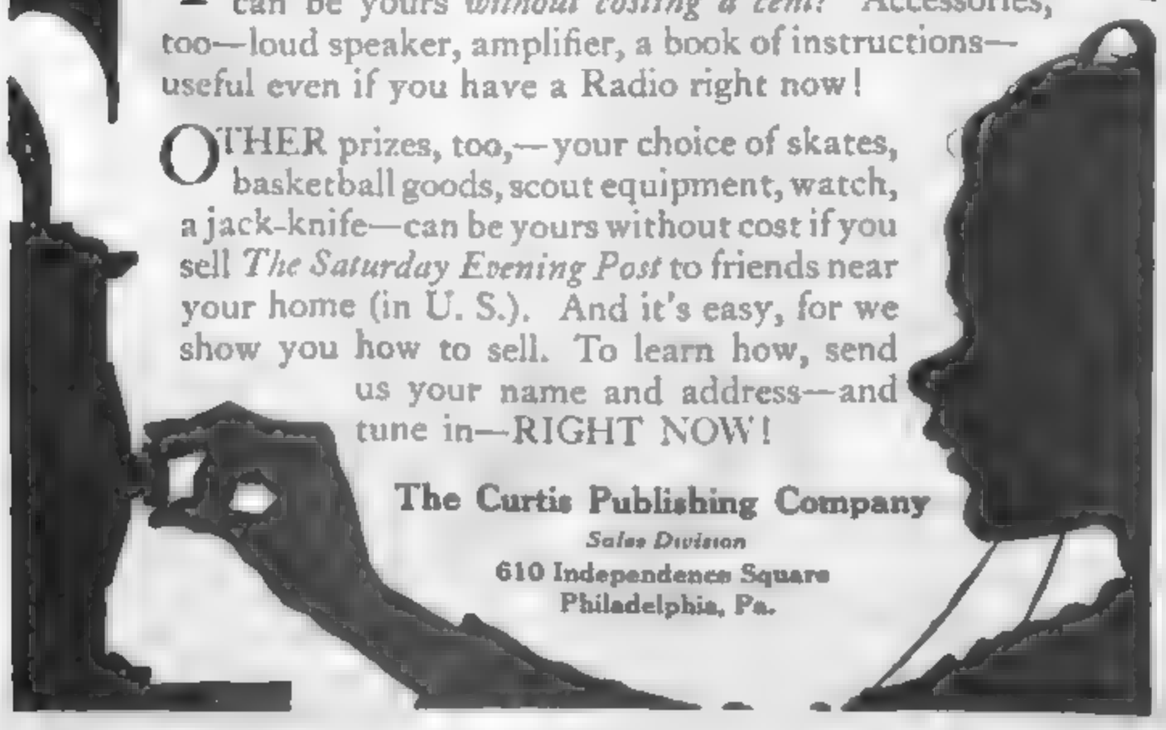

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(Continued from Page 198)

What the future has in store we cannot know; but until some new form of attack is devised, more effective than any so far developed, we shall, with such changes as circumstances demand, hold to the capital ship as an invaluable weapon of naval warfare.

Many times in history, modern and ancient, nations have permitted their capital ships to fall into decay or obsolescence through neglect. The result has been invariably a decline or a total eclipse of the power and prosperity of the nation concerned.

At the recent investigation by the special board it was conceded by practically every witness from the Army, from the Navy and from civil life that the battleship was the essential factor of a modern navy and that the Government should maintain its surface Navy at the full treaty ratio. To do this requires the modernization of the battleships we now possess.

In order to understand the place of the capital ship in the Navy, it must be understood that although it is essentially the fighting unit of a navy, it is no longer invulnerable. As a matter of fact, it never was so. The submarine mine may do her great damage or sink her, as the British battleship Audacious was sunk, or torpedoes from a submarine or destroyer may sink her. Hence the battleship must be equipped with paravanes so that she will do her own mine sweeping, and be preceded by mine sweepers when entering a mine field, as well as be equipped with blisters and relatively minute underwater subdivisions. To prevent the near approach of a submarine she must be protected by destroyers to observe and attack submarines before they reach the point of attack. These in turn require the protection of light cruisers with greater radius of action. We have sixteen destroyers for each battleship, and plan to have a total of thirty-two light cruisers. We have also ninety-three submarines. Each battleship is to have two fighting planes and an observation plane on board and will be protected by other aircraft on the carriers.

When we consider a capital ship as a fighting unit we should consider the destroyers, light cruisers and submarines accompanying her as much a part of her equipment as the guns and planes she carries; and when she joins other battleships and destroyers, light cruisers and aircraft carried by them, and those carried by the aircraft carriers, are added to the fleet as its protecting and screening craft. To all this must be added the train, consisting of supply ships, repair ships, hospital ships, and the like. It is clear then that the battleship is the center about which this system of defense revolves.

The Aircraft Carrier

If, however, we reverse the order and start with the proposition that air power will dominate, we get the same picture. Aircraft will need a landing place, hence the aircraft carrier. The aircraft carrier may be attacked by bombing planes, hence opposing aircraft carriers with their fighting and bombing planes. It can be attacked by submarines, and hence requires a destroyer screen; but the destroyer screen would be destroyed by light cruisers and these in turn by battleships. The aircraft carrier also must have its supply ships operating to and from the home base, and these must be protected by surface ships. Hence the aircraft carrier must be protected by battleships, and so we must have a surface fleet no matter whether we begin with a battleship and work out and up to aircraft, or whether, resenting the title "conservative," we work down from the air to the surface. In each case the result is the same.

Some have suggested that the best defense of the aircraft carrier is the aircraft she carries.

This is the prognostication of the optimistic air enthusiast. As a matter of fact, it is improbable that the air defense of the carrier could always be launched in time to reach and attack the bombing planes flying against her from a point below the horizon; and it is obvious that she could not hope to cope with a battleship supported by an aircraft carrier, launching a number of aircraft equivalent to her own. If the battleship plus the aircraft carrier sinks the enemy aircraft carrier, the airplanes must also surrender or be lost.

Would it be better, we may ask, to have a fleet of twenty aircraft carriers to attack a fleet of ten aircraft carriers and ten battleships, or the reverse? The answer requires technical skill and knowledge. But it is obvious to anyone that unless aircraft can be launched and can function in all kinds of weather, as battleships can, the fleet containing the battleships would easily capture or destroy the other fleet if they meet in weather too difficult for aircraft to take off or to fly. If the round-the-world flight demonstrated anything clearly, other than the pluck and fortitude of the airmen, it was that on many days progress of the flight was delayed by weather. The round-the-world flight took a much longer time to accomplish than such a trip in a destroyer would have taken.

We cannot afford to rely on a fair-weather fleet. If England had depended on a fair-weather fleet in the North Sea she would be paying tribute now to Germany, and it is not unlikely that we should be doing so also. The great point in national defense is readiness. Dewey, at Manila Bay, said, "Fire when you are ready, Gridley." Suppose Gridley had had to reply, "Wait until the weather moderates." If we have a fleet, whether surface or subsurface, that cannot function in time of storm, it is clear that we shall be attacked in time of storm by a fleet built so that it can do so.

Our Great Dirigibles

The duties of the Navy require that it shall go anywhere, any time, so long as there is enough water to float the ship. Monsoons, typhoons and hurricanes are to be avoided if possible, but can be met and breasted if need be. What will happen to the aircraft of a carrier in such weather? It does not do to assure the public that aircraft can function in any weather. Experience shows it is too hazardous to do so. Besides, our Navy and its shore stations have cost us about $3,000,000,000, and even if we could scrap it and replace it as easily as some would advise us to scrap ships and build planes, it is clear that no other nation can afford or will attempt to do so.

The Navy could easily have spent more money for aircraft. It is easy to spend money, but not so easy to provide it. If the Navy could scrap all its aircraft every time an improvement is made in engines or planes such a course would be unwarranted, but in fact it is impossible, for improvements are invented even while planes are building. In connection with this subject it should be remembered that five nations engaged in the World War—France, England, Germany, the United States and Italy—built more than 190,000 planes during that struggle. The important part they played in the war is a matter of record.

Let us see what has been done by the Navy in aircraft matters. We have two of the world's greatest rigid airships, the Shenandoah and the Los Angeles. We are using them filled with helium gas, heavier than hydrogen, but noninflammable and nonexplosive when mixed with air. This gas is found in quantity only in the United States. Expensive gas wells, gas mains and recovery plants are necessary for its production. The high cost of helium is due to the fact that we must liquefy ninety-eight times its weight of natural gas to recover it. Helium has so low a point of liquefaction that it remains gaseous after the natural gas with which it is mixed is reduced by cold and pressure to a liquid form.

Helium is so expensive and so rare that its use has required an entirely new system of operation. As the load of gasoline fuel carried by the airship is consumed, and the ship gets lighter, a proportionable amount of the lifting gas must be released so that the airship will not rise farther into the air. The cost of such waste of helium would be well-nigh prohibitive. Our Bureau of Aeronautics developed the idea of condensing the water in the exhaust gases from the engines of the ship, and happily discovered that by this process a greater weight of water was recovered than the weight of the fuel consumed. Hence it was possible by this method to operate the Los Angeles to Bermuda recently with no loss of helium. At Bermuda, however, a rainstorm so saturated the canvas covering of the airship that all the water ballast had to be released, and even then she was kept up by operating the engines with her nose pointed upward, and it was considered hazardous to make a landing. She was defeated by a rainstorm in her effort to land. Victor Hugo argues that Napoleon was defeated at Waterloo

because a rainstorm had made the ground soft. If Napoleon had been transporting his army by dirigible, the connection between a rainstorm and defeat might have been much more obvious.

In the trip of the Los Angeles for eclipse observation, successful as it was, the water froze in the water-recovery plant and put it out of action. As a result, a considerable amount of valuable helium had to be liberated in order to make a landing. Of course it was expected that some would be lost in descending from so high an altitude, but not so much. The fact is that the practical value of lighter-than-air craft in naval warfare is yet to be demonstrated. But we cannot justify their abandonment until thoroughly satisfied that they are useless, because the detection of an enemy fleet hours before contact might save the nation, either by the avoidance of combat under unfavorable conditions or by such preliminary dispositions as would insure victory. Where such momentous results may depend upon the possession of lighter-than-air craft, we must continue to maintain and experiment with them.

The military results of the Zeppelins in the World War appear to be small except the indirect results due to frightening of the inhabitants and the necessity of diverting military forces to combat them with aircraft and anti-aircraft guns. The total number of killed and wounded in the 217 raids on England was 857 killed and 2050 wounded; and after the use of the incendiary bullet and the more rapid-climbing airplane defense, the raids by Zeppelins ceased.

We must not forget, however, that the Zeppelins were helpful to the German fleet in their scouting operations during the war. They maintained patrols over the North Sea when weather conditions permitted, keeping track of the British naval operations at such times. The British controlled the surface of the sea and prevented German surface craft from obtaining this valuable information.

Notwithstanding some skepticism concerning the military value of the Shenandoah, the Navy has not only designed and built her and her $3,500,000 hangar at Lakehurst, New Jersey, but has erected there and at Fort Worth, San Diego and Tacoma, and on board the aircraft tender Patoka, mooring masts for her, and is proceeding with the erection of another at Pearl Harbor. Together with the Army, it has erected a helium plant at Fort Worth at a cost of $5,000,000, and it has erected a reconditioning or purifying plant at Lakehurst. If there has been conservatism manifested, it has not been because of a lack of vision or of an unwillingness to try new things, but because it was desired that every step should be carefully considered with a view to learning as much as possible with the least cost possible.

Aeronautics Afloat

A great deal has been said about the inadequate number of airplanes on hand and the consequent defenselessness of the nation. There is some truth and a good deal of nonsense in such a claim. The plane has yet to be built and tried that can fly across the Atlantic to our coast. There are some building that it is thought may do so without any military load of consequence. If such a fleet of aircraft should leave Europe they would be a gift to us, because they could not accomplish anything of importance here, nor could they return to Europe. They would have to stay here.

I do not wish to belittle aircraft. We need them, and Congress has been providing millions for their construction and purchase. We have asked for more planes than we have received, but we are unwilling to say that we have yet designed or can procure the type of planes we wish to put in production. We have developed one plane that can accomplish these things—carry a 2000-pound bomb or a torpedo, or, by substituting a gasoline container for the torpedo or bomb, can act as a scouting plane with a good long radius of action approaching 2000 miles.

The development of aviation for use over the seas and in conjunction with the other weapons placed in the hands of the Navy is peculiar to itself. The types of planes, their equipment and the training of their personnel are essentially different from those of planes to be used over the land.

As a result of its studies in strategy and tactics as applied to aeronautics afloat, the Navy Department has adopted five types of planes for use at sea. Their uses are briefly described by the names "fighting," "torpedo and bombing," "scouting," "patrol" and "observation" planes.

Fighting planes are to be found on battleships and other large ships and are to be part of the equipment of airplane carriers. Their mission is to protect the ships to which they are attached from attack by bomb or torpedo released from enemy planes, and to protect their own bombing and torpedo planes from hostile attack while getting into position to use their weapons. Their characteristics include high speed and a high rate of climb, and they must be able to maneuver quickly.

Torpedo or bombing planes are operated from aircraft carriers or from advanced bases near the scene of an active campaign. Their mission is to attack the enemy's surface or submarine vessels with bombs or torpedoes. They are the true offensive naval weapon of aviation and are designed for as long a range as possible, considering the load they have to carry. Necessarily, speed and altitude have to be sacrificed to get the qualities of weight-carrying and of range. Though it is desired that these planes shall be protected by fighters during their passage to the attack, yet they must largely depend, for reaching their objective, on flying in close formations, whereby a concentration of their numerous machine guns may be brought to bear on fast planes seeking to bring them down. On account of their comparatively low ceiling they may have to pass through zones of anti-aircraft fire from surface ships.

Radio Equipment for Aircraft

Scouting planes have much the same characteristics as the bombers except that the weight is put into fuel so that they may remain long in the air and cover wide spaces in their search for information concerning the enemy. They must, above all, have the best and most powerful of long-range radio equipment so that the information they gather shall be immediately available to those in high command.

Patrol planes are flying boats too large to be flown off aircraft carriers or other ships. Their efficiency lies in the development of their range whereby they may accompany the fleet from one base to another under their own power. They are armed with many machine guns and with bombs of a size to be effective against submarines and destroyers. For coastal patrol and for West Indian and Central American cruising they have proved themselves of great value.

Finally we have the observation plane, which is shot off a catapult on the deck of a battleship or cruiser, or flies from the deck of an aircraft carrier, and is used to control the gunfire of the ship. By observation of the splashes made by the shells from the guns, the errors of the gun-spotting are determined by the use of the plane, and a brief message by radio gives the needed corrections. By the use of this kind of observation, the range and accuracy of fire of our battleships have been much extended.

The development of naval aviation along the lines which it must go has been long and arduous. It will continue to be so. Reasonableness and patience must go hand in hand with the driving forces which go to produce the results that are obtained.

It may be informing to consider here one particular phase of naval aviation work. The success or failure of aircraft in any mission assigned them during fleet problems and maneuvers of past years has been directly proportional to the degree of reliability and efficiency of radio communication. The obstacles encountered in designing and building compact, light-weight and yet powerful radio equipment for aircraft have been considerable, but the greatest difficulties have been in the training of personnel. There must be a complete understanding between the flying personnel and the personnel of the ships—that is, they must recognize the difficulties under which each is working in order to have success. The officer or enlisted radio operator in the plane must contend with the noise of the engines, severe vibration, cramped quarters and frequently extreme cold at high altitudes. On account of carrying but one operator, only one wave length can be guarded at a time, and, of course, reception and transmission cannot be effected simultaneously, as on board ship. The ship's operators must know this. The operator in the plane must know the fleet organization and the regulations in regard to radio, in

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order to communicate intelligently with various vessels of the fleet. He must be familiar with the codes and ciphers, and skilled in working them rapidly. Continual drilling with the ships of the fleet has been found to be the only way for aircraft to attain the degree of efficiency necessary to the successful communication of which they are now capable. And when I refer to the fleet, I speak not of any one class of ships, but of all—the submarine lying hidden near the enemy's coast, the destroyer on her patrol or escort or screening work, the airship above, and the battleship or cruiser carrying on her appointed duties.

When aircraft first began to use radio it was necessary to make special arrangements in order even to hope for successful communication, but gradually this condition is disappearing. The apparatus used by the plane must not be different from that of the fleet and naval shore stations, but must fit into the general communication scheme of the Navy.

At the present time all naval aviators are required to take a thorough course in radio communication, at the conclusion of which they become fairly expert at the telegraph code; but a great deal more than this is necessary before they are of any value in actual fleet work. Close association with the fleet when not flying and continual drill at every opportunity while flying are required in order properly to comprehend the complicated system of communications and be able to use it to the greatest advantage. Such communication must be maintained in spite of enemy radio interference, and in codes which he cannot decipher.

For years past the patrol planes of our fleet have accompanied that fleet and worked directly with it during all its maneuver periods. During eight months of each year they have been away from any shore base or repair station, and have ranged from New England to Panama and to the farthest outlying islands of the West Indies. Their supply and maintenance have been based on the tenders provided or upon ships of the fleet with which they have been operating. Innumerable have been the adventures, the close calls, the different problems that have fallen to their lot. Good airmanship, good seamanship, carefully worked out plans, and a high degree of initiative and discipline have carried them through. No other navy has developed such an aggregation of air-seamen as has our navy.

With the experimental aircraft carrier Langley, the Navy has carried out the preliminary trials necessary to extend the work of naval aviation still farther from our shores. It is to be remembered that the defense of our shores, of our possessions and of our coast cities is not primarily to be carried out over the coast itself. The place to achieve victory is so far away from our own land that no hostile force shall ever be within striking distance of it, and this defense to be fully effective must be made by the use, in intimate combination, of all the forces which can operate together.

With the problems connected with the operation of planes from the Langley in hand, we are now prepared to make the step forward which the completion of the great aircraft carriers, the Lexington and the Saratoga, will allow.

Aircraft promise to play an increasingly important part in both offensive and defensive operations in naval warfare. Each naval activity, on the surface, under the surface or in the air, has capabilities and limitations peculiar to itself. In their combined operations, the Navy has secured an extended range and power unrealizable by any one of them acting singly. We are moving forward on a twenty-year program for the maintenance of a well-balanced, intensely modern, treaty-ratio Navy, on the surface, under the surface and above the surface of the sea.

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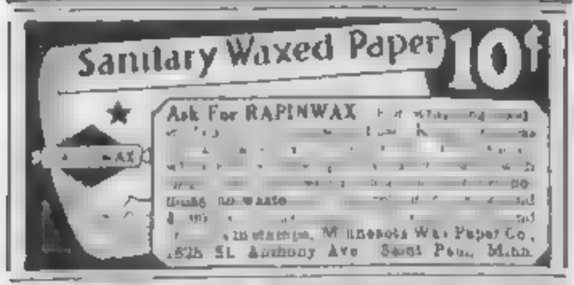

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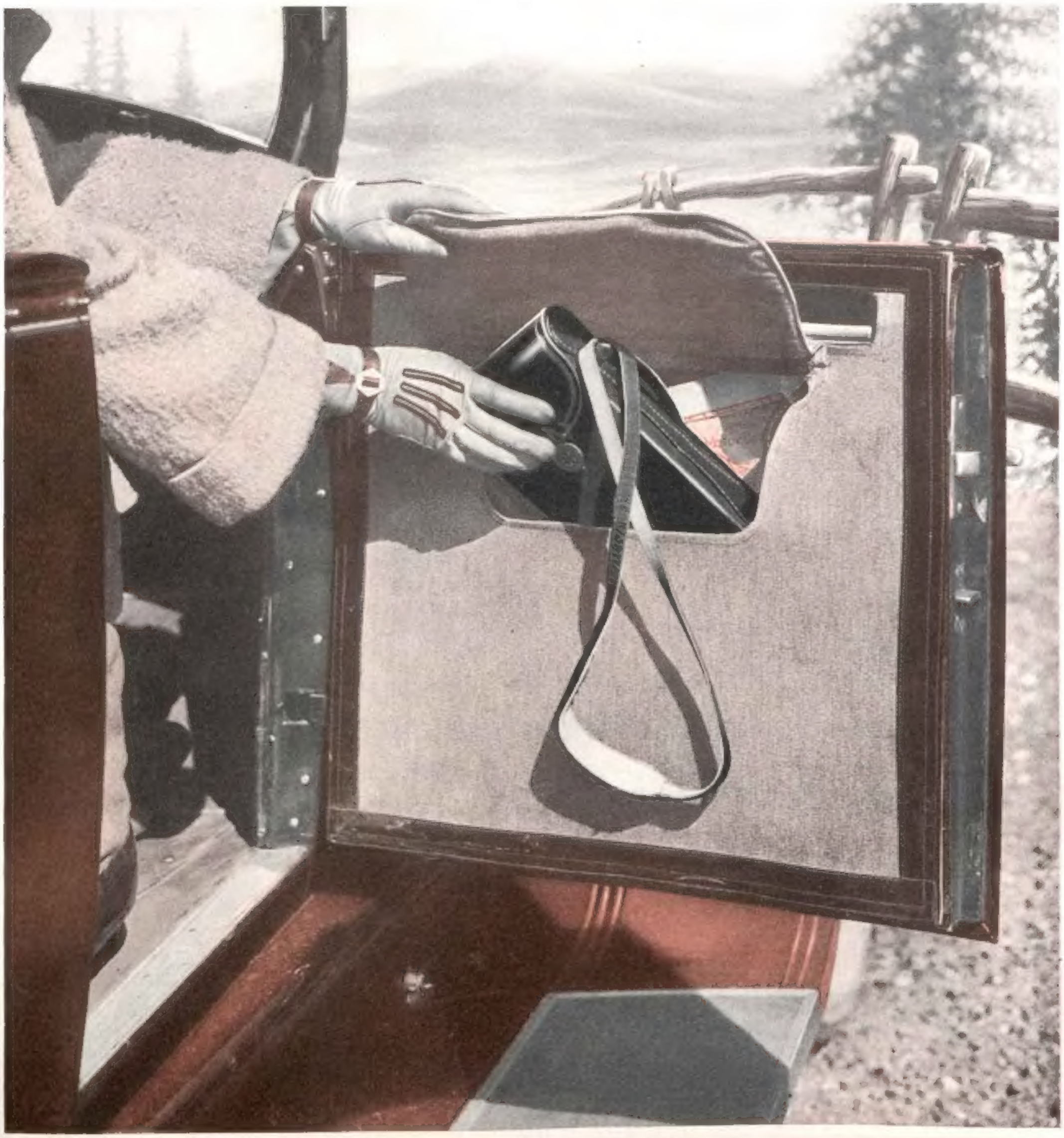

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